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THE CHELTENHAM FOXHOUNDS.

PICTURES OF SPORTING LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX,

AUTHOR OF

"THE STORY OF MY LIFE," "MERRIE ENGLAND," ETC.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS
OF
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CHAPTER I.

JANUARY—Remarks on the Weather—"What is one man's meat is another man's poison"—Climate—"England, with all thy faults I love thee still"—Hunters during a Hard Frost—Method of taking Wild-fowl in Kamschatka and in China—A Vegetable Trap—Suggestions for a Limited Liability Decoy Company—Sea-fowl Shooting—Sports on the Ice—The Neva—Skating—Sledging—Amnesty with the Pheasants—"Angling, that solitary vice"—Woodcock Shooting in Ireland—Salmon Fishing in Scotland—Steeple-chasing 3

CHAPTER II.

FEBRUARY—Approach of Spring—Angling—Hunting—George III.—The Prince of Wales—The Old Foxhunter—The Hare with many Devices—The Amusements of the Humble Classes—Wrestling—Quoits—Pedestrianism—Remarks upon Shooting—Comparisons—Changes—Hunting in the Present and Bygone Days—The Cheltenham

Foxhounds—Racing—Training of Jockeys—Reduction of their Weight—The Turf, Ancient and Modern—Value of Horses in 1822 and 1859—Oliver Cromwell a Patron of the Turf—Coursing—The late Earl of Orford—Extraordinary Game of a Greyhound and a Hare . . . 34

CHAPTER III.

Remarks on Grouse Shooting—Highland Moors—Archery, Ancient and Modern—Dogs—Falconry, the Sport of British Kings—March—Steeple-chasing—Racing—Coursing—Aquatics—The Earl of Bessborough—Past and Present Masters of Her Majesty's Stag-hounds . 65

CHAPTER IV.

The Road and the Rail—Liverpool Steeple-chase—Mr. Harold Littledale's Model Farm—Fox-hunting—Riding for the Million—Blackman's Hunting Grounds—The Celebrated Race between the late Lord George Bentinck and Sir M. F. Berkeley, at Goodwood, Twenty-four Years Ago—All Fool's Day—Extraordinary Pedestrian Feat of a Birmingham Woman—Metal to the Backbone—The Ups and Downs of Racing—Goodwood Thirty Years Ago 96

CHAPTER V.

The Four-in-Hand Club—Classical Associations—An Adventure with Ball Hughes—Tandem Driving—Break-Neck Amusements—Hints to the Uninitiated—Coaching in Bygone days—The Road—A Swell Dragsman—Journey to the City of Bladud—Adventure on the Road—How our Ancestors Travelled—How the Present Generation Rail at Bygone Locomotion—Training—Opinion of the Ancients 128

CHAPTER VI.

Town and Country—Christmas—Winter Amusements—A Hint to Landlords—A Summer Ramble—The River Lothy—Talley Pools—Glyn on Picturesque Scenery—A Piscatorial Hint—Tempora Mutantur—Cruelties of Bygone Days—Jacko Macauko, the Champion of Monkeys—Low Life in London—St. Giles—Almack's in the East—May—Cock-fighting—Celebrated Mains—Life in London—A Spree with the Charleys—Practical Mischief—Sparring Exhibitions 153

CHAPTER VII.

Fishes and Fishing—Epsom in Former Times—The Rail—Cricket—Dangerous Bowling—Testimonial to Henry Ayris, Huntsman to Sir M. F. Berkeley—Over-driven Cattle—Unmerciful Conduct towards the Poor Dumb Brutes—A Well-written Epistle, in which the Author takes the Bull by the Horns—The New Irish Game Bill—Frauds at the Corner—Handsome Conduct of Messrs. Tattersall 181

CHAPTER VIII.

Hampton Races—Fashionable Assemblage—Gastronomy—More about the Four-in-Hand Club—Cricket—Racing—Sporting Monarchs—Worcester Races—Sir M. F. Berkeley's Hounds—Pigeon Shooting—Goodwood Cup—Mr. Rarey and his Ten Guinea Subscription—"Secrets" not "worth knowing" at that price—A Steel Yacht—Cricket—The Sailing Match to Cherbourg for the Emperor's Prize—Yachting in the Olden Time—The Turf—Recent Acquisitions—Speed of Bygone Race-horses 204

CHAPTER IX.

New Brighton—Liverpool—The Crops—Harvest Home—Archery—Cricket—The Moors—Week at Canterbury—The late Premier's Secession from the Turf—Pedestrianism—Tuxford, Nottinghamshire—Excellent Accommodation for Man and Horse—Doncaster in Bygone Times—Its Present State—Sale of Lord Derby's Stud—New Scotch Veterinary College—Pheasant Shooting—Racing—Fairs and Wakes—Tuxford Fair . . . 243

CHAPTER X.

Angling—Newark Castle and Fair—The Turf in the United States—Transatlantic Flyers, and American Jockeys—Hunting—Shooting—Sporting at the Congress of Vienna in 1814 283

CHAPTER XI.

Games of the Ball—The Worcester Hounds—Anderson's Sauce—The Cheltenham Pack—Meet at Sudely Castle—Chaunting for the Million—Fraudulent Practices in the Sale of Guns—Caution to Sportsmen—Breech-loading Ordnance—Hunting—Shooting—Earl Fitzhardinge as a Sportsman—Anecdotes of his Lordship 317

PICTURES OF SPORTING LIFE AND CHARACTER.

“WHAT’S in a name?” asks the great poet of nature; “a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.” Granted, we reply; still, in selecting the title for a book or literary article, nomenclature goes a great way, as every publisher and editor will vouch for. We have been led to these reflections, because, under the title of “PICTURES OF SPORTING LIFE,” it is our intention to introduce whatever is worth recording, connected with the amusements and pastimes of our own and foreign countries. Many titles have suggested themselves to us, but objections have arisen to almost all. We thought of “Sports and Pastimes;” Strutt has forestalled us. Then of “Out-door Amusements;” but that has been taken possession of by a writer in *The Illustrated London News*. An “Olla Podrida”

came across our minds; but we feared the flavour of garlic, which is so identified with that Spanish dish, would not be palatable to our readers. "Sporting Mosaic" next occurred, but unfortunately prosaic rhymes to mosaic. "Reminiscences and Recollections" were thought of, and abandoned as being hackneyed. "Lucubrations by Gas-light" would, we fear, have been converted into lugubrious as midnight oil. "Chow, Chow," made us think of "Hodge-podge," but we were afraid of some wag insinuating we had made a "hash" of it. "Wrinkles" came too personally home to the writer. "Noctes" are too much identified with the literary Cock of the North, for an humble follower to venture to adopt his world-famed title. "Notes" might be deemed spurious. "Musings"—query, would not *newsings*, as applied to sport, be better—sounded too poetical. "Talk" might have been called "Small Talk." "Gossip," an old woman's tale. So, weighing the matter attentively over in our mind, we have decided upon a title that embraces the object we have at heart, that of having a large margin left us for "PICTURES OF SPORTING LIFE AND CHARACTER."

CHAPTER I.

JANUARY—Remarks on the Weather—"What is one man's meat is another man's poison"—Climate—"England, with all thy faults I love thee still"—Hunters during a Hard Frost—Method of taking Wild-fowl in Kamschatka and in China—A Vegetable Trap—Suggestions for a Limited Liability Decoy Company—Sea-fowl Shooting—Sports on the Ice—The Neva—Skating—Sledging—Amnesty with the Pheasants—"Angling, that solitary vice"—Woodcock Shooting in Ireland—Salmon Fishing in Scotland—Steeple-chasing.

"HURRAH for the frost which has set in with January," cries a lover of sport, as he anticipates a week with the pheasants. "What weather! how wretchedly cold! how vexatious!" exclaims another—an ardent fox-hunter—as he finds the water frozen in his jug, after an anxious night, during which his slumbers have been constantly disturbed, with the thought of whether the frost would

prevent the hounds meeting. The downcast look of his valet, as he enters at nine o'clock, A.M., with a jug of hot water, at once confirms his master's worst fears.

"What kind of a morning is it, Graham?" he inquires.

"It's been freezing all night, sir," responds the servitor; "and they have been filling the ice-house ever since seven o'clock this morning." Not even the thoughts of the dry and sweet champagne that will benefit by the filling of the said house can console him; and, turning on his pillow, he desires that he may not be called for an hour and a half.

Proceed we from the dormitory of the Nimrod, to the room of the "lover of the trigger," who, after looking at the rime that clings to the trees, rings the bell and desires his servant to tell the keepers he will be at the lodge at ten o'clock.

"You must send Frank Dyer in the dog-cart," he continues, "with my two guns, Dinah, plenty of powder and shot, a pair of woollen socks and shoes."

"I met John Sapp, the keeper," continues the loquacious attendant; "and he says there have been some woodcocks seen in Pollard's Covert."

"That is a most likely place," responds his

master, "it is free from hares and rabbits, which the 'long bill,' who seeks a quiet spot, delights in; besides, in this hard weather they are sure to be found near Aspell stream."

Again; let us enter the study of the school-boy, and witness his delight at hearing from his tutor, of Farmer Laurence's pond being completely frozen over, and that after breakfast they are to proceed there with their skates, to cut the figure of 8, and other fanciful devices, on the ice.

Such then, reader, is the world; one half grumbling at the changeableness of our climate, the other delighting in it; and yet in what country can sport be better carried on than in our own tight little island? Think of Russia, Norway, Lapland, and the Canadas, in winter—where King Frost reigns omnipotent for months, and nothing is heard but the tinkling of the small bells attached to the sledge horses—where it is impossible to stir out without being wrapped up in skins and furs—and where the penalty of not cladding yourself sufficiently warm is the loss of your nose, hands, feet, or ears. Turn to the East Indies and Egypt, where it is next to impossible to leave home during the day—where punkahs and fans are made use of in vain, to keep the temperature cool—and where mosquito's phleboto-

mize the human race. Go where you will, England, as the Yankees say, cannot be dittoed for fine healthy weather, in which, for the entire twelve months, the manly games and sports of our country can be indulged in.

We have said enough to prove that, in our variable climate, the month of January has no decided character. Many a man may go to his downy pillow at night, with the most sanguine hope of having a good run with the hounds the following morning, and awake to find himself a "frozen-out fox-hunter;" while another, who fears it is too mild a season to find any woodcocks, may bag a dozen of these migratory birds in the hard frost that has set in during the night. Generally speaking, hunting is put an end to, the greatest part of this, the first month of the year; and however much we may feel for those who have large and expensive studs to keep up—many of whom are inwardly glad at a temporary rest for their hard-worked animals—as a general principle, we are delighted at the appearance of what is universally termed seasonable weather. It is not so much the absence of sport that the fox-hunter has to complain of, or the large sums he has to pay for his horses now standing idly in their stalls, but it is the difficulty, not alone of keeping them in working exercise, but of preserving them from colds.

Grooms, as a body (of course, there are some few exceptions), are too fond of sacrificing everything to appearance, and as long as the horses under their care have fine glossy coats they are indifferent to the rest. In order to accomplish this mistaken object, of preserving their beauty at the expense of their health, they quite forget the old adage of "handsome is as handsome does." A hot stable can alone bring about this too prevalent fashion, and when the thermometer is considerably below zero without, it is more than summer heat within. This is delightful to the "master of the horse" and his stable lads, and equally so to their employer, who, with cigar in mouth, and whip in hand, passes a considerable portion of his time on the corn-bin, admiring Rosalind, who carried him so beautifully five-and-thirty minutes without a check; or Woodman, that set the field at a rasping bull-finch; or Lustre, who cut them all down in a scurry; or Sir Arthur, who won a steeple-chase the other day; or the Knight of Gwynne, who went like a bird, during the best run ever known with the Quorn. But what is the feeling of the animal, who, after being for hours warmly clad, and pampered up at the temperature of a Jardin d' Hiver, finds himself led out to exercise on a raw frosty morning? Could the dumb brute speak, he would tell you his

sufferings were great; that the severe cold and cough with which he is afflicted (and which may, and probably will, affect his lungs), was caught from the sudden transition from dog-day heat to winter blasts. In order to put the question to the test, we should advise the stud-groom and his myrmidons to be placed before a hot-house fire, encased in great-coats, shawls, and worsted gloves, and, after remaining there until their ruby cheeks became bright and shiny, to be ordered out for an hour's walk, at a foot-pace, with one upper coat on; if they escape sore throats and catarrhs—if they are not driven to seek the usual remedies of putting their feet in hot-water, wrapping flannel round their heads and throats, with the customary addition of fomentations, gruel, sweet spirits of nitre, and a small quantity of pulv. Jacobi—we shall be greatly surprised. At all events, let the experiment be tried; and should a severe cold, a violent sore throat, a swelling of the glands, or a bronchial affection ensue, the groom will have the satisfaction of knowing that the warmth which has made what Sam Slick calls the “dial-plate” comely and glossy, as if it had been rubbed over with a coat of copal varnish, has also produced the illness. As far, then, as hunting goes, it cannot be depended upon in this double-faced month: if the weather is open, well

and good; if not, the owner of a stud must console himself with the idea that “whatever is, is right,” and that Nature has so disposed her gifts, that what may be bad for one may be good for the million.

The tillers of the soil have much more interest in the weather than the mere pleasure-seeker; so, instead of indulging in that privilege of the free-born sons of Britain, grumbling, let us hope that the frost is of advantage to the country; and turn our minds to shooting, curling, or skating, all of which amusements can be enjoyed to perfection, when “icicles hang by the walls.”

We will now proceed to a notice of the first pursuit, “gunning.”

“*Altilis allecator anas . . . turmas,
Congeneres cernens volitare per aera
Garrit, in illarum se recipitque gregem,
Incautas donec prætensa in retia ducat.*”

Wild-duck shooting, and “decoying” these birds of passage, are ancient sports, as may be gleaned from the above epigram; and have been, and still are, carried on in many parts of the globe. Autumn is the great season for “ducking” in Kamtschatka, during which period the inhabitants proceed to the lakes and the rivers, which are commonly intersected by woods; and, after clearing an avenue

from one water to the other, they stretch their nets across it. These nets, which are made to let down, are supported by high poles. Towards evening, the birds fly across in multitudes, and, at a given signal the cords are slipped, so that the wild-fowl fall an easy prey to their pursuers. In Siberia, Lapland, and even as far north as Spitzbergen and Greenland, these birds are remarkably numerous. Louisiana is also famed for them, both as to quantity and quality; and at Hudson's Bay they arrive about the end of April. Cook, Byron, Anson, and Wallis saw multitudes of wild-ducks in the South Sea Islands; but they are supposed by naturalists to differ widely from those we are accustomed to. On the coast of Guinea there are two sorts of these birds—one, of the most beautiful plumage, the body green, with the bill and legs of a fine red; the second kind are half-green and half-grey, with yellow bills and legs. England, France, and Holland supply their own markets with these favourite delicacies, producing a considerable return for them. Thus, from the northern countries to the torrid zone, wild-duck shooting and decoying are held in the highest estimation. France is principally supplied with wild-fowl from Picardy. The marshes near Laon, towards the sea, and the inundations of the rivers Oise, Serre, Somme, and the Pool of

St. Lambert near La Fere, produce an astonishing quantity; while our own fens in Lincolnshire and Norfolk fall not very short of them in numbers. Holland, too, abounds with them, and furnishes our markets with a large supply of these “flying Dutchmen.”

Wright gives the following extraordinary manner of taking wild fowl in China, which we trust our brave red and blue jackets adopted during their campaign in the celestial empire:—“Whenever the fowler sees a number of ducks settled upon any particular splash of water, he sends off two or three gourds to float among them; these gourds resemble our pompions; but being made hollow, they swim on the surface of the water, and on one pool there may sometimes be seen twenty or thirty of these gourds floating together. The fowl, at first, are a little shy at coming near them; but, by degrees, they come nearer; and as all birds at last grow familiar with a scarecrow, the ducks gather about these and amuse themselves by wetting their bills against them. When the birds are as familiar with the gourd as the fowler could wish, he then prepares to deceive them in good earnest. He hollows out one of these gourds large enough to put his head in: and making holes to see and breathe through, he claps it on his head. Thus accoutred, he wades slowly into the

water, keeping his body under, and nothing but his head in the gourd above the surface; and in that manner moves imperceptibly towards the fowls, who suspect no danger. At last, however, he fairly gets in among them; while they, having been long used to see gourds, take not the least fright, while the enemy is in the very midst of them. And an insidious enemy he is; for ever, as he approaches a fowl, he seizes it by the legs, and draws it in a jerk under the water. There he fastens it under his girdle, and goes to the next, till he has thus loaded himself with as many as he can carry away. When he has got this quantity, without ever attempting to disturb the rest of the fowls on the pool, he slowly moves off again; and in this manner pays the flock three or four visits in a day." The authority from whom we have extracted the above quotation, adds, "Of all the various artifices for catching fowl, this seems likely to be attended with the greatest success."

Now, as there is an old saying, with respect to finding fault with your host's fare, that "you ought not to dine with a man, and then roast him on his own spit," so we presume, by a parity of reasoning, it is equally ungenerous to borrow from a friend, and pay him off by stabbing him with his own pen. Still, we cannot quite agree with the

writer, that the artifice he recommends is the most likely one to be attended with the greatest success; for we doubt very much whether European ducks would fall into such a trap. Wild fowl are exceedingly wary and mistrustful. They never alight without making sundry evolutions round the spot, and throw out videttes to reconnoitre, and (we presume) report, whether the enemy is lurking about. We have read of Cinderella's carriage being made out of one of those huge vegetables above referred to; but to convert a gourd into a fisherman's marine dwelling, is a *leetle* strong. This pumpkin "dodge," which Navarette and Wright both assert is practised in the duck-hunts of China—and by the Indians in Cuba, in their wild-goose chases—ought, as the saying is, "to be told to the marines, the soldiers won't have it." It may, therefore, be a good story for the *marinas* of the Chinese empire, but it will not do for the English *fluviales*.

It has often been a matter of surprise to us, that decoy pools have not been encouraged in Ireland, and that they should have diminished in England. Skelton, the best practical authority upon the subject, remembers twelve or thirteen decoys in Lincolnshire, where now there are not two. Despite of free trade, I venture to affirm that in the articles of "ducks," there would be a

great consumption of our home produce : for, being generally fed on acorns and other nutritious substances, they are as superior to the fishy Hollanders, as Barclay and Perkins's best stout is to the *bonne biere* of a provincial French cabaret. During my transatlantic travels, I have tasted the justly-famed canvas-back ducks of the United States; and good as even they are, they cannot, according to my humble gastronomic knowledge, be compared to the produce of Sir Maurice Berkeley's decoy at Berkeley Castle, which is perfect.

In these days of speculation, when many a noble name has been held out to gull the public into the most visionary schemes, why should not a Limited Liability Joint-stock Decoy Company be established? It would, if well managed, pay extremely well; for the outlay would not be great, and the incomings enormous. Whether the suggestion is adopted or not, the following hints may be of avail.

The best situation for a decoy pool is near some marshy country. It should be surrounded by a wood or coppice, to prevent the wild fowl being frightened or disturbed in their quiet haunts. The pool ought to be about sixty-five yards square, with four pipes (as they are called) at each corner. These pipes, which get narrower, lead to a ditch that is closed with a funnel net.

The pipes are covered on the top with a strong netting, and protected on each side by screens made of reed, sufficiently high to prevent the decoy men being seen by the timid and wary birds. In each screen there are apertures sufficiently large for the men employed to command a view of the pool, and for a dog (to whom we shall presently advert) to pass through, in and out. As it sometimes happens that the wild fowl, having been allured a certain way through the pipes, get frightened, and attempt to fly back to their place of safety, a net has been invented and introduced, which can be let down at a moment's notice—at once preventing the escape of the web-footed tribe. In order to induce the wild fowl to enter one of these pipes, certain decoy ducks (or "traitors," as a French writer terms them) are trained to follow the whistle of the decoy-man, or are led by a bribe of hemp, or some such seed that will float on the water. Should the above fail to attract the sleepy or dozing birds, a small dog of the *genus* turnspit, or one of those nondescript animals with white coats and foxy heads, that are always to be met with in Regent Street, who has been taught his lesson, is made to pass into and out of the openings of the screen, lured on by the savoury temptation of a bit of meat, and the wild fowl are easily led to follow this

canine deceiver into what may literally be called the jaws of death. The ill-bred, ill-shaped mongrel is occasionally dressed out in gaudy attire; and, thus attired, he more easily is enabled to entice his victims to instant destruction.

Although the rising generation are equal, if not superior, to their predecessors, as "good shots," we are inclined to think that the hardihood of the sporting community of the present day has, in some degree, degenerated. The modern introduction of the *battue*—added to a desire of filling the game books, so that a flaming report of the day's massacre (as it ought strictly to be called) may appear in the provincial and London journals—has tended much to make the gunner of 1859 a very different sort of personage from that of the commencement of this century. Wild goose shooting has, therefore, to a great extent, gone out of fashion. There are, of course, many exceptions to the general rule; and among them may be named the heir to the princely estate of Berkeley, and others. A man, to follow this truly exciting pursuit, must, as the common *parlance* goes, "be as hard as a nail." He must be prepared to brave the bleak wintry cold, the soaking rain, the freezing snow, and the pitiless storm. He must make up his mind to remain for many a dreary hour in a mud hole; to lie down in a bed

of rushes; or to adopt the modern water cure of being immersed in a wet ditch. He must be prepared to face a regular easter or nor'wester in the marshes; to be exposed in an open boat, or to sit like Patience in a punt—shaking and shivering—when on his wild-goose chase.

As we write for every class of “gunner”—from the urchin schoolboy, who makes sad havoc among the thrushes and blackbirds during the Christmas holidays, to the adventurous sportsman who, on the plains of India, or among the deserts and wilds of South Africa, does not rest satisfied until he has killed a dozen wild hogs, a man-eating tiger, half-a-dozen bears and lions, an equal number of antelopes, a couple of hyenas (no laughing matter for these risible animals), a porcupine, a bull nhilgie, a koodoo, a gnoo, a blesbok, a bull, a rhinoceros, a giraffe, and sundry elephants—we shall call the attention of our readers to a daring pastime, which, for want of a better, or from love of variety, may interest the friends of the trigger. We refer to sea-fowl shooting. The inclement Isle of St. Kilda, the Bass Rock, and other rugged spots on the coast of Scotland, are famed for the vast number and variety of these birds. Cormorants, gannets, terns, gulls, literally swarm, like bees, throughout every fissure and cavity of the lofty rocks; while myriads may be seen flying

over the hanging cliffs, and the frightful precipices and promontories, which rise, like mountains, from the raging waters beneath. Inaccessible from below, these birds might enjoy an undisturbed security, were it not for the wily ways of slaughtering man, who has invented means to eject them from their peaceful haunts.

We strongly recommend the "gunner," who visits any of the above-mentioned northern localities, to provide himself with one of the adventurous inhabitants as a guide ; who will not only conduct him to the best spots, but direct him through the intricate and dangerous passes. A couple or three guns, and a quick loader, will prove a great advantage, as the flocks of birds are prodigiously large. After passing a few hours on *terra firma* (if such an expression can be applied to the steep, stepping cliffs), the sportsman may engage a boat and have a day with the sea-mews and common gulls. No sooner does one fall than his feathered companions may be seen congregating round the dead body. A call or whistle, or an inanimate decoy, made of the head, legs, and wings of these carrion, will (we mean no pun) gull the rest into fanciful security, bringing them within the range of the heavy piece of ordnance that is necessary for this sport. A good shot may amuse himself very well with a rifle, there being

no better practice than at one of these sea-fowls on the wing or on the wave; in the latter, the bullet whistling through the water will intimate the good or bad direction of the marksman.

During a severe frost, the sportsman may (if shooting fails him) have recourse to skating or sledging. The former can be had to perfection; not so the latter, for it seldom happens that the snow is sufficiently deep in our sea-girt island to enjoy this most exhilarating amusement. We must go to Canada, the United States, Russia, Germany, Norway, Lapland, or Holland to enjoy sledging. In Canada—we speak from personal experience—there is nothing more delightful than the sleighing parties. Driving clubs are formed at Quebec, Montreal, Kingstown, Niagara, and other of our possessions, where the ladies join in the proceedings, which commence with a trip to some favourite spot, where a pic-nic takes place, followed by dancing, and a return home by moonlight. At Vienna, too, we have witnessed some splendid pageants on the ice, in which the Court took part. We may, in a future chapter, revert to this subject; in the meantime we must remark, that there is not a finer spectacle in the world than that which the “region of thick-ribbed ice,” the Neva, exhibits in winter. Carriages, sledges, an immense number of people on foot,

are continually crossing it, and thus forming a succession of objects always in action. Different parties of the humbler class, dispersed or together, are busy amusing themselves, every one after his own way. Here are long spaces surrounded with barriers to protect the skaters; and there an enclosure in which horses are exercised as in a riding-school. Further off, the crowd is attracted by a sledge race. The space in which they run is circular, and about a mile in length. The artificial mountains, made in ice, form also another amusement for the people. They raise on the river a kind of mount, about thirty feet high, with a platform at the top, to which they ascend by a ladder. From the top of this to the bottom, extends an inclined plane, covered with ice, which they contrive to make by planks, on which pieces of ice are laid and fixed by throwing water beneath them, which instantly freezes. From the place where the plane touches the ground, they draw a road, two hundred toises in length, and four in breadth; they afterwards remove the snow, skirt it, as well as the mount, with boards of fir; then the sledges, which are placed at the top, set off like lightning, and are let go on the inclined plane with such rapidity, that they advance still more than a hundred toises on the flat road down on the ice. Where this road ends, there is com-

monly another mount of ice, in every respect like that which they have just gone over; and, descending from one, they immediately ascend another by the impetus with which they have been propelled. The greatest practice is necessary for this exercise; and skill is required to preserve the balance—particularly when being hurled down the inclined plane; for the smallest false movement would occasion a dangerous fall. Boys and young men amuse themselves with sliding from the top to the foot of this Russian snow-hill, usually on one skate, as they find it easier to preserve their balance on one leg than on both.

The second of February has arrived, pheasant shooting has terminated, and the beautifully plumed Asiatic bird will have an eight months' respite. The sportsman, however, can enjoy an excellent month after the woodcocks, if he happens to have a friend in "ould Ireland;" or, should his acquaintance lie in Scotland, he must exchange his murderous Westley Richards for the pliant fishing-rod, and visit the land of mountain and heather. Should his avocations confine him to England, he can at least begin to think of getting his fishing tackle and gear together, so as to be ready to "take the water" on the fourteenth—the day on which, according to

the *mos pro lege* custom of anglers, fly-fishing commences. St. Valentine!—how fatal to fair ladies and the finny tribe! both of whom are caught by outward gaudy show. Artificial means, too, are practised in either case, for Waller thus describes angling in St. James's Park:—

“The ladies angling in the crystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take.
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fishes and the men their prize.”

We have digressed towards that saintly friend to the post-office.

To resume. Little sport can be expected before the end of the month, or beginning of March; yet, in clear streams, with a gravelly bottom, trout may (should the weather prove warm) be found to rise. Small rivulets, which are generally dry in summer, are the most likely places to find them in, and the best baits are worms, and preserved salmon spawn; while for flies, the black heckle gnat, the cow-dung, dun, and small black flies—the latter, especially, on a dull day, when a warm breeze curls the water—are generally selected. In addition to this speckled fish—so little appreciated by the ancients, for, with the exception of Ausonius, no other writer alludes to it, and he more for its beauty than as a gastronomic de-

licacy—*Purpureisque salar stellatus tergore guttis*, —perch, chub, roach, carp, and jack may be taken, as also flounders, in tidal rivers. Eels, too, may find their way to the fisherman's creel.

Should the sportsman happen to have a friend among the kind-hearted, hospitable Emeralders, we strongly advise him to hunt him up, so as to finish the sporting season with the "long bills." In Ireland, both woodcocks and snipes are considered as game, and protected by the law : a consummation devoutly to be wished for in England. The journey to the sister country is now performed with so much comfort and economy, that it surprises us that more gunners do not find their way there ; we remember the time when the passage from Holyhead to Dublin took up more time than you require now to go from London to the latter place and back, and when the land journey occupied five days. Hurrah ! then, for "ould Ireland" and the trigger—not the hair-trigger, though now happily in disuse.

To describe the delight of a month's salmon fishing amidst the grandeur and sublimity of the mighty lochs and picturesque rivers of Scotland, would require the pen of a Stoddart ; suffice it to say that there is scarcely a spot in the north where the follower of old Izaak Walton will not be gratified to his heart's content, if he is able to commence his piscatorial pursuits early

in the season. We quote the advice of the above-named authority:—"Before April, let the angler proceed upwards, by Melrose, to Cloverford and Innerleithen. Should the weather be cold, he must not expect first-rate trouting; but if warm, and what is termed in England the March Brown fly be upon the water, depend upon it he will cram his creel. St. Mary's Loch is nine or ten miles from Innerleithen; and, at all events, a trip should be taken in that direction. Yarrow and Meggat are both good streams, and in the loch itself the spring trout rises freely at a large dark fly. The angler may also try the Lyne and Biggar waters, and, crossing over to the Clyde, fish down to Hamilton. A salmon or two may be killed in this month below Stonebyers. Indeed, it may be asserted that Scotland affords to bait-fishers of every kind, excellent sport.

"From Hamilton proceed to Glasgow, and descend by the daily steamer to Inverary; Loch Awe is only nine miles distant from that town. There are plenty of inns in its neighbourhood; at Dalmally, Cladish, Portmahon, and other places. To fish Loch Awe properly, a boat will be required, which can be obtained for a reasonable hire. The boatman employed is always competent to instruct one upon the likeliest feeding grounds, and other such matters. We may state that the best part

of Loch Awe, for the *Salmo Ferox*, or great lake trout, is above where the river Awe issues, and directly below Ben Cruachan. In the rivers Awe and Urchey, salmon abound; the former, also, is much frequented by whittings. When inclined to leave this district, the angler may strike into the military road, passing Queen's House, and leading through Glencoe. This he may do by proceeding up Loch Etive and the stream which falls into it, or in many other ways; but none, certainly, so romantic as this. Glencoe leads to Lochleven, an arm of the sea, and one may proceed from it to Fort-William, either by Ballychulish, or by a mountain path, through Glen Nevis, well worthy to be preferred by the lover of nature. At Fort-William, let him try the Lochy; he will find it, if slightly swollen, a first-rate river, especially for sea trout and grilises.

From thence he should proceed to Inverness by steamer, and cross over to Sutherland, or else strike aside to Loch Laggan, by the course of the Shean. Dalwhinnie, above Loch Ericht, and Dalnacardoch, on the Garry, should also be visited; and passing through Blair Athol, the angler may follow the stream down to where it meets the Tummel; he should then hold up the valley to Loch Tummel, where large strong trout are to be taken from a boat. At Kinloch Rannoch, a

few miles further on, there is a good inn, and the angling on some parts of the loch is excellent, as it is also on the Gawin and Loch Lydoch. Crossing the hills to the south, a forenoon's walk will bring him to Glen Lyon, down which he should angle his way to Fortingall, and in the evening settle himself at Kenmore or Taymouth.

Instead, however, of following the course of the Tay towards Dunkeld, we should advise him to proceed by the loch sides to Killin, from thence to Earn Head, the Trosachs, Lochs Chon and Ard, Stirling and Edinburgh. Should he, however, prefer visiting Sutherland and Ross-shire by Inverness, we would leave him to select his own route, aware that he can scarcely go amiss after good sport among the numerous waters of these northern districts. The Shin, Orkel, Carron, and others, are all, in their season, good salmon rivers, and the *Salmo Ferox* inhabits many of the large reservoirs and lochs.

Apart from the sport, what mental delight might the traveller enjoy in the above tour? Fair Melrose, on the Tweed, beautifully situated at the foot of the Eildon Hills, famed for its abbey, the noblest ecclesiastical ruin in Scotland, which was founded in 1136 by David I., rebuilt between the reigns of Robert Bruce and James IV., then almost destroyed at the Reformation;

Innerleithen, celebrated by Sir Walter Scott, as St. Ronan's Well; Yarrow, a tributary to the Ettrick, traversing the most beautiful pastoral vale, or Meggat, falling into the Esk; the noble Clyde, reminding one of the greatest warrior of modern days; Hamilton, standing on the rising ground in the midst of a rich and highly picturesque county, with its extensive park, the seat of the Dukes of that name, many of whom have been associated with the glories of their native land; Glasgow, the largest city of Scotland, and second of the United Kingdom, the seat of learning, industry, and enterprise; Inverary and its castle; Loch Awe and Ben Cruachan, with its slate and granite mountains; Glencoe—what sad reminiscences does this valley produce!—the atrocious murder of the Macdonald clan in 1691; Lochleven, the prison of the unfortunate Queen Mary; the lofty Ben Nevis; Inverness, with its ruined fort, erected by Cromwell from a Dominican monastery, founded in the thirteenth century; and Culloden, or Drummossie Moor.

The Garry, and Tummel, Taymouth, surrounded by lofty mountains, replete with beauty and magnificence.

Dunkeld, with its lovely valley, and extensive and well preserved cathedral, still used as a parish church.

The Trosachs, that celebrated pass among the lofty, rocky, wooded heights, immortalized by the magician of the North, as the scene of the adventures of the Lady of the Lake.

Stirling, with its ancient castle, the rendezvous for the Scottish army during the Danish invasion in 1009—the scene of conflict between the English and Scots, in the former of whose hands it was kept for ten years, until retaken by Robert Bruce after the battle of Bannockburn. The names of Monk and Prince Charles are associated with its sieges. Here, too, is the chapel erected by James VI. in 1594, for the baptism of his son, Prince Henry, as also the royal chapel in which James himself was christened with so much pomp, by the unfortunate Mary. The palace in which James II. and James V. were born, forms still a part of the castle.

Edinburgh, the modern Athens—but the space allotted to us will not permit our dwelling upon the beauties and historical reminiscences of “Auld Reekie;” suffice it to say, that the being must be cold indeed who can gaze on its wonders without a thrill of delight and horror. Holyrood, the scene of Rizzio’s murder; the ancient castle on the rugged rock, rising two hundred feet from the level. Heriot’s Hospital, the Calton Hill, the Nelson, Scott, and Melville monuments, the

Parliament House, courts of law, and library—what names arise up to one's thoughts, connected with the metropolis of Scotland! The intrepid and inflexible John Knox, Darnley, Bothwell, and the ill-fated Mary.

In Sutherland, great lake trout are found in its principal waters; and the noble duke who derives his title from this county, encourages in every way in his power the angler to visit Loch Brora. Nor is the popular proprietor of Gordon Castle less hospitably disposed to those who enter Ross-shire, and where, in the Spey, they will find the perfection of salmon fishing. Banffshire can boast of Tormantoul on the Avon, Keith on the Isla, and Huntley on the Deveron; while Aberdeenshire has excellent fishing quarters at Ballater, on the Dee, about forty miles from the town of Aberdeen, and Castleton of Braemar. Forfarshire, Stirlingshire, and Lanarkshire yield salmon, trout, and perch in abundance; in short, there is no part of North Britain where the fisherman cannot enjoy the gentle craft to perfection. With a volume or two of Sir Walter Scott's inspiring novels to occupy a void hour, a good constitution, a tolerably stocked purse, and a determination to be contented and pleased, the piscator will attain all that he can wish for in Scotland. He will see in the sons of the heather, devotion to their

country and clan, as was proved by the brave highland bonnets, under their gallant chief, Colin Campbell, in the Crimea and India; he will also find the humbler classes frugal and industrious, the lassies blithe and bonnie; and among the higher grades he will meet with hospitality that cannot be equalled in any country under the sun.

Steeple-chasing is popular in February; and we own that it is with regret that we find this break-neck pursuit is in the ascendancy, for to our ideas it cannot come under the denomination of legitimate sport. If during, or at the end of a hunting season, gentlemen like to try the merits of their respective horses, over four or five miles of a fair country, there can be no possible objection to such a proceeding; on the contrary, it is an amusing and harmless recreation. But, when horses that have never followed a hound, ridden by professional jockeys, are brought out to gallop three or four miles over a race course, with hurdles, fences, stone walls, and artificial brooks, the whole feature is destroyed. Instead of its being a test of the goodness of a hunter, it degenerates to a mere gambling racing transaction, in which the best horse seldom or never wins; for, with a field of fifteen or sixteen, the chances are that the favourites are put *hors de combat* by the rush or pressing

of the others. While writing the above remarks, we happened by chance to take up the May number of the *Sporting Review*, of 1839, in which we find a letter, which is so consonant with our ideas that we transcribe it. As a first-rate sportsman, the writer is *nulli secundus* :—

“HARROLD HALL, BEDFORD, March 13, 1839.

“SIR,

“I wish to record, through your widely-circulated pages, my sentiments of the painful exhibition I have this day, for the second time, witnessed—the Northampton steeple-chase. The opinions I formed on seeing the death of my old acquaintance, Grimaldi, at St. Albans, in 1835, I have this day seen reason to strengthen; and I do hope that, as I have lived to see the commencement of this mad pursuit—I will not call it sport—so I may live to see its termination, as I boldly affirm that it is no criterion of the best horse, but a mere game of chance and gambling transaction. From many quiet and observant farmers, I heard the following remarks :—‘ This is a cruel exhibition, with not one feature to recommend it; and if the good sense of Englishmen does not put it down, I hope the legislature will.’ I will quote, from a work now before me, language bearing entirely upon this point :—

‘The steeple-chase is a relic of ancient fool-hardiness and cruelty. It is ridden at the evident hazard of the life of the rider, and likewise that of the life and enjoyment of the horse.’ Nimrod, my early acquaintance, has done honour to his head and heart in the recorded way he has expressed himself upon it; and it is the duty of every man who values the most generous of all animals, the horse, to raise his voice against it—

‘Woe worth the chase—woe worth the day
That cost thy life, my gallant grey.’—SCOTT.

But enough; my purpose is answered. If you insert this, let it appear *literatim et verbatim*: my shoulders are broad enough to bear the odium.

“Yours, a White Collar,

“JOHN HESKETT LETHBRIDGE.

“P.S.—Notwithstanding the high-bred pleasantries of Lord Chesterfield, I am bound to add, I believe the majority of the spectators were disappointed with their day’s recreation; many disgusted. The third impediment to the horses was the River Nen, twenty-seven feet wide, and requiring an exertion of ten yards to clear; this reduced the field from twelve to two, who struggled in their tortuous course, Mason arriving at the terminus first, at a pace a fast jackass could have kept.”

With these brief remarks on this modern national amusement, we take leave of the subject, trusting that no bipeds will be unfortunate enough to break their necks, and no quadrupeds dislocate their backs.

CHAPTER II.

FEBRUARY—Approach of Spring—Angling—Hunting—George III.—The Prince of Wales—The Old Foxhunter—The Hare with many Devices—The Amusements of the Humble Classes—Wrestling—Quoits—Pedestrianism—Remarks upon Shooting—Comparisons—Changes—Hunting in the Present and Bygone Days—The Cheltenham Foxhounds—Racing—Training of Jockeys—Reduction of their Weight—The Turf. Ancient and Modern—Value of Horses in 1822 and 1859—Oliver Cromwell a Patron of the Turf—Coursing—The late Earl of Orford—Extraordinary Game of a Greyhound and a Hare.

ABOUT the fourth or fifth of the month, the wood-lark, one of our earliest and sweetest songsters, renews his note; a week after, rooks begin to pair and geese to lay, the thrush and the chaffinch sing their “wood-notes wild,” and the loud noise of the green woodpecker is heard. Par-

tridges begin to pair, the house-pigeon has young, missel-thrushes couple, wood-owls hoot, insects swarm under sunny hedges, and the stone curlew clamours; many plants appear above ground towards the end of the month, but few flowers, except the snowdrop, are invariably to be found.

February is a busy month for the sportsman, for, although his gun has been laid aside, hunting flourishes and fishing commences. Of hunting we shall have occasion to speak presently. With respect to angling we have little new to offer, for this diversion undergoes less variation than any other whatever; so that, in point of fact, all the modern treatises on this subject are nothing more than the "Complete Angler of Walton and Cotton" newly revived. The very same method of preparing the fishing tackle, the identical receipts for compounding the baits, making the artificial flies, scouring the worms and gentles, are now in vogue, and practised as they were two centuries back, and are likely to remain so, as the nature of the finny tribe will ever be the same, and man has made himself master of the baits most attractive for the seasons in which they are used. Suffice it, however, to say, that insipid, tiresome, and monotonous as may seem the sport of angling to the young, gay, and giddy, it will, to sedate and reflecting minds, afford indescribable delight, as

they may enjoy their amusement and contemplation at one and the same time, retired from the prying eye of idle curiosity, and undisturbed by the busy hum of man. Carp, tench, perch, eels, chub, flounders, grayling, and roach may be found during this month.

Now to the chase, "the sport of British kings," as the poet terms it. Happy are we to be able to record that the youthful Prince of Wales seems extremely fond of hunting. Perhaps His Royal Highness inherits the love of it from his great grandfather, George III., who, as he was the first man in the kingdom, was also the first hunter in the field. Superior to the little acts and meannesses of court sycophancy, he knew how to enter into and enjoy British sports and pastimes, without derogating, in the slightest degree, from the dignity of Majesty; and, by so doing, set an example to many proud and ostentatious sprigs of nobility, how to behave towards their inferiors with genuine affability, condescension, and politeness. He was a patron of the sports of "merrie England," and as such was a loss to the hunting world, for no monarch since his time, up to the accession of our present gracious sovereign, has taken the slightest interest in the chase. George IV. was content to philander by the margin of Virginia's calm waters, and William, the

sailor king, knew more of the quarter-deck than the hunting-field, and “haul taut,” “helm’s a-lee,” “hard a-port,” would have been more familiar to his ears than “hold hard,” “tally-ho,” or “gone away.” But so interwoven is this manly sport with the very nature of a free-born Englishman, that it depends the least of any on adventitious patronage; indeed, so very much are the humbler classes addicted to the pursuit, that every master of hounds is a king in his own country. It is not possible to convey better to the understanding the transports diffused by a cry of hounds, than in the emphatic terms of a fox-hunter of the old school. “I wish,” he remarks, “our morose philosopher could but once witness the gladness I have spread through the whole parish with my cry. Poor fainting Reynard, having in vain made trial of the hills, woods, and gorse coverts, at last ventures to expose his fortune to the highways and villages. The pack follow in full chorus, making the church-tower and chimneys echo to the tuneful melody. At the enchanting sound, what single individual does not forget every other call of Mammon or the flesh, and throwing down his food, his tools, his books, run out just to look at the hounds? The thresher drops his flail, and hastily exposes the open barn to the pigs and poultry; the whistling plough-boy ceases his tune,

and leaves his cattle, to share in the tumult; and the tailor follows after, slipshod and hatless, with his goose in one hand, and thread over his shoulder. The schoolboy flies from the belfry to the top of the tower; the old women hobble out three steps beyond the door before they think of their crutches; the buxom lassies, with ruddy cheeks, rush from their cottages into the road; and even the parson of the parish mounts his old cob, Gaffer Grey, and if he can but keep within sound of the jocund pack, is so gay and youthful as to join his halloo in chorus with the boys—such a moment brings the venerable pastor back from sixty-five to eighteen.” From fox-hunting we turn to less exhilarating sport, that of hare-hunting, and upon the principle that “half a loaf is better than no bread,” we must content ourselves with what the squires call the currant-jelly pack, when we cannot follow the wily animal. It has been asserted that the life of man is too short to obtain a perfect knowledge of the art of hunting, and in this remark, which is more especially applicable to the “noble science,” we most cordially agree; for although we have now arrived at the age of sixty, and have for the greater part of our life made the wiles of the hare our study, yet are we perpetually puzzled and outwitted by that subtle creature. During a great portion of last season, an illness

which "all human flesh is heir to," kept us in the house; and as an idle life is uncongenial to our disposition, we spent the greater part of our time in the library, which contains a large collection of sporting books. In a very ancient treatise on hunting, by an anonymous writer, we were not a little surprised to find that his idea completely accorded with all the discoveries we have been enabled to make, up to the present day, and especially as it respects the hare. "This timid animal, when I think myself sure, often puts some unexpected trick upon me; and scarcely do I ever lose her in tolerable scenting weather, but I can afterwards discern that it was the effect of some oversight, or want of providing for such and such a contingency." For the conquest of a hare (like that of an enemy) does not depend entirely in vigorous attacks or pursuits—there are a hundred accidents to which the want of success in the field may be attributed, and which ought always to be known to the huntsman, if he would come off with glory. It is not enough to choose our forces with profound judgment, to raise their courage with wholesome good food and frequent exhortations, and to make them subject to the word of command by constant discipline and exercise; but in time of action we ought to be armed with a calmness and a presence of mind to observe

the various motions and stratagems made use of to defeat us. Furnished with prudent foresight, and provision for every new emergency to which the fortune of the day is subject, we must never forget that every hare has her particular tactic, which tactic is occasionally changed, according to the variation of wind and weather, the weight of the air, the nature of the ground, and the degrees of eagerness with which she is pursued. Nor ought we to be unmindful of the numerous accidents she may meet in her way to turn her from her course, to cover her flight, to quicken her speed, or to furnish her with an opportunity for new devices. It is not enough, then, to have a general knowledge of these things before the game is started, but in the heat of action, when we are most likely to be carried away with excitement at the expectation of success, they must not be lost sight of; every step that is taken we must calmly observe; the alteration of soil, the quarter from which the wind blows, the time of year, and no less take notice with what speed poor "puss" is driven, how far she is before the hounds, to what place she directs her course—whether she is likely to keep on forward, or to turn short back; whether she has not been met by wayfarers, frightened by curs, intercepted by sheep; whether an approaching storm, a rising wind, a sudden burst

of sunshine, the disappearance of a frost, the repetition of footed ground, the decay of her own strength, or any other probable turn of affairs, has not abated or altered the scent. There are other things equally necessary to be observed, viz., the particular quality and character of each hound; whether some are not apt to overrun the scent, others to stand on the double. It must also be ascertained which are to be depended upon in the highway, on ploughed ground, on grass, in an uncertain scent, in the crossing of fresh game, through a flock of sheep, upon the foil, or stolen back. The size also and strength of the hare will make a difference; nor must the hounds themselves be followed so closely, when fresh and vigorous, after they have run off their speed and metal, and begin to be tired. It is also advisable that a young huntsman, when the scent lies well, should not ride too forward (especially if it be against the wind), for it is impossible for the hunted animal to hold its own forward; her only chance is to stop short by a way or path, and, when all are past, to steal back immediately, which often occasions an irrecoverable "fault" in the midst of the best run. In good scenting weather this *ruse* is all that is left the timid animal. By not being too forward, the huntsman has the advantage of noticing her steal off, or, more probably,

the pleasure of seeing the hounds, after a slight check, again hit off the scent. It is very common for the fleetest hound to be the favourite, though it were much better if he were left in the kennel. However good he may be in his own nature, he is useless in a pack that is too slow for him. There is always work enough for all, and every one ought to take his part, but this is rendered impossible for the slow and heavy ones to do, if they are run out of breath by the unproportionable speed of a fast leader. It is not enough that they are able to keep up—which a well-bred hound will labour hard for—but they must be able to do it with ease, with retention of breath and spirits, and with their tongues at command. It must never be expected that the indentures of the hare can be well covered, or her doubles struck off, if the hounds run yelping in a long string. In conclusion, I will merely observe that, in this sport, much depends on the excellency of the hounds. A liar and a chaunter, and those without nose or sagacity, are completely useless. It is an accredited maxim, “that every dog that does no good, does a great deal of harm”—it serves only to foil the ground and confound the scent, and five or six couples, all good and trusty, will do more execution than twenty or thirty, where a string of them are eager and headstrong, and noisy in doing nothing.

Having now entered at some length into the sports of the higher classes, we shall refer to those of the humbler.

Angling may be enjoyed by all, from the ragged school-boy with his osier twig, a piece of string, and a crooked pin, on the banks of a canal, up to the proudest chief of a highland clan in some unfrequented lake in his own territorial property.

The fine weather, too, attracts numbers to the suburban gymnasiums, to witness the manly games there carried on. Wrestling, quoits, and pedestrianism are the order of the day; and as fair play is, generally speaking, strictly observed, an idle man about town cannot do better than jump into the first Hansom cab he meets, and order the driver to make the best of his way to Hackney Wick or Wandsworth. He will find that the utmost decorum and the best good fellowship prevail; and, with a glass of mild ale and a cigar, he must be difficult indeed to please, who does not find amusement in witnessing the sports and pastimes of Old England. Let the spectator of these games reflect that the prowess our brave defenders, by sea and land, have ever shown in all quarters of the globe—from the rugged steppes of the Crimea to the burning sands of India—has been produced by that bull-dog courage inherent to our islanders; and let him do his best to encourage those sports

which tend not alone to invigorate the frame, but to give our countrymen an inherent hatred of the knife and dagger.

Shooting may in March be said to have terminated for the next six months. The brilliant pheasant, therefore, may in safety leave the woodland; the nut-brown partridge wander through the fields; and the dark-coloured grouse seek a sunny spot in the heather, free from the murderous attacks of man. During the recess, the first duty of the true sportsman is to see that his guns are safely and properly taken care of; and an equally important one is, that every attention be paid to his dogs, the faithful and sagacious companions of his walks. And here it may not be out of place to make some remarks on the particular species of those used in this sport.

The pointer, so indispensable an attendant in our September excursions, is evidently of Spanish extraction; but since its introduction into this country, has been crossed with the modern English fox-hound, thereby giving him superior lightness, elegance of form, and speed, though detracting from his olfactory powers. Very few, if any, of the true Spanish breed remain; but many, which have only been slightly crossed, resemble them strongly. Of all sporting dogs the pointer is most difficult to train, as his lessons require a

great share of sagacity and heed. He must be taught to be staunch to bird, dog, and gun; to back his partner, to quarter his ground thoroughly and honestly, to know his place, and to yield a steady obedience.

The setter is of an old English variety, and there can be but little doubt that he was originally a long-flued spaniel, taught to find, and then to set or mark, the game for the net or gun, as the pointer has been since trained to stand or point it; he is endowed by nature with all the attractions of the spaniel—sagacity, affection for man, and docility.

The spaniel is supposed to have been originally imported into this country from Spain. This dog is divided into several varieties, adapted to different purposes—the rough and the smooth-haired, the land and water-spaniel, the springer, the cocking spaniel, and the King Charles's breed. The spaniel is both a fowler and a hunter; and has been used from time immemorial in pheasant, partridge, woodcock, snipe, and rabbit shooting. In the first-named sport a spaniel is indispensable, as he can make his way through those thickets and difficult coverts which the beaters cannot penetrate; the dog should be short, middle-sized, and strong-legged, and a degree of harshness of the flue will not be detrimental. So much

roguey is practised with respect to dogs, that we recommend no one to answer any advertisement in a London paper unless the writer of it can give a satisfactory reference. Sales of pointers and setters are daily to be met with in the *Times*, and in nine cases out of ten the animals are worthless; of course we except those sent to Messrs. Tattersall, and other respectable persons, to be sold by auction.

Although the sport on the Highland moors has not been so good recently as could have been wished for by the south-country gunner, generally speaking there was not much to complain of. In some parts the grouse were scarce, but red deer were abundant, and many a fine stag was carried home across the "gilly's" pony. In England the game of late has been plentiful, as the following return, the first we can lay our hands upon, will prove. At Bradgate Park, the seat of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, the party killed the following on the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th January:—348 hares, 3,634 rabbits, 17 partridges, 2,471 pheasants, 81 woodcocks, 23 snipes, 97 various, making a total of 6,671. On the 12th, they killed 1,030 pheasants. Compare this with what was considered a magnificent day's sport thirty-six years ago, at Ashbridge Castle, Hertfordshire, the seat of the late Earl of Bridge-

water. The chronicler of the day thus records the event: "The sports of the field on the three days of the Duke of York's sojourning were never before equalled. The Duke of Wellington's double-barrel gun brought down everything before it. During the last four days a party of gentlemen killed 623 head of game—

1st day 7 guns, 627 shots, 326 killed.

2nd „ 9 „ 956 „ 511 „

3rd „ 8 „ 388 „ 251 „

Total,	1,971	1,088
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The best shots were, the Duke of York, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Bridgewater, and Lord Verulam. The Duke of York killed 47 head of game on the first day." In another account, we find that, at the Duke of Rutland's shooting-box in Cumberland, "two gentlemen bagged 664 grouse in one fortnight!"—and at Up Park, the seat of Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh, the prowess of six gunners is thus reported:—"In four days they brought down 950 head of game;" the writer adding, "Mr. Delme (father of the present talented author of 'The Noble Science') betted the Marquis of Anglesey 100 guineas that he killed a hundred hares in a given time, which was lost, as he only bagged 98! Does this look like a scarcity of game?" As far, then, as quantity

is concerned, the "gunner" of the present day is better off than he was in the reign of George the Third, but for the quality of the sport he is not so well off by "a long chalk," as our transatlantic friends call it; for, as the present race shoot only for book, they care not how they fill the game-cart; hares are blown up within a few yards, pheasants are mutilated at a short distance, and partridges are hardly allowed to rise before the contents of an unerring weapon lays them dead. We own, ourselves, that early hours, a sufficient quantity of birds, the old-fashioned flint and steel gun, a staunch brace of pointers, a first-rate retriever, on a fine autumnal morning, was the height of enjoyment, and far preferable to late hours, an over-abundant stock of game, and four detonating guns blazing about you in every direction—everyone being in a state of jealous excitement at his companion's prowess. But the march of intellect will proceed at what may be termed a full gallop, and a day with the partridges in 1859 is as different from one thirty years ago, as railway travelling is from coaching.

True, then, is the remark, and "pity 'tis, 'tis true," that the times are strangely altered, and in nothing more so than with respect to sport and sportsmen. The Nimrod of half a century ago would be denounced as an old woman by the fast

Meltonians of the present day ; and one of our ancestors, if he could appear again, with his flint and steel fowling-piece, at a modern *battue*, would be looked upon as a regular “muff.” The character of the English country gentleman has not more changed since the days of the Squire Beagles in Fielding’s times, than have the modes of hunting and shooting. The sportsman of the old school got up before the sun appeared in the eastern hemisphere ; and, if the weather augured favourably for a fine hunting morning, he was out with his hounds before the orb of day rose above the horizon, when the scent was fresh and strong. Hardy, athletic, and robust himself, the strength and powers of his horse were proportioned to the weight he was to carry, and the work he had to undergo. No animal was deemed perfect without the following points : a vigorous, healthy colour, a head and neck light as possible, quick-moving eyes and ears, jaws and nostrils clear and wide, shoulders large, withers high, chest deep, and back short, ribs large and pin bones wide, tail high and stiff, like a parish pump-handle ; gaskins well spread, and buttock lean and hard ; above all, legs and pasterns short, for it was then thought that a long-legged horse was never able to gallop down steep hills, or fence well with a weight on his back. The hounds were selected for the

goodness of their noses, and the precision with which they could hit off the scent, rather than for their being swift of foot. The breed between the southern hound and the northern beagle was preferred—the former for his nose, and the latter for his speed and vigour, to amend the slowness of the former, whence arose a progeny possessing the best qualities of both, without the defects of either. Hunting was then a science, when the principal part of the sport was deemed to consist in witnessing the efforts of the wily prey to elude his staunch pursuers. The Nimrods followed, rather than rode up to the pack, content to nurse their horses, and only take such leaps as fell in their way. The fox was generally killed by noon, or at most an hour or two later, when, if the sportsman found himself ten or fifteen miles from home, he could return to a four or five o'clock dinner. Such was the custom of the old school: contrast it with that of the modern.

At the present period the hounds seldom meet much before eleven, when the scent is too often dispersed by the wind, spoiled by being crossed by other animals, or affected by the heat of the sun. The horses are high-mettled racers, and unless their riders get a good start, and manage to keep it, they seldom see any part of the run; the slightest accident—a fall at a fence, a swerve

at a brook—will throw man and horse out for the day. The sport is not usually over before dusk, when the jaded lover of the chase seeks his downy pillow for an hour-or-two's sleep before an eight o'clock dinner. Whist follows the Apician repast, and it is near two o'clock before the modern curfew, or strictly speaking, *courre feu*, "tolls the knell of parting day." Unquestionably, then, to our unsophisticated minds, modern sport is not to be compared to that enjoyed by our ancestors, and we own that we preferred killing a fox, after a good hunting run in the old-fashioned manner, as carried on by Oldacre and the Berkeley hounds, to a scramble and scurry of the present day; but *de gustibus*, we shall probably be voted dead slow by the fast youths just out of their teens.

Among the sporting events of last year may be mentioned the establishment of a pack of fox-hounds at that queen of water-drinking places, Cheltenham. Mr. Cregoe Colmore, a most popular resident, undertook the mastership of the new pack, the gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood guaranteeing 1,200*l.*, the rest to be made up by the tradesmen. Deeply do we lament the loss of Earl Fitzhardinge, for many happy days have we passed at the Spa; the tuneful holloa of Henry Ayris still rings in our ears,

and in our "mind's eye" we see the late princely owner of the castle surrounded by a magnificent retinue of servants and followers. The amateur plays, the four-in-hand procession, the annual ball, all arise before us, and appear as shadows of departed pleasure.

The spring is about to set in, and the cold piercing easterly winds pronounce the arrival of Lent. It is at this season that racing men begin to think of the leading meetings, and jockeys prepare themselves for the busy campaign. Instead of hunting with the fox hounds, enjoying three or four good substantial meals per diem, and patronizing a histrionic performance at Newmarket of some strolling company of Thespians, the "light weight" has to envelop himself in five or six coats, waistcoats, and trousers, and walk ten or fifteen miles after a scanty breakfast. Fish, or a small piece of meat, with a glass or two of watered wine, forms the frugal dinner: with tea and dry toast for the evening meal—supper being strictly prohibited. To show to what a state of reduction a jockey may be brought, we have only to remind the reader that John Arnull, when employed by George, Prince of Wales, abstained from animal (and even farinaceous) food, for eight successive days; and the only substitute was occasionally a piece of apple. Arnull's health

was not injured by this long fast, and he lived to be clerk of the course at Newmarket. Dennis Fitzpatrick, who rode Diamond over the Beacon course, in the famous race against F. Buckle on Hambletonian, for 3,000 guineas, always declared that he was less fatigued by riding, and had more strength to contend with a determined horse, in a severe race, when moderately reduced, than when allowed to live as he pleased. We now proceed to offer a few remarks upon the turf, past and present.

There is no sport more conducive to the national importance of Great Britain, than the royal and noble amusement of horse-racing. Of this the French government seems of late to be so well aware, that every effort is now being made in France, not only to improve the breed of their horses, but to raise up a state of rivalry in that pursuit, in which we have ever stood proudly pre-eminent over all the world. We shall notice the progressive state of continental improvement in some future work, in the hope that their prowess will not create any jealousy in our breasts, but incite us to maintain our own superiority, which can never be endangered but by a manifest decline of public spirit.

Horse-racing is of classical antiquity, and was doubtless known to our Saxon ancestors, as far

back as the ninth century ; but when it was first introduced into this country, we have no exact data by which we can be regulated. According to the testimony of an old writer of fiction, it was considered a necessary accomplishment for a man of fashion to understand the nature and property of horses, and to ride well, “to run horses and to approve them.” It is not improbable that France preceded this country in a knowledge of the course ; for we find that when Hugh Capet solicited in marriage the sister of Athelstan of England, among other valuable presents which he sent that prince, were several running horses, with their saddles and bridles, the latter embroidered in gold. It appears very evident, however, that horse-racing, in those early ages, was solely confined to the great ; and it was not until the reign of Henry the Second that this diversion became more general. To such an extent was it carried, that the fortunes of the nobility became greatly injured thereby. The famous George, Earl of Cumberland, is recorded to have wasted more of his estate on the turf than any of his ancestors. The arena was the Smoothfield (now called Smithfield), a spot in those days very different, in respect of extent and smoothness, from its present condition ; although, until lately, it has been applied to the same purpose it was then—the sale of horses.

At that early period of our history, valuable hackneys and chargers were exposed for sale in the market, and were generally matched together, in order to test their worth for speed and game, or for a prize. When a trial of this kind was about to take place, a shout was immediately raised, and the course was ordered to be cleared. Three miles appear to have been the longest course, and forty pounds the usual prize.

In 1599, private matches by gentlemen jockeys were very common, and it is well known that James the First was the original royal patron of the turf. During his reign public races were established at various places, when the mode of preparing the contending steeds was very much the same as it is now. Bell courses were then in vogue—so called, because the prize was a silver bell; which bells were afterwards changed into cups, bowls, or some other pieces of plate, of the usual value of one hundred guineas, and upon which were engraved, as in our days, the names and pedigrees of the winning horse. Towards the close of the reign of Charles the First, races took place in Hyde Park. Newmarket was also a place devoted to the same purpose, although it was first used for hunting. Here the merry monarch had a regular establishment, and entered horses in his own name. Racing was so much encouraged by

this licentious monarch, that it soon became one of the most fashionable pursuits of the day. William the Third founded an academy for riding, and added to the number of royal plates, and Queen Anne was a most distinguished supporter of the turf. Had the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals existed in those days, it would have interfered to prevent the disgraceful and barbarous act that was perpetrated upon Dragon before starting, which, although it entitled him to the usual allowance, and enabled him to run over the Beacon course, and to win, caused him to fall down dead after passing the post. In the days of the late Dukes of Grafton, Bedford, Queensbury, the Earls of Grosvenor, Abingdon, and Egremont, Lord Foley, Col. O'Kelly, and Sir Charles Bunbury, the turf was brought to a pitch of excellence to which it has never risen superior; unhappily, those distinguished veterans are all swept away, and, with few exceptions, their places have not been filled by the present pillars of the State. The death of Lord George Bentinck has left *hiatus valde deflendus*; but empires and states have their decline and fall—how then can it be expected that horse-racing should be exempted? From that state of fluctuation to which all sublunary beings and their affairs are subjected a new generation may spring up, with

similar feelings to those which actuated the breast of the last, and give new life and spirit to a subject of great national importance. We say national, because, in addition to the excellence of the British breed of horses for every purpose of pleasure, the improvement of our race of chargers must ever give us a superiority in the warlike field. If, therefore, we would maintain that superiority, we must uphold a system to which it owes its birth, and the turf must excite our gratitude, as well as our attachment.

Although, in many respects, racing has degenerated, still the horses of the present day are much more valuable than those of five-and-twenty years ago. When Sir Charles Bunbury died in 1821, his celebrated stud was brought to the hammer by Tattersall, at Newmarket, in the following Spring Meeting, and fetched the following sums:—Smolensko, 1,365*l.*; two brown colts, 162*l.* 15*s.* each; a Gohanna mare, 115*l.* 10*s.*; a black colt, 110*l.* 5*s.*; a chestnut and bay ditto, 105*l.* each; ten went for prices between 50*l.* and 100*l.*, and eleven between 15*l.* 15*s.* and 33*l.* 12*s.*; the whole lot, twenty-nine in number, realizing 3,249*l.* 10*s.* In the October of the preceding year, the Duke of Rutland's stud was put up to auction, when, out of nineteen lots, only five were sold; two went for 100 guineas each, and one for 80 guineas, free

from all engagements; one nominated for the Riddlesworth for 60 guineas, and a two-year-old, engaged in the 2,000 guineas and Newmarket Stakes, Derby, and Riddlesworth, was knocked down for 28 guineas. In the present day, were the studs of the two leading noble patrons of the turf put up to auction, they would realize more than treble the amount of those above referred to.

There are few things in this world free from stain or blemish; no wonder, then, that there should be blots on the turf, and black sheep among many of its supporters; but it would be unjust to denounce an amusement because it is open to roguery, or censure the whole racing community for the faults of a few.

Among other distinguished patrons of the turf may be mentioned Oliver Cromwell, who (like most other country gentlemen of his day) was fond of field sports. The Protector was far from being, by nature, of a gloomy and ferocious disposition, until ambition and the terrors consequent on regicide and usurpation harrowed his soul, and made him a reckless tyrant: indeed he could at times descend to facetiousness and even buffoonery. An anecdote is related of him which proves that, had he lived in the present age, he would have been a member of the four-in-hand club, and

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have been much more harmlessly employed than in beheading a king and seizing a throne. Sir John Birkenhead wrote a poem, entitled "The Jolt," upon Cromwell being thrown off the box of his coach, which he was in the habit of driving through Hyde Park, drawn by six German horses, sent him as a present by the Court of Oldenburg, while his secretary, John Thurloe, was an inside passenger. It seems that the horses were startled, and ran away, and the Huntingdon squire, losing all control over them, was thrown on the pole, and was dragged along the ground for some time; a pistol, which he carried in his pocket, went off, but, by that singular good fortune which ever attended him, he escaped with only a few slight bruises. In despite of the hypocritical cant of puritanism, Cromwell retained a love for the turf, even after he had attained regal power. Richard Place (his master of the stud) was owner of Bustler, got by the Helmsley Turk, of the famous White Turk, the sire of Wormwood and Commoner, and of several brood mares, one of which, a great favourite, he concealed in a vault, during the search for his master's effects at the Restoration, whence she afterwards took the name of the Coffin mare, by which she stands in many pictures.

While upon the subject of the turf, we cannot do better than contrast the turf in England with that of the land of song, and with this view we lay before our readers a day's racing at Ancona. The course is more than an English mile in length, confined by two lines of rope, running through the tops of posts above four feet from the ground, forming an avenue about forty yards in breadth. Previously to the day of starting for the prize, such horses as are intended to contend for it are led up by their grooms, and for several days are exercised within the space or avenue intended for the sport, until they become familiar with the spot. At the extremity of the course two poles are raised, to which is attached a ribbon covered on both sides with red ochre. At the time of commencing the sports of the day, which is announced by the firing of a gun, beating a drum, or sounding a trumpet, the horses are brought forward by the attendants, placed in proper order for starting at the first post, for the horses all run without riders. The moment the signal is made, each groom whips his horse, and to promote the greater speed, little balls, with sharp points in them, are hung to their sides, which act like so many spurs. They have also pieces of tinfoil fastened

to a sort of crupper, which, as the animals rush through the air, make a loud rustling noise and frighten them forward. To ascertain without dispute which has won the race, the horse is sought for that burst the ribbon, and that one upon whose chest the red ochre mark appears is proclaimed the victor. One advantage arises from the above system — no trick can be played, no jockey can make a mistake, or be bribed to throw over his employer.

From racing we proceed to coursing, an amusement which seems nearly as popular in our day as in that of those great patrons of the sport, the late Earl of Orford and Lord Rivers. We own ourselves that there is nothing more exhilarating than to find oneself well mounted at the Swaffham, Malton, or Ashton Park meetings, with good greyhounds and plenty of hares. Before, however, we refer to modern coursing, we will “double” back to the sport some centuries ago. Coursing has been followed as an amusement for many centuries in Great Britain. History tells us that, in the year 1591, Queen Elizabeth visited the seat of Lord Montecute, in Sussex, where she saw from a turret, one day after dinner, “sixteen bucks, all having fair

law, pulled down by greyhounds." It is unquestionably a diversion of undoubted antiquity; and chroniclers have not been wanting to inform us of its institution. Amongst them may be enumerated Xenophon and Arrian—the former of whom flourished as early as the year 359 B.C., and the latter A.D. 161. It was then denominated by the term leash, or coursing; and after a lapse of so many years it is somewhat surprising that the ideas of sporting in this particular should so nearly assimilate. Wolves, foxes, and deer were the animals chiefly selected in former times for the sport, and were pursued by a stronger and more hardy dog than the modern gazehound, known by the name of greyhound. As, however, ferocious animals became extinct when civilization advanced, so coursing gradually assumed another form, and kept pace with the progress of other improvements.

In the old metrical romance of Sir Eglamore, a "fayre" princess, as a particular mark of favour, tells a gallant knight,—

"Syr, if you be on huntynge bounde,
I shall give a good greyhounde,
That is dunne as a doe.
For as I am a trewe gentylwoman,
There was never deer that he at ranne,
That might yscape him fro."

In the year 1203 a fine was paid of 550 marks, ten horses, and ten leashes of greyhounds; another, in 1210, consisted of one swift running horse, and six greyhounds. This dog of old times was long-haired, and somewhat resembling that used by warreners.

The Earl of Orford first formed the extraordinary and eccentric idea of improving the breed of the greyhound by a cross with the bulldog; and, after a patient trial of seven removes, he obtained possession of the finest greyhounds ever seen, with the small ear, the rat tail, the skin sleek and smooth, without hair; together with that innate courage, to die on the field rather than relinquish the chase. From this cross, Colonel Thornton derived his famous breed — Czarina, Old Jupiter, Snowball, Major, Sylvia, Venus, Blacksmith, and Young Snowball. To show the game of the greyhound and the timid object of his pursuit, we will mention an anecdote that was told us a few days ago, when visiting in Nottinghamshire. A party of gentlemen from Mansfield, who were coursing near Sherwood Forest, started a hare close to the race-course, which proved to be a teaser, both to the biped and quadruped. Sprightly puss led the way over hill and dale in gallant style, and, confident of her fleetness, bade defiance to her speedy followers. On coming near

the silent tomb of the pious Thompson, whose remains are interred in the open forest, she dashed furiously among the ling, and, making a double, Mr. Mellor's dog, Dart, came in contact with the poor animal, when, for a short time, all sight was lost, both of dog and hare, but at length brave Dart was discovered lying prostrate on his back, and matchless puss, extended almost breathless beneath his loins, was actually taken up alive by one of the party.

CHAPTER III.

Remarks on Grouse Shooting—Highland Moors—Archery, Ancient and Modern—Dogs—Falconry, the Sport of British Kings—March—Steeple - chasing—Racing—Coursing—Aquatics—The Earl of Bessborough—Past and Present Masters of Her Majesty's Stag-hounds.

As we have hitherto been silent on the subject of grouse shooting, it may be expected that we should offer a few remarks upon it. The Highlands of Scotland abound in these birds; they are also to be found on the Welsh mountains, and in Ireland; in the north of England, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and other contiguous places—especially among the moors and mountains of Yorkshire, where grouse are found in sufficient numbers to afford excellent sport. They

are also to be seen near Sunderland, Stockton, and Darlington.

An English atmosphere is generally much more favourable to this diversion than a Highland one, as, from the innumerable lochs and the immediate vicinity of the ocean, the mountains are so concealed in the vapours arising from them, as at all times to render a day's sport extremely precarious. A very little wet soon causes a grouse to become wild and unassailable; and the chance of pursuing him to any advantage is very uncertain, until, perhaps, in the middle of the day, when the sun may establish a temporary influence. His habits are exceedingly regular, always taking his food and water at particular times, the latter at noon; he will then retire to the sunny side of some bank, and, beneath the cover of the heather, bask in all the delight of imagined security. In this situation an unscrupulous poacher will annihilate the whole brood.

Two brace of steady dogs are, indisputably, best calculated for grouse shooting, and they will work a good long day. The best plan to adopt, is to shoot with one brace of pointers until twelve o'clock, and then take a brace of fresh ones, working the four alternately, morning and afternoon. In selecting shooting quarters, especially in Scotland, we recommend the sportsman to be ex-

tremely wary. Many are advertised to be let that have scarcely a hundred birds left upon them, and, perhaps, can only boast of one legendary deer. The only way is to place himself in communication with some respectable, trustworthy person, who knows (as the country people say) the whole pedigree of the place; and, when he hears of something likely to suit, we advise him by all means to go down and judge for himself. The time, expense, and trouble will amply repay him in the long run, for he will be easily able to ascertain whether the grouse ever existed to any extent—whether they have been shot down too low—whether he may count upon a few days' deer-stalking—whether there is fish enough to occupy his idle days and furnish his table. On this preliminary visit, the Southerner will have an opportunity of getting acquainted with the keepers; he will be able to arrange with the gillies; he will inspect the quarters that he is to occupy; and make memoranda of articles that will be necessary for the comfort of himself and his guests. Should the sportsman, after a long journey, find that the moors are not likely to suit him, he will naturally indulge in a fit of grumbling at the unnecessary trouble he has been put to. One consolation will, however, arise, namely, that he has saved himself a considerable expense, and

that he has ample time to look out for better shooting ground.

In the Highlands of Scotland, in spite of the myriads of boxes of food sent to the south, by land and water, every autumn, moor game of all descriptions continues steadily to increase. Individual ranges of shooting-ground do occasionally get fearful sweeps towards the end of a lease, yet one year's jubilee generally puts things to rights again, and experienced hands will greatly prefer good grounds that have been well "shot," to grounds that have been "carefully preserved," and none allowed to shoot upon without "written leave from the proprietor." It seems rather paradoxical to assert that the killing of any sort of animal should tend, directly or indirectly, to the increase of its numbers; nevertheless, we believe it to hold good in regard to grouse, as these birds, in the northern counties, have certainly not fallen off in numbers under the murderous guns of the southern sportsmen. The fact, however, may be satisfactorily accounted for by the circumstance that the moment a southern signs his lease of the shooting-grounds, he engages his keepers and orders his venison traps, and from that day declares war to the knife against every description of poacher, whether clad in hair feathers, or hodden grey. A real thorough-bred

sportsman, let his disposition be what it may, is a perfect tyrant in all matters touching his game, and would jam the legs of the golden eagle—the monarch of the air—in a steel trap as pleasantly as he would jam the legs of his fellow-creature in the stocks, if caught with a gun in his hand, and a brace of birds in the folds of his plaid. In the north this iron despotism seldom fails to produce the desired effect, and sporting grounds are comparatively unmolested.

It will thus be seen that a proprietor, in letting his shootings, only transfers the right to kill from one description of the carnivora to another; and that, whereas the eagle, the fox, the raven, the polecat, pay no attention to the term days and other provisions of the Game Act, but pursue their sport and pastimes the whole year round, and in all weathers, the gunner is circumscribed to three or four months in the year, and even this space is much curtailed by such contingencies as rainy days and wild, unbroken dogs. Taking these things into consideration, the grouse have evidently exchanged rulers for the better; and, this is seen, as in all well-governed realms, by the amount of population.

But besides the increase which arises from the destruction of the natural and direct enemies of the grouse tribe, other and less direct causes,

called into play by the system of killing, undoubtedly tend to the same end. Judicious sportsmen invariably pick out the old birds of a covey, and these, especially the old cocks, when past the age of breeding, are generally believed to be hurtful to the rising generation, not alone in breaking eggs, but in usurping the place of young male birds. Again, some imagine, and perhaps with reason, that when a range is sharply but skilfully shot over, adventurous birds of both sexes are tempted from neighbouring districts to fill up the void, and a great infusion of fresh blood is thus added to the stock, which, as every naturalist knows, tends to add to the prolific properties of almost every description of animals. This may be quite imaginary in as far as relates to grouse, but if it be generally a law of nature, why should we doubt it in the case of these birds? It is, however, enough for us to know that, under severe shooting, grouse will increase, provided the vermin be well kept down. All the disputes about burnt heather which arise between the proprietor, the storemaster, and the lessee of the sporting, would at once cease if this was rigidly done, as grouse naturally avoid rank heather as much as sheep do. They never feed upon, and never take shelter from it in stormy weather, at least if it be at all wet. In short, they only fly

to it to avoid their natural enemies, and when these are destroyed the shepherd should be allowed to burn away, as he will thus be serving both the storemaster and sportsman, provided that he does it judiciously and in the proper season.

There is another subject we must touch upon, especially at this time of year, when every day brings us nearer the spring.

“Those who in skilful archery contend
He next invites, the twanging bow to bend.”

Homer gives a most graphic description of an archery meeting, a sort of Old Hats pigeon match, between two crack shots, “experienced Merion and skilful Teucer,” the Osbaldiston and Horatio Ross of their day. The mark was a milk-white dove, tied by a cord to the top of the mast of a first-rate galley. The prizes were ten double-edged war axes to whoever killed the bird, and ten single axes to whoever divided the cord. The competitors drew lots, and Teucer got the first shot, dividing the cord with a single arrow. (If this is not shooting with a long bow, we know not what is.) Merion then took his aim, and bagged the bird on the wing. The sports of the day wound up with hurling the dart, a game in which Merion also excelled. Those, how-

ever, who are interested in archery, let me refer to one of the most talented books that has appeared upon the subject, written by Mr. Hansard. It is replete with instructive amusement, and shows a depth of learning and knowledge of ancient and modern bowmen that no other author probably, excepting Mr. Horace Ford, our present Grand National Champion, has ever attained. The book itself is beautifully illustrated, and we recommend it to all classes of readers, male and female, as a work of standard value; indeed, we question whether any volume could be laid before the rising generation that would give them a greater insight into the warlike and sylvan deeds of Merrie England in the olden time. After alluding to so great a toxopholite writer, we almost shrink from giving a few remarks of our own upon this graceful and innocent amusement. In ancient times the bow was the chief implement of war, and, by the expertness of the bold archers, has often decided the fate of battles and of empires. To an improvement of this weapon, termed the cross-bow, our hardy forefathers were principally indebted for their glorious victories at Agincourt, Cressy, and Poitiers. Hence the English archers became the most renowned in all Europe. Previous to the invention of gunpowder and firearms, the bow formed, and still remains,

among many rude nations, yet strangers to the new introduction, the principal weapon used in killing the wild animals of the forest and the birds of the air. The old ballad of Chevy Chase proclaims the feats of the bold outlaw, Robin Hood, and his merry men, with this then formidable weapon. It will appear that the first use of the cross-bow was introduced into England by William the Conqueror. An act, made in the fifth year of Edward IV., directs that every Englishman shall have a bow of his own height, of yew, ash, wych, hazel, or auburn; and that butts shall be made in every township which the inhabitants are to shoot at every feast day, under the penalty of a halfpenny when they shall omit this exercise. Several other statutes were made in succeeding reigns for the promotion of archery; and in the eighth year of Charles I. a commission was issued by that king, to the chancellor, lord-mayor, and several of the privy council, to prevent the fields near London being enclosed "so as to interrupt the necessary and profitable exercise of shooting," and also to lower the mounds where they prevented the view from one mark to another. In 1753, targets were erected in the Finsbury-fields during the Easter and Whitsun holidays, when the best shooter was named captain, and the second lieutenant.

There is no early account of bows having been used in the Roman armies. In the time of Scipio Africanus, they were applied with great effect against the Numantines in Spain. Tiberius owed his success in the war with Arminius and Inguomerus, chiefly to the great execution done by the archers, some of whom fought on foot, and others mounted on horseback. After this time, the practice of archery was not discontinued, but it would require a great share of credulity to admit the narratives of Herodian and Suetonius, concerning the surprising expertness of Domitian and Commodus, to be faithful reports of facts given by eye-witnesses; they savour too much of what is familiarly called the "long bow." The Roman Sagittarii were part of the Velites, composed of *pauperes et juvenes*, often also of auxiliaries. Their service was one of peculiar danger; they were sometimes placed in front, sometimes on the flanks, sometimes in the rear, and the chief purpose for which they were employed was to harass the enemy, by attacking the weakest part of their lines before the general attack commenced. In the middle ages, the Goths, Vandals, and Huns gained their victories chiefly by the use of the same destructive weapon. The Swiss were famous archers. The English, however, claim to be the best of modern archers, and

their claims have been universally admitted. Edward III. was at great pains to provide bows and arrows. In the battle of Cressy, his archers cut off the flower of the French nobility. Each army had an equal number of archers in the field, but our opponents are understood to have used the crossbow, which is not easily protected from the rain; and, it is said, their bows or their strings were so completely soaked as to be altogether unfit for use. The victory gained by the Black Prince at Poitiers, when the French king and the Dauphin, and almost all the peers of France, were taken prisoners, was also ascribed to the archers, very few of whom fell, though the slaughter among the French was enormous. The battle of Agincourt, still more fatal to our present allies, and more glorious to our countrymen, was gained by the same mode of fighting. The advantages from time to time obtained over the Scots were chiefly owing to the strength and skill of the English archers. The great example which Robert the Bruce set at the battle of Bannockburn, of dispersing the archers with his cavalry at the commencement of the conflict, was, unfortunately for Scotland, too seldom followed. Notwithstanding the encomiums which ancient and modern writers have lavished on the bow, it must be admitted that in warfare it is not worthy

of being compared with firearms. In many states of the atmosphere it could not be applied with any effect; damp and moisture not only impair the elasticity of the bow, but relax the strings, and soon render them unfit for use. The direction and strength of the wind must often have been still more disconcerting; except in a calm, or in a very light air, the best marksman cannot shoot straight; and when the wind is very boisterous, especially if it be opposite or a side one, it is impracticable to shoot far. In modern times this weapon is used by the Asiatic nations, by the tribes of Africa, and by the Indians in North America. In 1813 and 1814, irregular troops belonging to the Russian army, particularly the Baschkeers, appeared in Paris, armed with bows and arrows, to the astonishment of the volatile inhabitants, and surprised their minds not a little by the surprising long shots they made.

As this recreation seems to be daily becoming more popular, it may not be out of place to give a brief account of its origin and progress in this country. The art, either as a means of offence in war, or of subsistence and amusement in time of peace, may be traced in the history of almost every nation. According to Herodotus, it appears that the Scythians were superior to all other

nations in the practice of archery; and that the Ethiopians and Egyptians also greatly excelled the Persians. Among the Greeks the bow and arrow were employed from the earliest times. If the descriptions of battles given by Homer are to be admitted as genuine representations of the mode of fighting in the heroic ages, we must conclude that the archers were interspersed among the other troops, and that, sheltering themselves behind the shields of their comrades, they took their aim deliberately and securely. The Athenians, however, were indebted for some of their greatest victories to the feats of the archers; and particularly for the success of the sanguinary engagement with the Lácedemonians near Pylos.

We have referred to archery as a means of offence in war; we are now about to treat it as a pastime—as a healthful exercise. As an exercise it has the sanction of Galen, as being active and not too violent. In addition to the salutary and moderate exertion of the muscles, it possesses two other advantages—it leads to pure air, and it is also abundantly interesting to the mind, especially when it is attended by competition. For more than two hundred years after firearms were introduced, attempts were made by the English government, from time to time, to encourage the practice of archery. Charles I., in the fourth

year of his reign, granted a commission under the great seal for enforcing the use of the long bow. We speak literally, not figuratively; and, although this was revoked a few years afterwards, another was granted in the year 1633 to two persons of the name of Meade, authorising them to teach an invention for uniting the use of the bow and the pike. Ten years afterwards a precept was issued by the Earl of Essex, calling upon all well-affected persons to assist in raising a company of archers for the service of the king. Since that time archery can claim only to be considered as a recreation. In Great Britain a number of societies have contributed to preserve the exercise from falling into total disuse. The archers of Finsbury are now extinct, but their society is incorporated with a division of the Artillery Company of London, founded by royal charter in the twenty-ninth year of the reign of Henry VIII., who were permitted to shoot not only at marks, but all birds except pheasants and herons, and to wear dresses of any colour except purple or scarlet. The only other companies still existing in England are the Kentish Bowmen, the Woodmen of Arden, and the Toxopholites. The Royal Company of Archers in Scotland is said to have arisen in the time of James I. The commissioners appointed by that prince to superintend

the exercise of archery in different districts selected the most expert archers, and formed them into a company to act in the capacity of the king's principle body-guards, a distinction which the Royal Company still claims within seven miles of Edinburgh. In 1677, we find them recognized by an act of the privy council as His Majesty's Company of Archers; and at the same time a king's prize, consisting of a piece of plate valued at 20*l.* sterling, was ordered to be given annually to be shot for. Their attachment to the unfortunate family of Stuart subjected them at different periods to fluctuations of bad fortune, and occasionally threatened their entire dissolution. In the year 1703, they obtained a royal charter from Queen Anne, confirming and multiplying their privileges. The royal prize which had been withdrawn by King William was restored by George III. This company, which includes a great proportion of the Scottish nobility and gentry, as well as many respectable citizens of Edinburgh, contains above one thousand members; a president and six councillors, elected annually from the body of the members, manage their concerns; many of the members, who reside in Auld Reekie, meet weekly in the summer in the meadows and shoot at butts or rovers. The only prize shot for at butts, or point blank distances, is called the

goose. Originally it was shot for thus : A living goose was enclosed in a butt made of turf, having nothing but the head left visible, and he who first pierced it with his arrow received the goose as his reward. A practice so barbarous has long been discontinued ; a mark one inch in diameter is now placed on the butt, and the archer who first hits it is appointed captain of the butt-shooters for the succeeding year. The other prizes annually given are shot for at rovers, the marks being a hundred and eighty-five yards distant. The king's prize, already mentioned, becomes the property of the winner ; all the others are retained by the victors for a year, and are restored, each with a medal affixed, having a motto and device engraven on it. The first is a silver arrow, given by the town of Musselburgh, in 1603, or earlier ; the second is a silver arrow, given by the royal borough of Peebles, in 1626 ; the third a silver arrow, given by the city of Edinburgh, in 1709 ; the fourth a punch bowl, value 50*l.*, made of Scottish silver, at the expense of the company, in 1720, which is now surrounded with rows of gold medals, and always used at the carnival meetings of the company in the Archers' Hall, where their business as well as pleasure is transacted.

From archery and the "merry green wood" let us turn to the sports of the moors and the heather,

but first let us make a few comments upon our faithful canine companions. In an old volume, published in 1560, we find a curious account of the varieties of British dogs that are to be met with in our country; they are enumerated as follows:—The terrare, harier, bludhunde, gasehunde, grehunde, leviner or lyemer, tumbler, spaniel, setter, water spaniel or fynder, spaniel gentle or comforter, shepherd's dog, mastive or band dog, wappe, turne-spit, dunce.

The “terrare” takes its name from its subterraneous employ, being a small kind of hound used to force the fox, or other beasts of prey, out of their holes.

The “harier” derives its name from hunting the hare.

The “bludhunde,” or “slothunde,” was of great use, and in high esteem, among our ancestors. This dog is remarkable for the acuteness of his smell, tracing any wounded game that had escaped from the hunter, and following the footsteps of a marauder, let the distance of his flight be ever so great. The bloodhound was in great request on the confines of England and Scotland, when the borderers were continually preying on the herds and flocks of their neighbours, and was used also by Wallace and Bruce during the civil wars.

The “gasehunde” would select from the herd the

fattest and fairest deer, pursue it by the eye, and, if lost for a time, recover it, and again pick it out from the herd which it had rejoined. This species is now unknown.

The "greyhunde" was the first in rank among dogs, as appears from the forest laws of Canute, who enacted, "That no one under the degree of a gentleman shall presume to keep one;" as also from an old Welsh saying, which signifies that you may know a gentleman by his horse, hawk, and greyhound. Notwithstanding the rank it held among the canine race, Froissart mentions the following fact, not much to the credit of the fidelity of the species: "When that unhappy prince, Richard the Second, was taken to Flint Castle, his favourite greyhound immediately deserted him, and fawned on his rival, Bolingbroke, as if he understood and foresaw the misfortunes of his former master. This act of ingratitude the unfortunate monarch observed, and declared aloud to be the presage of his future death."

The "leviner," or "lyemmer." The first name is derived from the lightness of the kind, the other from the old word "lyemme," a thong; this species being used to be led with a thong, and slipped at the game. This dog hunted both by scent and sight, and in the form of its body was between the hound and the greyhound. They were chiefly used for the chase of wolves.

To Spain we are indebted for the spaniel, but the comforter, or spaniel-gentle, comes from Malta.

The "masteve," or "bandedog." Of these, says the ancient authority, three were a match for a bear, and four for a lion. Great Britain was so noted for its mastiffs that the Roman emperors appointed an officer in this island, with the title of Procurator Cynegie, whose sole business was to breed and transmit from hence to the Amphitheatre, such dogs as would prove equal to the combats exhibited at that place. The mastiff has been described by other naturalists as a species of great size and strength, and a very loud barker, whence the name, Masc-the-fese, has been derived; it being supposed to frighten away robbers by its tremendous voice.

We now are reminded of an ancient royal and noble diversion, that has sunk into great neglect among the civilised nations of Europe; we allude to hawking. Notwithstanding which, it is the sport best calculated for the enjoyment of the fair sex; it displays their skill and gracefulness on horseback to the greatest advantage, and it is divested of that danger of broken limbs, of which they run so great a risk in following the hounds; with these advantages we wonder this amusement, the delight of the ancient kings of England, has never been revived. It is true that, some

five-and-twenty years ago, the late Duke and Duchess of St. Albans introduced falconry at their *fêtes* at Holly Lodge, Highgate; but it proved a failure. Britain and Thrace are the only countries where we have any evidence that this diversion was anciently carried on; and of the latter, Pliny obscurely alludes to it, as being confined to one particular district. Gibbon observes that hawking was scarcely known to the Romans in the days of Vespasian, yet it was introduced soon afterwards, most probably through their intercourse with the Britons. From a curious but well authenticated tract of English history, it appears that the invasion of this country by the Danes was occasioned by the assassination of Lodbrog, the father of Hingwar and Hubba, who, embarking with his hawks and hounds, and being driven on the coast of Norfolk, grew so much in favour with the King of the East Angles for his skill in hawking, that Benre, the King's falconer, murdered him through jealousy; and to revenge his death, was the first motive of the landing of the Danes in hostile array. That ladies were early enamoured of this sport may be gathered from an ancient sculpture in the church of Milton Abbas, in Dorsetshire, where the consort of King Athelstan appears with a falcon on her hand, tearing a bird.

Harold, afterwards King of England, is painted going on a most important embassy, with a hawk on his hand and a dog under his arm.

King John received of Jeffrey Fitzpierre, two good Norway hawks, to obtain leave to export one cwt. of cheese; and Nicholas the Dane was to give one of these birds every time he entered the kingdom to traffic, the Norwegian breed being held in the highest repute. According to Froissart, King Edward III. had with him in his army "thirty mounted followers carrying birds, besides sixty couple of strong dogs, and as many greyhounds, with which he hunted every day, on land or water, as he best liked." During this reign, it was made felony to steal a hawk; and to take its eggs, even in a person's own ground, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, and a fine at the King's pleasure. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the imprisonment was reduced to three months, but the offender was to find security for his good behaviour for seven years, or lie in prison till he did. Such was the enviable state of the loudly-extolled, far-famed, good old times of England, when people, by the most unjust and arbitrary laws, were subject to capital punishments, fires, and incarceration for destroying the most noxious of the feathered tribe.

Henry IV. granted to Sir John Stanley the

Isle of Man, to be held by homage and service of two falcons, payable on each coronation day; and Philip de Hastang held the manor of Combertown, in Cambridgeshire, by the service of keeping the King's falcons.

Henry VI. is represented, at his nuptials, attended by a nobleman with his falcon; in short, a person of rank seldom went abroad without a hawk on his hand, which, in old paintings, is the criterion of nobility. Chaucer describes Sir Thopis as following this knightly sport:—

“ He could hunt at the wild dere,
And ride on hawking for the revere,
With grey goshawk on hande.”

And Spenser, in the days of the Virgin Queen, makes it a prominent feature in the education of Sir Tristram:—

“ Ne is there hauke that mantleth on her pearch,
Whether high tow'ring, or accoasting low,
But I the meesure of her flight doe search,
And all her prey and all her dyet know.”

In the reign of James I., Sir Thomas Monson is said to have given 1,000*l.* for a cast of hawks. And as late as 1670, Walton, in his “Compleat Angler,” speaks of hawking as entering into competition with hunting or fishing, and gives a list

of the various birds used in the sport, as if it were then much in vogue. The falcons that were formerly used still breed in Wales, North Britain, and its isles. The peregrine falcon inhabits the rocks of Caernarvonshire; the same species, with the gyr falcon, the gentil, the goshawk, and also the lanner, is found in Scotland. It was said, some thirty years ago, that the late Duke of Rutland had formed the intention of reviving this sport in its ancient splendour; but the event never came off, and Colonel Thornton failed in his attempt to introduce hawking. Many difficulties stand in the way of it, the principal one being the expense, labour, and perseverance of training the birds; it also requires an open country, for trees and hedges, to which everything flies when pursued by a hawk, spoil the sport. We have a slight recollection that the indefatigable Bishop, of Bond Street, had some scheme for organizing this sport; if so, we trust he will not relax in his labours, for a day or two on Hounslow or Newmarket Heath, with the episcopal hawks, would be a truly gratifying diversion. A few years back hawking was introduced into the programme of the Lincoln race meeting, by a Mr. Barr; but he soon abandoned the pursuit of the sport in public. It is whispered, however, that hawking is to be revived, by a special gathering

next season on the race-course that is within sound of "Great Tom."

"March is the opening period of vernal vicissitudes, and violent gales now often occur. If north-east winds prevail, look for a drier summer than usual." So says the almanac, and, to judge of the usual March weather, most arid summers may be expected.

There is an old saying that a peck of dust during this month is worth a king's ransom, and if that be true, we generally get enough to redeem from captivity every monarch under the sun. Seasonable as the weather may be, we own it is enough to drive bipeds as mad as March hares—an animal, by the way, that we have never yet had the good fortune to fall in with—to meet the cold, cutting, keen east wind; to have your eyes and ears filled with pulverised material; and, oh, ignoble thought, to find your mouth turned into a dust-hole! Yet such is the case in London, because the Commissioners for watering the metropolitan streets wait until April to commence their operations; being quite unaware that in the latter month Nature will probably take upon herself to furnish, gratuitously, that for which we are taxed so heavily.

As a sporting month March can boast of its

steeplechasing, coursing, and aquatics; and those who do not mind the strong easterly winds which generally prevail at this period of the year will find ample amusement. With a good warm overcoat, a pair of cloth overalls, and a worsted comforter, the lover of the steeplechase will do well to wend his way to any of the following places. First, he may proceed to that town famed for the manufacture of nails and needles, Henley-in-Arden, where he will meet some of the Warwickshire "clippers;" after that he may have booked himself for Lyferpole, as Liverpool was called by the Saxons, and there, independent of sport, a man must indeed be difficult to please if he cannot amuse himself for a week in visiting the Docks, the Exchange-buildings, Town-hall, Mansion-house, Custom-house, Corn Exchange, churches, music-hall, cemetery, and shipping. How different is the transit to this great and important commercial town to what it used to be, for we find that in 1760 the first coach was established between London and Liverpool; it started once a week, and performed the journey in four days. As a sporting locality, it has ever held the highest pretension. In 1567 a cockpit was erected—an amusement highly patronized by the grand-

father of the present Lord Derby. In 1576 horse races were first established, and held on Ascension Day, in every year, upon the shore, the prize being a silver bell, which was tied to the forehead of the winning horse, and hence the phrase, to "bear away the bell," applied to successful emulation. From 1774 to 1786 they took place at Crosby Marsh, near the town, but were afterwards discontinued, till August, 1826, when the corporation gave a silver cup, which prize was contested for at a place about six miles from the town. In 1829 the races for the first time were held at Aintree, about five miles from Liverpool, on the Ormskirk Road, and continued during four days. A grand stand has since been erected, enclosed by iron railings, which will contain about 1,500 persons, and the whole will accommodate about 3,000. On the principal floor of this structure is a saloon, being ninety feet in length, and twenty-two in breadth, lighted by nineteen windows; besides which there are spacious and convenient lobbies, entrance and refreshment rooms. From Liverpool we strongly advise a journey to Ludlow, where, weather permitting, a grand gathering is to be held; and here, as in the former place, much can be seen to interest the visitor, and first

may be mentioned the castle, seated upon a bold wooded rock, at the foot of which runs the river Teme. Its historical associations are truly exciting. It was besieged by King Stephen, A.D., 1239. In the reign of Henry III. it was seized by Simon de Montfort; here Edward V. was proclaimed; that exquisite effusion of the genius of Milton, the "Masque of Comus," had its origin in a real incident that occurred, in 1634, to the Earl of Bridgewater's two sons and daughter, who were benighted in Haywood Forest, Hertfordshire. At Ludlow Castle, Butler, who enjoyed the lucrative post of steward, wrote the first part of "Hudibras," and within the walls of the borough the ancient Whitsun sports are kept up, where two lofty Maypoles are annually hung, from their tops to within twelve feet of the ground, with garlands of flowers and coloured paper. On Shrove Tuesday a singular custom prevailed, which we presume no longer exists, as it led to scenes of tumult. It was as follows:—At three o'clock in the afternoon, a rope, thirty-six yards long, and three inches in circumference, which was provided by the chief constable, was exhibited at one of the windows of the market-house, and an hour later it was

thrown down in the street, where it was seized by hundreds of people. The parties who contended for bearing away the prize, were the inhabitants of Castle and Broad Streets, against those of Old and Lowe Streets, and the object was to drag the rope to the extremity of one of the wards. This dangerous amusement, it is said, was adopted by the corporation in contempt of the unjust execution of the two bailiffs of the town, by the royal party, during the contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster. The playgoer who has undergone the penalty of witnessing "George Barnwell" on a boxing-night, may see Hucks Barn, the residence of the unfortunate uncle, and the thicket in which the murder was committed. About the middle of the month, the Yorkshiremen will assemble at Doncaster for one day's excellent sport; and the small neat market-town of Market Rasen will be filled with the sportsmen of Lincolnshire. The best meeting, however, of the month, barring, of course, the "Grand National" at Aintree, is at Market Harborough, when the steeplechases come off; a finer lot of horses cannot be seen than those entered for the respective stakes. They are, indeed, of the right stamp. The "Grand Military," which used to be run off over

the Brixworth country, has sadly deteriorated. It used to produce a very large field of first-rate animals, and the officers selected to lead them comprised some of our best warriors. The horses, musters, and "lines of country" have sadly changed.

The breaking up of the Whig government produced a change in the mastership of her Majesty's Buckhounds, and the Earl of Sandwich succeeded the Earl of Bessborough. The former noble lord is extremely fond of the "noble science," and came into office fully determined to do his duty. His lordship possesses many good qualities for the post—extreme good-humour, great affability, and most pleasing manners. He lost no time in making himself master of the subject, by getting all the information that can be attained as to the kennel discipline, the stud, the deer, and the country belonging to the hunt. We wish him every success, and hope that, when his time expires, he will retire with the good wishes of the numerous class of sportsmen, and sportswomen, too, that hunt with the "Queen's."* It was our intention to have given a notice of the Earl of Bessborough, under the head of "Masters of Hounds," and we cannot do better than lay a brief sketch of that nobleman before our readers.

* This was written during Lord Derby's administration.

No man ever did more for the prosperity of the hunt than the late Master, and if we required a proof of it, we should find it in the admirable system that has been carried on in every department, and in the excellent sport that has been furnished during his six years of office.

According to the "human stud book," as the peerage has been called, we find the following notice:—"John George Brabazon Ponsonby, Earl of Bessborough, Viscount Duncannon of the Fort of Duncannon, county Waterford, and Baron Bessborough of Bessborough, county Kilkenny, in the peerage of Ireland; Baron Ponsonby of Sysonby, and Baron Duncannon of Bessborough, in the peerage of the United Kingdom; Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum, of the county Carlow, born 14th October, 1809, married, 1st September, 1835, Lady Frances Lambton, daughter of John George, first Earl of Durham, which lady died 18th December following, and he married secondly 4th October, 1849, Lady Caroline Amelia Gordon Lennox, eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond. His lordship succeeded his father as fifth Earl, 16th May, 1847. This family takes its surname from the lordship of Ponsonby, in Cumberland, which its patriarch acquired, with other considerable estates, at the time of the Conquest.

“John Ponsonby, Esq., of Haugh Heale, county Cumberland, was great grandfather of Sir John Ponsonby, 10th colonel of a regiment in the service of Cromwell. The gallant knight contracted a second marriage with a daughter of Lord Folliot, widow of Sir Edward Wingfield, and by her had issue, from which derives the present family. Colonel Ponsonby, removing into Ireland, was appointed, on the reduction of that kingdom, one of the commissioners for taking the depositions of the Protestants, concerning murders said to have been committed during the war, and was sheriff of the counties of Wicklow and Kilkenny in 1654. He represented the latter county in the first Parliament after the Restoration; had two grants of lands under the Acts of Settlement, and, by accumulating debentures, left a very considerable fortune. His second son, William Ponsonby, M.P. for the county of Kilkenny, in the reigns of Anne and George I., was sworn of the Privy Council, 1715, and elevated to the peerage of Ireland, by the title of Lord Bessborough.” Lord Bessborough was first appointed Master of the Buckhounds in 1848, resigned February 1852, and was re-appointed in December of the same year. Previous to that, his lordship kept a small pack of beagles, which the keeper at Bessborough used to hunt.

CHAPTER IV.

The Road and the Rail — Liverpool Steeple-chase — Mr. Harold Littledale's Model Farm — Fox-hunting — Riding for the Million — Blackman's Hunting Grounds — The Celebrated Race between the late Lord George Bentinck and Sir M. F. Berkeley, at Goodwood, Twenty-four Years Ago — All Fool's Day — Extraordinary Pedestrian Feat of a Birmingham Woman — Metal to the Backbone — The Ups and Downs of Racing — Goodwood Thirty Years Ago.

“THIS is the patent age of inventions.” So wrote Byron, nearly half a century ago ; had he lived until now, how much greater cause would he have had to make the remark, for since the days of the noble poet how many inventions have been introduced ! Steamboats and railways, instead of canvas sails and horseflesh ; active, wide-awake policemen, instead of superannuated

sleeping "Charleys;" brilliant gas in lieu of the darkness made visible light,

"Whose oily rays shot from the crystal lamp."

No longer can we talk of the "officious linkboy's smoky light," except during the fogs in the suicidal month of November. Thanks to the march, or rather gallop, of improvement, we have macadamized streets, instead of paved ones (although there are still some wiseacres who are, to adopt the old joke), *putting their heads together* to form a granite pavement. We have light broughams and neat cabs, instead of the rattling "agony," or lumbering glass coach; iron vessels have taken the place of the wooden walls of Old England; the polka has succeeded the country dance, although the Queen, God bless her, danced Sir Roger de Coverley at one of the balls given in honour of the Princess Royal's marriage; light French wines have driven good old humble port from our cellars, fearing, we presume, that the latter is not suited to the present fashionable highly-polished table. To return to our immediate subject. Had any one prophesied, forty years ago, that, in the year 1859, thousands of the liege-subjects of the sovereign of Great Britain would have been transported from the metropolis to Liverpool in six hours, the prophet

would have been looked upon as an impostor, and would scarcely have escaped a berth for life in Bedlam ; and yet such has been the case, and we doubt not that in the course of a few years the modern Tyre will be brought within a still easier distance from London. Doncaster, too, on the Great St. Leger Day, is accessible to the cockney sportsman, enabling him to run down for the celebrated race, between an early breakfast and a late supper. We own ourselves that we are not yet quite reconciled to the rail. In former days half the fun was the journey. What could exceed the delight of quitting the sweltering metropolis upon a bright spring morning, and in a well appointed chariot, barouche and four, or neatly turned out light stage coach, to be whisked away at the rate of twelve miles an hour through a picturesque country, realizing one of those exquisite descriptions of Wordsworth :—

“ View

These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruit,
Are clad in one green hue.

Once again I see

These hedge rows, hardly hedge rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild ; these pastoral farms
Green to the very door.”

Now, one is boxed up in a close carriage—for it is necessary to keep the windows shut to prevent

the sparks and dust intruding—and shot forth like an arrow from the crossbow, at an awful rate, amidst a hissing, whizzing, ear-piercing, shrill, sharp noise, something between a cat-call in the gallery of the Victoria Theatre and the war-whoop of the North American Indians after a scalping party.

Then the smell! Instead of the sweet-scenting briar, the balmy bean-field, and the fresh odour of the cottage-side honeysuckle, you have an essence of villainous compounds—sulphur, rank oil, and soot. Despite, however, of my feeling in favour of the road, the tempting sporting bill-of-fare for Liverpool steeple-chase induced me to book myself for a first-class seat, and at a very early hour in the morning on the day before the meeting I found myself at the Euston-square terminus; my carpet-bag was soon stowed away, as was myself, in a *coupé*, and at the appointed whistle off we started on our way to the great city of commerce. The journey was cold, for we have not yet arrived at the foreign luxury of having the carriages heated with hot water; still I was bound to admit to myself that I was more comfortable with plenty of leg room, and a copy of the *Times*, than I should have been inside or outside of a stage-coach. A hasty lunch at Wolverton, another phiz, and, ere I had time to finish a most graphic sketch in

the above-mentioned journal, I found myself at the end of my destination. Soon after midday a cab deposited me at Lynn's excellent hotel, the Waterloo, where, after ordering a turtle dinner at half-past seven o'clock, I proceeded to lionize the town. "The metropolis, London, being the centre of arts, science, and luxury, has not been inaptly called the modern Babylon; Edinburgh, from being the seat of so much learning and wisdom, has been termed the modern Athens; while Liverpool, from its immense commerce and mercantile connexions, has received the name of modern Tyre"—so says the guide-book, and there are few who now witness its spacious docks, its noble public buildings, its handsome squares, its costly shops, its broad streets, who can bring themselves to believe that, within little more than a century, this leviathan city has sprung from an insignificant fishing village.

In wandering through the streets of Liverpool, I found that many were associated with agreeable reminiscences. Duke Street has some degree of interest attached to it from the talented poetess of the heart, Mrs. Hemans, having been born in it. She was the daughter of a Liverpool merchant, of the name of Brown. Here, too, resided the modern Sardanapalus, George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, and his kind-hearted brother,

the Sailor King, then Duke of Clarence. The house, too, No. 46, may be seen where Bellingham (who shot Mr. Percival in the lobby of the House of Commons, May, 1812) resided. He was a native of Huntingdonshire, and, after many changes and chances, settled in Liverpool, ten years previous to the murder, as a ship and insurance broker. Some supposed or real injuries received from the Russian Government, which the British minister declined interfering with, caused the fatal deed. The hotels at Liverpool are extremely good, the Adelphi and Waterloo being the principal ones. I give them alphabetically, so as not to incur the charge of favour, partiality, or affection. For myself, I own I prefer the latter; for, having the "love of the turtle" very strong upon me, I can enjoy it there to perfection. Mr. Lynn, the proprietor, deserves the support of the sporting community, for his unwearied exertions in promoting races at Liverpool, independent of which, the excellence of his cellar, the admirable manner in which the dinners are served, the comfort of the coffee-room, will insure the approbation of the traveller. We ought to add, that Mr. Lynn, who is a great importer of live turtle, sends this occidental luxury to all parts of England, ready dressed, at a charge infinitely less than what it can be procured for in London.

In conclusion, we strongly recommend every one who visits Liverpool, to get permission to go over Mr. Littledale's model farm at Liskeard. No expense has been spared; and, as the whole arrangements have been made under the direction of one of the best practical farmers of the day, Mr. Torr, of Lincolnshire, the result, as might be expected, has been most satisfactory. The veriest detractor in the world could scarcely detect a flaw in the whole system. Every modern invention of merit, every scientific improvement, is here concentrated; and we will venture to affirm that, however great the outlay may have been at first, it will eventually repay the spirited owner. The farm consists of 440 acres of arable land, in the highest state of cultivation. The model buildings contain a very neat, picturesque brick-house for the bailiff, a dairy, four cottages for the labourers, stabling, cowsheds, rick-yard, and every other requisite convenience. There are one hundred stalls for cows, as well ventilated as Her Majesty's stables at Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace, independent of the proper building for calves. There are piggeries, with Torr's patent troughs, one of the neatest and most useful inventions ever made. There is a poultry-yard, with as fine a specimen of the feathered creation as any in existence. The dairy, which is attached to the

bailiff's house, is a very neat building; it contains a marble fountain, which would put to shame those abominable specimens of national taste in Trafalgar-square, and the walls are made hollow, so as to keep out the summer's heat. Among the farm offices are, a place for smoking hams, one for curing bacon, a slaughter-house, a smithy, compost-sheds, manure-tanks, while a large pond supplies a reservoir, which extends over the whole of one of the buildings, and supplies the horses and cattle with water. At this model farm, Mr. Harold Littledale realizes the old saying, "a place for everything, and everything in its place." A steam-engine, a sort of jack-of-all-trades, master of all, threshes the corn, divides the grain into three qualities, grinds the corn into flour, cuts dry and green food for the cattle, conveys it to the steaming-house, steams it, supplies a drying-kiln for taking the moisture out of damp corn, crushes beans and oats, mixes food for the pigs, and churns the butter. If some of our revered ancestors—the gentlemen farmers of a century ago—could arise from their graves and see the monster engine at work, doing by machinery the labour of some dozen hands, they would indeed be scared out of their senses. The buildings, of which we have given so faint an account, were erected by Messrs. Holmes and Son, of Liverpool,

and add greatly to their former reputation. In conclusion, Mr. Littledale's bailiff is a most civil and intelligent man, ready at all times to conduct those who, privileged by his employer's order, apply to see the farm.

Foxhunting is drawing to a close, and the gallant yet wily animal will be enabled for six months, at least, to enjoy his predatory visits to the farm-yard, with no other fear than that Vixen, the house-dog, may be let loose at him, or that he may be assailed by a shower of pattens from the old dame and her household, as the vulpine marauder helps himself to a fine fat Michaelmas goose.

There is an old saying, that half the world (and more, especially those congregated in the metropolis) are not aware what the other half are doing, and certainly we plead guilty to the above remark ; for, after a long "Life in London," we were not aware, until lately, of the existence of Blackman's hunting and general riding-school, on the site of the Hippodrome, at what we presume we must now call South Kensington. The arrival of a friend from the country, who was anxious to purchase two good hunters, enlightened us upon the subject, and relieved our minds from a state of ignorance. "I've called for you in a cab ; let us do the thing *hansom*," said my friend, as he

rushed into my library, where I was studying the last number of the *Sporting Review*, and devouring a muffin.

“And where are you off to, in such a hurry?” I responded.

“To Blackman’s grounds.”

“Blackman!” I exclaimed.

“Yes, near that splendid specimen of architecture, the Light Cavalry Barracks at Kensington.”

Not to know Blackman would argue oneself unknown; so stammering out, “Oh, yes—of course—I’ll accompany you.” I hurried over my breakfast, scalded myself with a hot cup of tea, nearly broke my tooth with a hard substance that had found its way into the dry toast, and took my seat in the cab.

“Stop just after you pass the turnpike at Kensington.”

“All right, sir; Blackman’s, you mean.”

Here was a rebuff; the cabman knew a place I was perfectly ignorant of! Some few years ago, the grounds, which we shortly reached, were quite out of town; now you have brick and mortar the whole way, and a splendid town is springing up on the site of those market-gardens which, at one time, furnished London with vegetables. After paying, and telling the driver that if he happened

to be in the way at the expiration of an hour, his cab should take us back to the West-end, we entered Mr. Blackman's arena, and at the door of a small pavilion near the riding-school, we found the presiding genius of the ring. He received us with the most polite attention, and ordered his ostler to bring out his numerous stud of hunters, ladies' horses, and park hacks. The grounds are extensive and well laid out, occupying seven acres, with a good oblong gallop,—in which may be found a variety of fences, grips and hurdles. The stables are excellent, and the riding-house is a model of perfection. Messrs. and Miss Blackman give lessons in equitation, and we cannot conceive a better school, or one more calculated to teach the young idea to ride, than the one I am describing; for the riding-house is open in bad weather, and the park and road are accessible at all times. The advantage of learning in the open air on the turf, instead of the regular routine of jogging round and round a circle on the sawdust, must be evident to all; it inspires confidence, and gives the rider an opportunity of managing the horse, which is seldom required by the well-trained animal in the school. Here, my noble sporting aspirants and aspirantes, is a chance for you; twelve hunting lessons, four pounds ten shillings; the same number on the road a pound less. So

that you may have an hour's ride, upon an out-and-out good hunter, with a choice of fences, for seven shillings and sixpence, and a trot on the Macadam road for the small sum of five and fivepence; moreover—as Liston used to say in “Love, Law, and Physic”—“if you loves to be liberal,” there is the odd penny for charity. Seriously, for young and middle-aged ladies, youths, or elderly gentlemen, who are doomed to domicile the best part of the year in the metropolis, there are few places where health and recreation can be better combined than at Blackman's hunting grounds. To the rising generation of both sexes the benefit must be great; for they will acquire two great requisites—first, to become good judges of pace; and, secondly, to put their horses well at the fences.

It would be impossible to give a correct list of the horses that are to be sold, or let, because there is a constant change taking place in the stables; it is the old saying verified, of “here to-day and there to-morrow;” but this we can assert with confidence, that upon the day we visited the establishment, a good stud of hunters for any weight, from ten to fourteen stone, might have been picked up. There is a horse, too, for every class of rider; the timid lady will find a perfect broke horse; the Nimrod tyro will get a mount

on a hunter that knows his work well; the elderly gentleman will have a nag allotted to him as easy as an arm-chair; the real rider to hounds will be shown a clipper, ready to do the thing as it ought to be done. To those, also, who merely wish to try their own horses, or those of dealers, the grounds are most advantageous, as, for a small gratuity, you may ride for an hour or two. What a contrast is such a trial to that of the olden time, when the animal, duly prepared for the occasion, was walked, trotted, and cantered up and down the dealer's yard over tan; the furze was then put up, and the warranted well-broke hunter took it beautifully! The purchase was completed. See the same horse, who a few days before had been brought out sound upon the soft ride, trotted along the hard road, or galloped across a stiff country. Where was his soundness?—where were his powers to go through dirt? Echo answers, Where? Now, if a man will only trot the horse he is anxious to purchase, from the dealer's stables to Blackman's grounds, he will have a pretty good taste of his quality on the road, and can easily ascertain his powers as a hunter over the enclosure, without taking the opinion of any veterinary surgeon as to soundness. To make assurance doubly sure, we should advise an early visit to the stable the morning after the

trial gallop, and then have the horse in question walked out on the stones; by this means, it will be easily seen whether he goes stiff or lame. In days like the present, when the truth of the old saying is, in nine cases out of ten, verified, of doctors (we mean vets.) disagreeing, and when few dealers will be found bold enough to warrant their horses alive—much less sound—at the hour they are seen and bought, it would save a great deal of litigation if the plan we have ventured to recommend was adopted. Dealers that have sound horses to dispose of would rejoice at the trial, while the owners of “screws,” who unconscientiously attempt to palm them off as sound horses, would find their “occupation gone.”

We are here reminded of a wonderful close contest between the late lamented Lord George Bentinck on Mr. Poyntz's ch. m. Olive, and Sir Maurice Berkeley on Lord George Lennox's b. g. Swindon, which was one of the finest specimens of jockeyship on record, and which would have done credit to Old Buckle and Sam Chifney in their most palmy days. The event is thus recorded:—

GOODWOOD.—AUGUST, 1824.

The Cockèd Hat Stakes of six sovs. each, for all ages, 11 st. 2 lb., ridden by gentlemen in cocked hats. The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. Three-quarters of a mile. 9 subs.

Mr. Poyntz ch m Olive, aged.	Lord G. Bentinck	0	0	1
Lord G. Lennox's b g Swindon, aged.	Sir M.			
(then Captain) Berkeley	.	.	.	0 0 2
Mr. Fleming's b h Blendford, aged	.	.	.	3 0 0
Mr. J. Mill's b g Philip, aged	.	.	.	4 0 0
Mr. Constable's blk g Brougham, 6 yrs. old	.	.	.	5 0 0

Fred. Berkeley (as he was familiarly called) was a first-rate horseman, combining strength, nerve, and judgment; a wonderful rider to hounds, and equally good in the racing saddle; while the noble lord had the reputation of possessing all the above qualities, and was considered as fine a judge of pace as his antagonist. The Goodwood party freely backed their favourite jockey, while the squire of Cowdray and his friends were equally sanguine as to the success of theirs. Upon cantering up the course, although both riders set their horses well, the compact figure of the daring sailor contrasted favourably with the lengthened form of the gallant soldier; and the former was backed at odds to win. "Lord George is a fine fellow," exclaimed a clod; "but what will become of them long legs of his when he begins to work the mare?" "The captain," said another, "is just the cut for a jockey; it will take a good 'un to beat he!" The trainers, with the exception of the one who had prepared Olive, were all for the Lennox colours, and—to adopt the phraseology of the ring—it was Chichester

Cathedral to an extinguisher in favour of Swindon's rider, for the respective merits of the animals were unknown. Here again, however, was another instance of the knowing ones being taken in, for after two dead heats Lord George won triumphantly, and a great deal of money was exchanged.

There are few races that have improved so much during the last few years as those of Goodwood. We well remember the time when a sweepstakes of five sovereigns each, a hunter's plate, a silver cup for the farmers, a cocked hat stakes for amateur jockeys, decked out in what the tars call "skyscrapers," and a purse for the beaten horses, formed the sport; when one walk over, and two or three wrangles, generally took place; when a dozen country families alone graced the stand, and some five and thirty patrons of the turf honoured the stewards' ordinary with their presence, to partake of haunches of venison from Goodwood and Petworth, to imbibe hot port, listen to bad speeches, and drink one another's healths in flowing bowls of potent punch. Never shall I forget the year when Ball Hughes (the "Golden Ball") was steward. On the second day, only two races were to be contested for; so, to add to the fun, he entered his pair of grey thorough-bred phaeton horses for a match, which were named Gunpowder and Explosion, out of

compliment to his coachman Guy, or Guy Fawkes, as he was usually called by the stableman, from his *blowing-up* propensities. The groom, having tried the two horses in the morning, mounted his master on the best, leaving the writer of this his worst. Of course we need not add that a notice was given of the trial, but, like many other private ones, the public event came off diametrically opposite. Explosion was a hard puller, and quite overpowered his rider, giving me, on Gunpowder, a chance that I otherwise should not have had. Nor was I slow to avail myself of it. Finding my antagonist fairly run away with, I kept my horse hard held at some paces behind, and when near the distance post symptoms of being dead beat showed themselves in my opponent's animal, I felt that I was in duty bound to make a race of it, so, catching hold of Gunpowder's head, we ran neck to neck amidst the shouts of the populace, and when within ten yards of the judge's stand I eased my hand, and won by a nose.

“April the first stands marked by custom's rules, a day for being, and for making fools”—though it is rather to be regretted that not any custom or rule

“————— supplies,
A day for making, or for being wise.”

We cannot, however, enter into this month without alluding to that day which is universally noticed throughout the kingdom (and which, until about a century ago, was distinguished in all almanacs) as All Fool's Day. Whatever the origin of it may be, it is certain that on the morning of this day, from time immemorial, every one has liberty to exercise his powers of hoaxing, and to indulge in every species of waggish drollery. In Scotland, the person who puts himself momentarily in the power of his facetious neighbour is called a "gawk," that being the common northern expression for the most simple of all birds—the cuckoo. Hunting the gawk is as much in vogue there, as it is on this side of the border. In France, the person who is made the butt is styled, "Un Poisson d'Avril," supposed to allude to the mackerel, which is easily caught by deception at this period of the year.

We need only remind our readers, that hunting and shooting being over, those who indulge in outdoor amusements must turn to racing, fly-fishing, angling, and aquatics. Easter-week is the period when the numerous gatherings of the humbler classes take place for wrestling, quoit-playing, and pedestrianism; and, in another chapter, we shall enter more particularly into these recreations for the million.

In the meantime we will record a feat which took place some years ago at Leamington—or Jephthsonia, as this celebrated Spa ought to be called, after the name of the learned physician who raised it from a small village to a highly prospering town. We give the exploit from the *Leamington Spa Courier*:—"Last week (May, 1820), a female, apparently about seventeen years of age, not content with her sex's rapid movement of one member, resolved to compete with the lords of the creation in the exercise of the feet as well as the tongue, and succeeded in accomplishing the arduous performance of walking forty miles a-day for six successive days, which she completed last Saturday night. The ground chosen was from the Punch-bowl Inn, on the Butts, Warwick, through Leamington, five miles out and back again, which she traversed four times a-day. This self-imposed task was not for any wager, but merely for such remuneration as a 'generous public' might bestow; and, notwithstanding the influx of visitors, attracted by Warwick races, we believe she acquired little beyond the fame of her exploit, the public wisely discouraging an abandonment of useful labour for the vagabondizing habits of a female pedestrian. She is, we hear, a native of Birmingham." In giving the above, *verbatim*, from the *Leamington Spa Courier*, we do

not endorse the ungallant sayings of the writer, who, we think, might have selected a milder phrase as applied to one of the female sex. By this we do not mean to say that pedestrianism forms part of woman's destiny; but as men often leave theirs, to stand behind the counter, as measurers of tape, silks, and satins, we ought not to be too hard on those of the feminine gender, who wish to emulate the deeds of Barclay (of Ure), and other great pedestrians.

From pedestrianism we proceed to make a few remarks upon the turf. It would be a curious speculation to trace the causes of the rise, decline, and downfall of the turf at many of our provincial meetings; but it is one that would exceed the limits of our chapter, yet is of too much importance to be disposed of summarily. Suffice it to say, that cant and hypocrisy, upon one side, have done their best to bring the whole body of our field sports into contempt and disrepute. Furious and quixotic attacks have been levelled against racing. The pulpit has been desecrated in decrying this popular and national amusement of the people—an amusement that has, from time immemorial, received the especial patronage of royalty, and which is accessible alike to the peer as the peasant. Now, although we profess ourselves supporters of the manly sports of “merrie

England," we are the uncompromising enemies of any that tend to cruelty, selfishness, or brutality. We wish to see the humbler classes enjoy their leisure hours in innocent recreation. We like the fist better than the knife; and prefer fairs, wakes, revels, May-day games, and Christmas gambols, to the gin palaces, penny theatres, free-and-easy meetings, and low casinos. There are other causes to which the decline of the turf may be attributed, which we will not here enter into; sincerely trusting that they are but temporary, and that the sports, founded by our ancestors, will not degenerate in our days, and that racing will, ere long, become as flourishing as it ever was during its most palmy days. Of those that were on the decline, but are now looking up again, we must mention Egham. Until a recent period this meeting was one of the foremost near London, and at no country course was there a greater concentration of rank, wealth, and beauty. Doncaster, although the sport has not fallen off, can no longer boast of the brilliant equipages of the noble families once its patrons. The Devonshires, the Fitzwilliams, the Scarboroughs, the Lambtons, where are they? Echo answers, "Where?" Brighton was formerly the cynosure of fashion, the once favoured spot honoured by royalty, by one whose heart was passionately devoted to a

race. Lewes, where the “observed of all observers,” the Prince of Wales, and racing, drew the people together, is now comparatively deserted; yet this was the far-famed spot where, in 1805, Mr. Mellish’s b. c. Sancho, by Don Quixotte, beat Lord Darlington’s b. c. Pavilion, Sst. 3lb. each, four miles, 3,000 gs., 2,000 forfeit, with two to one against him.

Guildford, despite of a Queen’s Plate, has, for years, been a miserable failure, and has long ceased to exist as a place of sport. Dover, Tunbridge Wells, Isle of Thanet, Hastings, Basingstoke, and others, are dying off or dead.

But enough of a graceless theme: turn we to a brighter one—to Northampton, which may now fairly take rank with the first meetings in the kingdom; to Warwick, York, Chester, Bath, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Worcester, Reading, Liverpool, Lincoln, Nottingham, *cum multis aliis*—and last, not least, to Goodwood.

For some years the races on the ducal swards of Sussex had been on the decline, and so poor was the sport, and so paltry the stakes, owing to the falling off of the patrons of the turf, that it was even betting the meeting would not outlive many seasons. The public money given seldom exceeded one hundred and fifty pounds. Symptoms of decline, as well in the sport as in the company,

had shown themselves; and the entire ruin and downfall of the meeting must have been the inevitable consequence, had not the noble owner of Goodwood, anxious to preserve the races founded by his ancestor, the third Duke of Richmond, in 1802, come forward, and by his influence restored the meeting. And here, in giving an extract from a newspaper, published that year, we fervently hope we may see the latter part of its wish fulfilled in the person of the present duke. "The thanks of the country in general, and of Chichester and its vicinity in particular, are largely due to his Grace the Duke of Richmond, for having thus munificently and liberally instituted an establishment of most material and local benefit in every point of view, both as a source of pecuniary advantage to the inhabitants, and as a means of forwarding to notice, and increasing the consequence of, the western part of the county. We can only add our wish that the illustrious duke may for many years live to enjoy, in health and happiness, a scion planted by the hand of his ancestor, but nurtured and brought to perfection by his own."

The press, without a single exception, has recorded in most glowing terms the success of the last meeting at Goodwood, and there can be no doubt that, as far as the noble owner of the pro-

perty, the stewards, and the officials employed under them are concerned, nothing could have been more perfect than the arrangements. A nefarious system, however, has lately been introduced at several race courses, and at no place has it been so unblushingly carried on as at Goodwood; we allude to a gang of miscreants called Welchers, who make bets with the unwary, which they never dream of paying if they lose, albeit they are amazingly quick in receiving, if successful, their winnings. Several highly respectable gentlemen were victimized by these robbers, whose bare-faced plunder ought to be rewarded by two months at the tread-mill, or, what would be better still, Lynch law inflicted on the spot. We are aware that little commiseration will be felt for the dupes, and an almost universal verdict of "serve them right" will attend them, for the question will naturally be asked, "Why bet with strangers, when men of the most unblemished honour are to be found in the ring?" This may be good logic for persons constantly attending races, who know the characters of the book-makers; but to an occasional visitor the case is widely different; independent of which, the Welchers are so cunning, that they will approach Captain Brabazon, Justice, Gully, Harry Hill, the Admiral, and other well-known characters, ask a com-

mon-place question, take out their books, pretend to enter a bet, and thus deceive the public. The evil, then, being readily admitted, the question arises, as to how a check may be put to it? We reply, let there be at every race course a spot enclosed with a double rail, with only one entrance and outlet, into which "magic circle," guarded by a police constable, no person should be admitted without an ivory ticket bearing the owner's name, such vouchers to be procured only at Messrs. Tattersall's subscription rooms, or from the stewards of the respective meetings. The non-professional betters could then hover round the ring, knowing that the privileged few within it were not of the Welcher genus. The indefatigable exertions of a noble lord, to whom we cannot directly allude, in proposing and advocating the rule now in existence respecting selling plates, and the plan above mentioned, entitle him to the thanks of all who are interested in turf pursuits; and we hope that ere long we shall see his lordship's admirable theory carried into practice. While upon the subject of Goodwood races, we cannot refrain from noticing another evil attending this glorious meeting, which ought to be put a stop to: we refer to the exorbitant charges made by some of the land sharks along the Sussex coast. The city of Chichester, with its

venerable cathedral and historical ramparts, and the salubrious town of Bognor, famous for its rocks, sands, prawns, and bathing, ought to be the headquarters of all attending the races, with the exception of those who are fortunate enough to have a friend's house open to them; the ancient city, for the betting men who have book business to attend to; the rural watering-place, for families and others not entirely devoted to the turf. Instead, however, of encouraging strangers to visit these localities, a large portion of the residents have virtually driven all new comers away by their high prices, and Worthing and Brighton have opened wide their doors for those who had previously complained bitterly of having been elsewhere "taken in." Now it is not to be inferred from the above remark, that there has been any saving in such a change, but people in general, however wealthy they may be, do not like to be imposed upon; they feel willing to pay a good price for a first-rate article, but grumble sadly when they do not get their money's worth. It is now some five or six years ago, that the writer of this engaged a small house for some friends at Bognor for a fortnight, including the Goodwood week, the usual price during the season being twelve guineas a month; great then was my surprise at being asked ten guineas for the race

week, and three for the other. Despite, however, of my logical argument, the landlord's law seemed to be as unchangeable as that of the Medes and Persians, and I agreed to the terms. "Your friends will require a cook?" "Certainly," I responded. "Twelve shillings a week, and something extra for the race week." Again my logic (that, as far as the culinary artist was concerned, one week was as good as another) failed most signally, and I was compelled to yield. "Do your friends bring linen and plate?" "Unquestionably not," I replied; "surely those articles are included in the rent." "We always make a slight extra charge during the races." Again I succumbed. Here the entrance of a slatternly girl of all-work, who came to inquire "whether the lodging was gone," as there was a party outside wishing to see it, made me conclude the bargain, but not before I had got literally, not figuratively, from "the frying-pan into the fire;" for upon asking whether the *batterie de cuisine* was in efficient order, I was reminded that coals for kitchen were to be charged at the rate of a shilling a day during the races. My friends arrived in due course of time, and I made a point of meeting them at the races; and accompanied them to their house, when, to the horror of the ladies'-maid (who was to act as house-keeper), she found the

larder more than amply stocked with fish, beef, mutton, lamb, potatoes, French beans, artichokes, fruit, butter, cheese, pickles, sauces, tea, coffee, sugar, and spices, which the provident Mrs. Glasse had (unmindful of perquisites of course!) laid in. Now, as my friends had brought with them a large and sufficient quantity of groceries from London for the fortnight, and a hamper of fresh vegetables from their country seat, Mrs. Smithurst (so the abigail was called) found herself in what she termed a grand quandary, which ended in a towering passion; and Mrs. Budden, the cook, was very nearly turned out of the house with the provisions, Mrs. G. declaring "She would not be imposed upon by any menial, or allow her employers to be imposed upon," — rather an inconsistent statement for one who had a few hours before declared sundry dresses of the young ladies to be quite worn out when they had only appeared at two balls. Before leaving my friends, it occurred to me that they would require horses to take them each day to the course, and I applied to the licensed purveyor of cattle upon the subject, when I was again forcibly reminded of the extra charge during the race week, especially on the cup-day. As a matter of course (I mean no pun), we had to agree to the terms, and afterwards found that for

the amount charged for the furnished house, cook, house-maid, odd lad to clean boots, provisions, horses, post-boys, standing of carriage, kitchen-fire, washing of linen, &c., &c., the party could have been entertained at the Bedford, Old Ship, Bristol, or York Hotels, at Brighton, with excellent large airy apartments and first-rate cooking, instead of being confined to a small sitting and dining-room, with a female artiste, who smoked the greasy soup, sent the fish up half boiled, and under-roasted the fine Southdown mutton.

To the exertions, then, of the head of the House of Lennox, backed by a party of influential supporters of the turf, the celebrity which this meeting has now attained is entirely attributable. It has acquired an importance that places it on a level with the best provincial races in England. Under its new auspices the spirit of the olden time revived, and the effect of the change speedily became apparent. Considerable alterations and improvements were made in the course; a new stand, capable of containing nearly three thousand persons, was erected; the turf was relaid in several places; new gallops formed, old ones perfected; in short, everything has been done that experience, good taste, and liberality could dictate. The extraordinary increase in the value of the stakes will

sufficiently attest the estimation in which the meeting is now held. Newmarket, as a place of business, stands alone; next, Doncaster, as the arena for the grand struggle for the championship, North country *versus* South; Epsom for horses, crowd, noise, dust, bustle, heat, cockneys, and confusion; Ascot, from its proximity to Windsor Castle, for a most brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion; but in the combination of sport, company, and beautiful scenery, we assert, without fear of contradiction, that Goodwood is second to none. What can be more invigorating to the human frame, or more cheering to the spirits, than the ride over the downs? The view from the stand, which embraces an immense extent of the coasts of Hampshire and Sussex, the Isle of Wight in the distance, and the intervening plains spread out like a panorama beneath, is unrivalled. Return we now to Goodwood races, as they were and as they are. Our first visit there was eight and thirty years ago; we reached Chichester on the 20th of August, and found the city nearly deserted. The muster of betting men was confined to the small fry; "lodgings to let" appeared in almost every window; the ordinaries were badly attended, and no wonder, when the characteristics of the latter were tepid viands, a haunch of venison burnt to a cinder like a Hindoo widow, scalding

wine, and exorbitant charges. On the following morning we proceeded to the race course. It was a dull, foggy, drizzling, murky day; no bustle, pleasure, or excitement was being carried on; all appeared still and quiet; a cannon might have been fired with little danger to the assembled people. The running was on a par with the company, "neglected, melancholy, slow." Ginger beer, porter, ale, and cider merchants expended their invitations in vain. The vendors of the "only correct cards" found their occupation gone. A wooden-legged sailor, with sheet lists, could not get wherewithal to "splice the main brace" with. Ballad singers, with a yard and a half of songs for a half-penny, were without customers. The races, which previously had lasted three days, were reduced to two. The sport was worse than indifferent; very few horses, a scarcity of money, unusual flatness characterized its features.

With the exception of a few trainers and jockeys, there were not one hundred persons on the course; a few ladies graced the stand, and some half dozen carriages were drawn up near it. Amount of money given £0, 0s. 0d. Sum total of two days' sport:—Two gentlemen riders' races, one walk over, one shocking bad stakes, and a Farmer's Plate, two subscribers. Number of horses that figured on this occasion, *eight!*—including two half-

bred ones. Compare the above with one of the monster meetings of the present day, where thousands of pounds are contested for; and where

“Knights and dames,
And all that wealth and lofty lineage claims,
Appear.”

It is not for rank, beauty, and fashion that glorious Goodwood stands pre-eminent. It is the admirable arrangements in the quality of the sport that render this meeting the delight of the million.

Last season (1858) to wit—though it was by no means the best gathering that can be recorded there—no less than *two hundred and thirty-two* horses ran during the four days set apart for the fifty-sixth anniversary, and the handsome sum of 12,210*l.* clear was handed over to the owners of the thirty three winners, independent of a trio of splendid cups, valued each at 300*l.* There was a stake, too, for two-year-olds, worth over 1000*l.*; and TWENTY-EIGHT *animals* “*sported the silk*” in one race alone, viz., for the Steward’s Cup. America, France, and other foreign countries, annually send their representatives now to imprint their hoofs on the fine velvet turf of Richmond’s Park.

will probably denounce the affair as dead slow. But there was life and pleasure in it. What could be more exhilarating upon a fine spring morning, when a passing shower had laid the dust, than to find yourself on the box-seat of a well-horsed vehicle—to be welcomed by an intelligent, civil, obliging dragsman, who inquired if you had your driving-gloves on, and whether you liked to take the ribands for the next twenty miles; to sit behind a splendid team of three chestnuts and a grey—to bowl along the road, through hamlet, town, and village, at the rate of ten miles an hour; all the lasses smiling as the sound of the horn was heard, while a crew of ragged urchins were screaming welcome, and to see the joyous look of the pretty barmaid, or blooming landlady, as you drew up at some wayside public, to enjoy a “snack” in the snug parlour of a rural caravansary, or to quaff a glass of home-brewed ale, as you changed horses, after an eight mile stage? Alas! railways have driven the four-horse coach from the road. We shall touch upon this subject hereafter.

Never shall I forget, upon one occasion, dining with Ball Hughes, when the conversation turned upon Paris. “What say you to going there?” he asked. “I should like it much,” I replied. “Send for Guy,” continued he, “and help your-

self to claret; we shall not have much time to lose." Before I could express my surprise, Guy, the coachman, entered the room. "Have the travelling-chariot, with the four bays, round in half an hour, and send the seats and imperial into my room to be packed. By the way," he proceeded, turning to me, "you will want some one to go and tell your servant to bring your clothes: we shall return in a week." "Are you in earnest?" I inquired, somewhat taken aback at this hasty movement. "Quite," he answered; "pass the bottle; and, John, take the small front imperial to Lord William's lodging in Pall Mall; tell his servant to pack it up, and we will call for it on our way." In half an hour the carriage was at the door; we took our seats, the faithful valet ascended the rumble, and the order was given—"Make the best of your way to Dartford."

It was a lovely evening in July, and, despite of having all the windows down, we felt greatly oppressed with heat. "What say you to riding?" inquired my companion; "pull up, boys." "I am not in trim for riding," I replied, "with these thin white strapped trousers, shoes and silk stockings, my legs will be awfully chafed." "Never mind, my good fellow, we will go as slow as you please, and you shall have your choice, short or long traces." The postilions had alighted, and,

having borrowed their whips, we exchanged places, and in less time than I can describe it, the Golden Ball was mounted on a high-stepping, thorough-bred leader, while I was piloting two as handsome wheelers as ever trotted their twelve miles an hour. No event occurred worthy of record upon the road. It is true that the pole occasionally reminded my brother postilion that the traces were slack; that we grazed a carrier's cart upon entering Deptford; that we frightened an itinerant vendor of apples and pears as we dashed over Blackheath; and, finally, that we upset a one-horse chaise standing in the High Street of the town identified with Pigeon and gunpowder. As we drove up to the door of the principal inn, we found, to our great horror, a crowd assembled in front of it. "Pull up," I bellowed, at the top of my voice. "I can't," responded my friend. "Then turn in down the yard;—take a good sweep, or we shall upset the carriage." We did turn in, with no greater damage than carrying away a wooden post, breaking a lamp, rubbing a piece of skin off the near leader, and tearing his rider's Hessian boot. A cheer was then heard from the assembled crowd; we jumped off our horses, gave them up to the two postilions, who had hastily descended from the carriage, and made our way to the entrance, where the land-

lord, landlady, waiter, and ostler stood, looking as much astounded as the inhabitants of Edmonton did when Johnny Gilpin took his celebrated drive, immortalized in rhyme. "Can we have four horses immediately?" asked Ball Hughes in his blandest manner; "the packet starts early for Calais." "First and second turn out," shouted the ostler, while "mine host" could scarcely repress a smile. An *eclaircissement* took place, when it appeared that Queen Caroline had been expected; that some Dartford Paul Pry had caught a view of the gold-embroidered velvet jackets and caps of the postilions, and had given the signal for the cheers, mistaking the inmates for at least Lord Hood in his chamberlain's dress, Sir Matthew Wood in his aldermanic gown, or Her Majesty herself, decked out in regal attire.

"The root of all learning," writes Aristotle, "is bitter, but the fruit is sweet,"—an apothegm which will particularly apply to driving. I well remember, when I was at a private tutor's, at Donnington-grove, near Newbury, and a bit of a swell, or dandy as it was then called, being greatly smitten with the saying of this learned philosopher. I never got into a buggy, handled the ribands, rattled the hired horse along at a crack-skull pace of twelve miles an hour, which generally ended in an upset, without reflecting upon the

above-quoted authority, which, being interpreted, means—it is wormwood to be immersed in a wet ditch, but pleasant enough to get out again.

Poor defunct Jem Revell was my tutor. Under his auspices I first mounted the box of a tandem, learned the elegant and indispensable accomplishment of driving, and studied that most appalling manœuvre of turning out of a narrow inn-yard. Every day after school hours was my drive repeated; until, in process of time, inexperience was conquered, and, “with elbows square and wrists turned down,” I could catch hold of the wheeler and leader in grand style — remembering, with Horace, that “*sæpe stylum vertas*,” and give the go-by to less dashing whips with a most condescending nod. At last, after serving a long and tedious apprenticeship, I reached the long-expected haven of success, and set up a dog-cart and pair on my own account.

Never shall I forget that proud hour of my triumph, when I made my first public essay out of the yard of the Pelican, at Newbury, on my road to Reading races. I was accompanied by about five or six of my comrades on horseback, presenting a multitudinous array of well-polished top boots, shining in all the brilliancy of “Day and Martin,” and by one or two aspiring tilburies, the drivers of which vainly essayed to beat my two

thorough-bred nags. As I entered the town, with "all my blushing honours thick upon me," the streets were lined with an infinite assemblage of peer and peasant, squires and blacklegs, sporting men and betters, horse-dealers, jockeys, grooms, and card-sellers. However much it may tell against me—however greatly I may lower myself in the estimation of the reader—truth compels me to admit that my aspiring vanity metamorphosed the gaping crowd into admirers of myself and turn-out; and when my companion sounded the mail-horn, when I cracked my whip, and shook my head knowingly, I felt as proud as any peacock that ever strutted in a poultry yard. But, alas, for human greatness! my pride was doomed to have a fall! Just as I approached the Bear Inn, my leader became restive, turned round and stared me in the face—a mode of salutation by no means agreeable;—then began to lash out, and finally succeeded in upsetting me and breaking the shafts. Happily I escaped unhurt.

In thus alluding to scenes of juvenile folly, I cannot forget that I once was young, and that there are still many, both at private tutors and college, equally devoted to the box as I once was. To them I would offer a few suggestions respecting tandem driving, which of all vehicles is the

most difficult to manage. Its height from the ground, and peculiar lightness of construction, render it, at first sight, a truly formidable machine; and the only way to prevent all disasters is for the driver to obtain a firm grasp of his reins before he ventures to cheer his tits, and to ascertain the amount of work which wheeler and leader do, so that the traces may be gently tightened—a proof that both horses do their duty. In returning home at night, there is no instinct like that of the horse; he seems to acquire mind by the departure of light, and to succeed best when man is most ready to despair. I have trotted a tandem from London to Windsor, at twelve o'clock at night, in the midst of the darkest and most tremendous thunder storm I ever witnessed, with little chance of safety but what I owed to the docility of my horses. This is an instinct which, like that of the prophet's ass, should not be balked; and so firmly am I convinced of the superior intelligence of the quadruped to the biped, in cases of similar difficulty, that I would actually give up my own fancy to let him have his head, and make the best he can of it.

In going down hill, there is one very necessary caution to be observed. The mode of harnessing a tandem differs from that most usually adopted in a four-in-hand; so that if your leader is a

faster trotter than your wheeler, he draws the collar over the neck of the shaft horse, and a partial strangulation not unfrequently occurs. To prevent this, keep your wheeler at his full pace, slackening, in the mean time, the extra speed of your leader.

Whenever you stop to bait, never omit to remain in the stable during the time of feeding. Trust me, *haud inexpertus loquor*, modern ostlers are not unlike the coachmen satirized by the author of "High Life Below Stairs":—

"If your good master on you dotes,
Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger ;
But pocket hay and straw and oats,
And let the horses éat the manger."

The oat-stealer, as he has not inappropriately been called, of the present day, will, we fear, in too many cases, follow the example of his unprincipled fraternity. Independent of this necessary caution, there is surely a feeling of gratitude due to the poor dumb brutes who have toiled all day in our service ; and young coachmen will do well to remember that humanity to defenceless animals is the strongest characteristic of the British sportsman.

Trusting that the few hints we have thrown out, for the instruction of the uninitiated in the mysteries of tandem driving, may be of some service

to the rising generation, I proceed to a description of the road as it was before panting steeds had given way to puffing engines, iron greys to iron trams, coachmen and guards to stokers, and horse-flesh to boiling water. It was early in a May morning that I found myself at the Whitehorse Cellar, just as the York-house coach was starting for Bath. I had previously secured the box, and, encased in a double-breasted drab coat, waited the arrival of one of the inside passengers, a regular *habitué* of Hatchet's, well known to the waiters and boots as a most liberal paymaster. "Sorry to keep you, coachman," said the new comer, but I could not find the whip I promised you; you will find it in that narrow deal case;" the box was handed up, the coach door banged. "Thank ye, sir; all right behind, gentlemen?" thundered the dragsman, fingering the ribands in the plenitude of vehicular importance. "Ay, ay!" squeaked out a voice in the rear; and away we went, rattling along the stony pavement of Piccadilly at an awful rate, to make up for lost time. "Nice morning, sir!" said my companion, as we passed through the turnpike gate that then existed opposite the entrance to the Park near Apsley house. "The flowers are all a blowing and a growing;" this line he sang; and then continued, "My missus gave me these beautiful violets not an hour ago.

‘Sam,’ said she, ‘I know I can trust you not to give them away to any girls on the road.’” I turned round to admire the bouquet and take a look at the wearer, who fully realized the description of the swell dragsman immortalized in song by the Hon. Fitzroy Stanhope. He was a well-dressed, natty-looking fellow, decked out in a neat dark brown coat, white hat, corduroy breeches, well polished boots, cloth leggings, and a splendid pair of double-sewn buckskin gloves. A huge pair of whiskers fringed the borders of each cheek, which, shaped like a mutton chop, were (as a butcher’s boy in Knightsbridge irreverently remarked) large enough to pad a cart saddle. In the pause of conversation he invariably indulged the outside passengers with snatches of the popular ditties of the day :—“Oh ! say not woman’s heart is bought,” “Love has eyes,” “Will you come to the Bower ?” “Savourneen Deelish,” “The Thorn,” and “Sally in our Alley.” I soon discovered, from his manners and remarks, that my new coaching ally, Mr. Pearce, was a prodigious favourite with the fair sex ; and from the roguish leer that he gave the respective damsels at the different inns and public houses, I fancied he did not quite merit the character his wife had given of him. Indeed, when we stopped to change horses at Slough, I saw the

faithless Lothario present Betsy, the pretty barmaid, with the bunch of violets, which she hastily placed near her heart, and, if my optics did not deceive me, he implanted a kiss on the rosy lips of the landlady, who faintly exclaimed, "For shame, you naughty man." As I had won the good graces of this driving Giovanni, not alone by listening to his conquests over the rural Hebes that dispensed their smiles and liquor to him, but by commending his voice in "Pray, Goody," which I declared to be equal to Sinclair's, he offered me the reins just as we passed the Sun Inn, at Maidenhead. "Take 'em gently up hill," said he, "and then you can have a spirt over the thicket." To say that I was proud was to say nothing, for having, previous to going to Donnington, been with the same private tutor at Littlewick Green, within two miles of the spot where we were, I felt that I should cut no little dash as I drove by the Coach and Horses, and close to the green where I had passed six months of my life. At the small public-house I have alluded to, dwelt one, Miss Sadbrooke, commonly called Sally, to whom, as a boy, I had whispered soft nonsense. "Do you pull up at the Coach and Horses?" I inquired, in so nervous a manner that Sam Pearce, who was what is termed "wide awake" upon all affairs of the heart, immediately

guessed my motive. "We can, sir," he responded, "if you like, and perhaps Dick has a parcel to leave for Squire Lee; anything for the thicket?" he continued, turning to the "shooter" behind, and giving him a knowing wink, a hint which the other took at once. "Why, yes, Muster Pearce, I wish to know whether Mr. Vansittart has sent for the empty sack I left there last Monday." As we reached the well-known spot where I had passed many a half hour in the society of the pretty, innocent girl, whose fair face, blue eyes, auburn ringlets, and bewitching smile had turned the heads of all the youths in the neighbourhood, my heart began to palpitate, my hands to tremble, and I should have gone past the house, had not my box-companion caught hold of the reins with a firm grasp, and pulled the horses up in front of the Coach and Horses. Fortunately for me, my Dulcinea had not noticed the hand that assisted me, and, seeing the coach stop, rushed to the door, exclaiming, "Lord William!—who would have thought it—how much you have improved in driving! Do you recollect when you upset the dog-cart, close to that pond?" "I hope your father is well," I replied, anxious to change the conversation, "and, Sally—I mean Miss Sadbrooke—let the guard and coachman have a glass of your cream of the valley." "Pray alight, sir,"

said the coachman. "Dick, show the gentleman to the bar." I jumped down, rushed into the well-known snugery, quaffed a glass of bright sparkling ale to the health of the blooming girl, impressed a —,—no it's the privilege of a true-born Briton not to criminate himself—and throwing down half-a-crown, mounted the box, not a little elated with my adventure. But, to quit this spot of juvenile reminiscences, we trotted past the green, where I was loudly cheered by the boys of the village school; and, after an agreeable drive, reached Reading and then Newbury. Again was I at home at the latter place, and ten minutes being allowed for refreshment, I rushed by the waiter, who told me there was a nice leg of lamb, and veal and ham pie ready, and ran off to purchase some buns at my old cookshop, kept by the worthiest of spinsters, Polly Brown; not forgetting to purchase a geranium-coloured watch-ribbon from another object of my boyish admiration, Miss Charlotte Bew, who in those days presided over a *magasin des modes* in the High Street.

Upon my return to Botham's, I found that every person had taken his seat, with the exception of Mr. Pearce and the coachman, who was to take his place for the rest of the journey. "I go no further, sir," said the former, with the

blandest smile. "All right," I responded, handing out a gold seven-shilling piece, then a current coin of the realm. "Good morning, and thank you," replied the deposed monarch of the whip, and in less time than I can take to record it, I had thrown my old chum, the waiter, half-a-crown, had shaken hands with the landlady, said a civil thing to Elizabeth the barmaid, and was seated on the box by one of the smartest men I ever met with at that period on the road. There was an air of conceit about him that was truly amusing, and it was rendered doubly so by his affected style of conversation. Unlike other dragsmen, he dressed in the plainest style imaginable; a well-brushed black hat, glossier than silk, a brown cutaway coat, dark Oxford mixture overalls, highly-polished Wellington boots, and fawn-coloured double kid gloves. The first object of my new companion was to inform me that he was well born, that he had been educated at Cambridge, and that he was the most popular man at Bath; indeed, so much so, that he appeared to be the Beau Nash of the road, for he offered to show me the lions, including the assemblies, theatre, pump-room, crescents, gardens, walks, and abbey. So delighted was I with the dandified manner of Mr. Talbot, that the journey passed rapidly away, and just as my companion offered me a

pinch of the best Petersham mixture, and informed me that it was a present from the noble lord of that name, I found myself approaching that English Montpellier, famed not alone for its mineral springs, but for the beauty of its situation ; for what can exceed the picturesque view of the luxuriant woods, the richly-cultivated slopes, the villa-crowned hills, the suburb edifices of the city of Bladud ?

As a contrast to the above, let us show how our great grandfathers travelled in 1739. Pennant writes as follows:—"In March I changed my Welsh school for one nearer to the capital, and travelled in the Chester stage, then no despicable vehicle for country gentlemen. The first day, with much labour, we got from Chester to Whitechurch, twenty miles ; the second day to the Welsh Harp, the third to Coventry, the fourth to Northampton, the fifth to Dunstable ; and, as a wondrous effort, on the last to London, before the commencement of the night. The strain and labour of six horses, sometimes eight, drew us through the slough of Mireden and many other places. We were constantly out two hours before day, and as late at night, and in the depth of winter proportionally later. Families who travelled in their own carriages contracted with Benson and Co., and were dragged up in

the same number of days by three sets of able horses."

The single gentlemen—then a hardy race—equipped in jack-boots and trousers up to their middle, rode post through thick and thin, and, guarded against the mire, defying the frequent stumble and fall, pursued their journey with alacrity; while, in these days, their enervated posterity sleep away their rapid journeys in easy chaises, fitted for the soft inhabitants of Sybaris.

And at a later period the following notice appeared in the Sussex newspapers:—

"Lewes and Brighthelmstone.—New Machine, to hold four persons, by Chailey, sets out by the George Inn, in the Haymarket, St. James's, at six o'clock in the morning, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; in one day to the Star at Lewes, and the Old Ship at Brighthelmstone, and returns from thence every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Inside passengers to Lewes to pay thirteen shillings; to Brighton, sixteen shillings. To be allowed 14lb. weight of baggage; all above to pay one penny per pound. (Coach drawn by six long-tailed black horses. Date, 1763-4-5, according to a book in which the accounts are kept.) N.B.—Batchelor's Old Godstone, East Grinstead, and Lewes stage continues to set out every Tuesday at nine o'clock, and

Saturday at five o'clock, from the Talbot Inn, in the Borough. Children in lap and outside passengers to pay half-price. Half of the fare to be paid at booking. Performed, if God permit, by J. Batchelor."

The subject of training, although it is usually deemed only important to jockeys, pedestrians, or pugilists, is, however, of the most vital and general importance to all mankind. It may be termed the universal, the best, the cheapest doctor; and, if put in practice, would soon diminish the complaints of gout, rheumatism, lumbago, bile, indigestion, and other numerous diseases which afflict nearly one half of the human race. In the humid, foggy, and changeable climate of Great Britain, it is essentially requisite to all who would enjoy a good state of health and a green old age, devoid of pain and excruciating torments. "Train up a child in the way he should go," is not more true of the youthful mind than of the body. With proper training in infancy, youth, and manhood, many would be saved that now fall victims to a premature death.

The ancients were so well aware of the importance of exercise and temperance to ensure a healthy constitution, and from the intimate connection of body and mind, of improving the latter also, that gymnastic sports were held in the

highest repute, and the most glorious rewards and the greatest honours were paid to those who excelled in them; and these were not confined to the victors themselves, but were held to shed a glory on their families, their friends, and their country. The Olympic crown, although composed of laurel, or olive, was the most exalted mark of approbation that could be conferred; it being deemed beneath a brave, free-spirited conqueror to attach a value to gold, silver, or other usual gratifications of a mercenary and an ambitious soul. Yet, as the gymnasia were only a kind of initiatory or preparatory school, to call forth the latent qualities of a great mind, that it might be afterwards employed for the benefit of the country, this reward was merely a pledge of the honours, privileges, and immunities which were afterwards to be the consequence of being publicly crowned; or, in other words, marked out as distinguished objects for further honourable employment. The gymnasia were the schools for statesmen and warriors, the wise, the brave, and politic Greeks making even their sports and pastimes, as well as their religious exercises, subservient to the welfare of the general community. It was not till the time of the Romans, and, among them, in their declining state, that these, public institutions degenerated from the rank of a liberal art to a

mercenary profession, embraced only by the lowest and vilest part of society. To prepare men for the business of war was the grand object of the Greeks, divided, as they were, into a number of small independent states, constantly embroiled with one another, and not even to be reconciled by the presence of overwhelming hosts of common enemies. To rear up a race of hardy warriors was the chief aim of these states, and by learning and practising the gymnastic exercises their youth were inured to toil; they were rendered vigorous, strong, healthy, enterprising, and fearless. They were the trained bands of Greece, ever prepared for war on the slightest notice, and on the least emergency. The Grecian mode of warfare required muscular power and agility, to wield the long spear, as well as to enable their soldiers to make rapid marches and evolutions over a rugged country. It was, therefore, the opinion of that great oracle, Plato, that "every well-constituted republic ought, by offering prizes to the conquerors, to encourage all such exercises as tended to increase the strength and agility of the body." Is not this maxim equally applicable to our own countrymen? The bayonet at the end of the musket is to them what the long spear was to the Greeks. The British soldier now, as the Greeks did formerly, excel all other men in

the physical powers of the body, and the bayonet generally terminates all contests in their favour. Ought not, then, gymnastic exercises to be held of as much consequence among our islanders as with the Greeks?

Unhappily, training, as one of the main sinews of health and war, has been neglected by the moderns. This neglect has been, indeed, less injurious to Great Britain than to any other nation, because her sons, being all early inured to habits of industry and hardihood, whether as agriculturists or manufacturers, are more adapted, from their childhood, to the purposes of war than those of any other country. Her armies are principally recruited from the cultivators and tillers of the soil, and among those from the manufacturing classes are smiths, wheelwrights, sawyers, stonemasons, and others, whose trades keep their limbs in strong work, and in what may be termed half training, which gives them that superiority of muscular power and advantage in the use of the "cold steel."

Within a few years, a movement has been made in the right direction, and our recruits now go through a course of gymnastic exercises, which has proved highly advantageous to them on foreign service; witness their prowess throughout the Crimean war and Indian mutiny. It has also

fallen to the lot of the present General commanding-in-chief, the Duke of Cambridge, to carry out a plan, suggested many years ago, for the improvement of military education. The writer thus treated the subject :—" As to exercise and amusement for the pupils in a military academy, they should be all calculated to promote and sustain manly dispositions. A military school should have annual competitions and prizes for foot-races, wrestling, leaping, fencing, and firing at a target. The victors should be rewarded with the applause of the public, the countenance of the great, and the patronage of Government. All sports, without exception, that promote strength and agility, should be encouraged in our military schools." Napoleon the First added swimming, a no less necessary acquirement for the preservation of life than of health, necessary not only for the soldier, but in all stations of life.

But to every one, as well as the military man, the proper exercise of the body is an important object, as good health and spirits constitute the greatest blessing of nature, and without them no pleasure can be enjoyed. Dr. Churchill, an excellent authority on this subject, justly remarks, " that in the formation of our frames, and the very nature of our constitutions, it was the positive institution of Providence to create in us an abso-

lute necessity for exercise, in order to our well-being." And, further, that "by attention to it, the tone and vigour of the moving powers are wonderfully increased; the nervous energy and circulation of the blood are naturally accelerated, and this increased impetus of the blood through the whole system produces an effectual determination to the surface of the skin, and free perspiration is the consequence. By the same means the body is disposed to sleep; the appetite increased; the tone of the stomach and digestive powers preserved; and the blood is determined from the internal viscera, which prevents, as well as removes, obstructions, and powerfully obviates the tendency to a plethoric fulness of the system. By exercise the spirits are enlivened, and the body refreshed; or, as Hippocrates observes, "it gives strength to the body and vigour to the mind; and it is an irrefragable truth, that where it is improperly neglected the energy and strength of the whole machine fall to decay."

It is to exercise that is to be attributed the continued flow of health and spirits of the British sportsman. His character is generally harmless and amiable. His health of body gives a spring and elasticity to the mind, and never suffers it to be impaired by the vacancy of employment or thought. Hence it is that he is manly to his

superiors, friendly to his equals, affable to his inferiors, a hospitable entertainer, a cheerful companion, a good husband, an affectionate father, and a considerate master. There is, perhaps, a greater absence of vicious pursuits in a lover of field sports than in any other character in the world. Exercise, therefore, may be justly deemed no less a moral than a physical virtue.

CHAPTER VI.

Town and Country—Christmas—Winter Amusements—A Hint to Landlords—A Summer Ramble—The River Lothy—Talley Pools—Glyn on Picturesque Scenery—A Piscatorial Hint—Tempora Mutantur—Cruelties of Bygone Days—Jacko Maçauko, the Champion of Monkeys—Low Life in London—St. Giles—Almack's in the East—May—Cock-fighting—Celebrated Mains—Life in London—A Spree with the Charleys—Practical Mischief—Sparring Exhibitions.

“GOD made the country, and man made the town,” is an old and well-known saying. There are many, however, to be found who, at the most beautiful period of the year, prefer the pent-up air, the hot pavement of the latter, to the balmy breeze of the former. We envy them not. While they are undergoing the treadmill of fashionable life, turning night into day, sauntering in the dusty park, dining at supper hour, suffering the horrors of an over

crowded table, and being suffocated in an oppressive opera-house, we are enjoying our day, from sun-rise to sunset, by the side of a flowing river, or galloping over the heathered mountain, or strolling through some forest glade—the trees in their fullest dress, with a profusion of the gayest flowers, are everywhere scattered around.

The “fast” man about town may deem us slow in recommending that the good old fashion, adopted in the time when George the Third was king, should be revived—that of leaving London the first week in June, and returning in October. Of course those who are devoted to pheasant shooting or hunting, or who have landed properties to look after, could not be expected to give up all their winter amusements and avocations; we address ourselves only to those who have no ties to keep them in the country. We do not deny that winter sports are most delightful and exhilarating, for an all-wise and beneficent Providence has decreed that no season of the life of man, doomed to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, should be without some sort of enjoyment or recreation to unbend the mind, soften the rigour of fate, or, by rest, renew the strength for future toils. No sooner are the labours of agriculture suspended, or confined to the barn or farmyard, than the fields (cleared by

the tiller of the soil of their late exuberant crops, and left to recover their fertility through the nitrous particles of frost and snow) are thronged by birds, and animals of the chase, of all kinds, and seem devoted to the pleasures of the sportsman. The bulky wood-stacks supply the farmer's chimney with a lively blaze; and the good man, seated with his family and dependants around the cheerful hearth, tells and hears alternately the village tale, the rustic song, and harmless joke, enlivened by the brown jugs of mirth-inspiring October ale.

Now is heard the music of the horns and hounds, and oft-repeated peals of the slaughtering gun, delightful to the farmer's ears, who no longer dreads the havoc of his standing crops by the too ardent sportsman. Were but this destructive eagerness for pleasure restrained within due bounds, and the grounds suffered to be cleared before the huntsman took the field, no farmer would grumble. On the contrary, it is evident that he must be a gainer by field sports. The oats, hay, straw, bran, pollard, and beans consumed or used by the horses, hounds, pointers, setters, retrievers, and spaniels; the numbers of extra servants kept by the landlords or proprietors of the broad acres, who must all be fed from the produce of the farm; and the strangers who are

constantly drawn from all parts, to partake of those amusements, and expend their money, must be more than a sufficient remuneration for a few gaps in his hedges, or a few trifling repairs to his gates and fences. Were the sportsman, therefore, more considerate in this respect; and, more particularly, were the game laws less severe upon the farmers, who preserve the game they dare not pursue; or, were gentlemen less selfish, and suffered the farmers to join in moderation in those exhilarating pursuits, we should hear no more murmuring and discontent at the destructive ravages of hunters, and the partial and unjust rigour of the game laws. It would be easy to prove, too, that if the farmers themselves were interested in the preservation of game, it would be in greater plenty; and poachers would be no more, as every farmer would be a game-keeper. Such lenity then would redound to the interest of the sportsman, as well as to the satisfaction of the farmer; and its beneficial results would be soon apparent. The farmer would take especial care that the brood in the nests should not be destroyed, the eggs sold, or the young leverets killed, ere their tender limbs gave them a chance of flight for their lives. He would consider the season of rest from his agricultural labours as the period of enjoying the pleasures of the field; and

be as anxious for a plentiful supply of foxes and game as any landed proprietor or sporting gentleman. There would no longer be any night hunting, stalking, driving, nets, gins, wires, and other destructive schemes for killing game by coveys or dozens.

When the frost, deep lying on the ground, puts an end to hunting, the sportsman will find ample amusement with his gun; for pheasants, woodcocks, snipes, wild geese, ducks, and all kinds of waterfowl then abound. In places near the sea coast, or on the banks of tide rivers, it is necessary to follow the sport of wild fowl shooting from punts; and in some parts of England it is usual for the "gunners" to make use of "plashers" (pieces of wood, eighteen inches square, tied to the feet in the manner of skates), to enable them to follow the birds over the mud without sinking. The sea shores are alive with immense flocks of fowl, which afford vast sport, though they contribute little or nothing to the delicacies of his table. This amusement is followed by night as well as by day, but is very trying to the constitution; and, unless great care be taken, and a considerable quantity of extra clothing worn, the sportsman is very apt to rue his hour of pastime by years of racking pains, rheumatisms, lumbagos, and a whole host of chronic disorders.

In a word, there is no season, however varied, to which the sportsman may not adapt his pursuits, and find a full scope and exercise for his ingenuity. Even the ice-bound waters do not protect the finny tribes from the snares of man, as by breaking holes in it, and using proper baits, he may be sure of success; and we have seen an old experienced angler catch trout in that method even with a fly of his own invention. Well may man, therefore, be said to triumph, not only over all animals, but all times and seasons. While upon the subject of angling we cannot do better than recommend any one who prefers the freedom of England to the *espionnage* of France to migrate to Wales during the summer and autumn. He will, if a fisherman, find that by a little attention to the proper flies for the month, as well as to their make, his fishing will be attended with the greatest success. The rivers swarm with trout, salmon, salmon-peel; for netting, although too often practised, does not meet with the same general encouragement it does in other countries.

As for the coracle, it merits an equally minute description, being formed of wicker-work, covered with leather or canvas, and pitched so as to render it waterproof. In shape, it is not unlike those baskets which we see at Covent Garden Market, filled with fruit and vegetables; and fearful as is

the thought, that, when at sea, there is "only a plank between the mariner and eternity," how much greater must that feeling of awe be, when, instead of the wooden walls of old English oak, you have only a slight willow frame-work. The coracle is merely large enough to carry one person, with his nets and gun, and is worked, canoe fashion, with a paddle. It is round, with a seat across the centre, for the greater facility of guidance. Wales appears to be the only place in which it is generally used; and its value to a poor fisherman is incalculable. With his coracle, his dog, and his fowling-piece, he traverses the swiftest rivers; shoots the rapids and waterfalls; and then returns to his cottage with his boat upon his back, his gun in his hand, and his trusty spaniel by his side. According to the village records, the larger fish resort to the centre of the pool; but there are some splendid pike to be found near the bank-side, and even should the "patient angler" fail to fill his basket, his walk home to the village will amply repay him.

The shortest cut to Talley is to ascend the steep mountain path which overhangs the lake. As you wind along the ridge, the whole scene expands itself with picturesque loveliness. Barren hills rear their blue summits above and around

you, below which the two pools lie nestled, while the small copse at the furthest side of the nearest lake resounds with the wild melody of the black-bird, the thrush, and the bullfinch. Never shall I forget the delight I experienced during my brief sojourn in this beautiful spot: there is not a heath flower on the barren moor, not a streamlet in the valley, nor a cypress on the mountain, that does not recall associations of intense happiness; the splendid orb of day—the breeze that wantoned with the wild flowers—the moon that moved in silent majesty along the dark blue canopy of heaven, found me musing on the picturesque beauty of this tranquil spot; and, as I took my leave, the setting sun gave a softened colouring to the landscape, and as it poured a mellow radiance through the time-worn arches of the monastery, appeared like the spirit of friendship cheering the pillow of declining age. Most strongly do we recommend the tourist to visit South Wales; he will be amply repaid for his trouble, for nothing can exceed the hospitality of the inhabitants and the beauty of the scenery. At every rural inn he will have his outward senses gratified by the soft tones of the Cambrian harpers; while the inward man will rejoice in the simple but excellent fare that will await him throughout the principality—fresh fish, new laid

eggs, the best home-fed bacon, and Welsh mutton, in perfection.

Before we conclude this chapter, we cannot refrain from laying before our readers the following hint, which has been handed to us by an old experienced London angler, as invaluable to his brother followers of old Isaac, for attracting the finny tribe to the spot where it is intended to try for them. He drills a hole through a large piece of soapboiler's greaves, places a cord through it, and throws it in, overnight, at the place where he intends to fish the next morning. The stuff is so hard and firm, that it will not dissolve in cold water, yet attracts the fish in numbers, and keeps them nibbling—tantalizing rather than satiating their appetites—as is not the case with grains and other loosebait, which tend to render them indifferent to the real bait. On the contrary, this method renders them so voracious, that they seize and gorge the fatal bait the instant they perceive it. And we have often seen this artful piscatory “dodger” produce from his basket such stores of fresh water prey as to fully convince us of his success and skill.

The cold north-easterly winds that usually prevail during the month of April, and which gave rise to Theodore Hook's remark that the spring “sets in with its usual severity,” tend in a great

measure to mar the sports of the angler; and, judging from our own experience, more colds than fish are caught during this inclement season.

Those who have watched the "wild vicissitudes of taste," will have been forcibly struck with the great change that has taken place between the sport and sportsman of the reign of Victoria, and that of her royal grandfather, the third George. The cruel pastimes that were then indulged in, and patronized by our nobility, gentry, and the *oi polloi*, are extinct, or nearly so. Bull-baiting is no longer tolerated; and cock-fighting is not, as formerly, unblushingly carried on, although a sly main or two are fought in and near the metropolis. The present younger lovers of manly English sports would scarcely credit the brutality that existed five and thirty years ago, and as an instance, we will refer to the career of the game monkey, Jacko Macauco. This celebrated animal (the champion of monkeys) was a native of Africa, and derived his first name from the jolly jack-tars (his sponsors) on board a merchant ship, which brought him, when young, from his native country to England; and the latter from some pretended naturalist, who was ignorant that Macauco is the addendum of the lemur, which, though comprised in the same classification, is an animal of a very

different species. However, taking the name as we find it, we shall proceed to give the reader such an account as we have been able to glean of this gamest of all game animals.

Jacko was landed at Portsmouth, and whether he displayed any token of his invincible spirit and rising glory on shipboard is not known, although it is very likely he might have done so, as a dog is generally to be found on board ship. However that might be, his courage was soon put to the test, at the place of his landing in this (not to him) land of liberty; and as the managers of the London theatres ransack all the provincial ones, and transplant actors of promising talent—particularly those of foreign extraction, to whom the English are notoriously partial—to the boards of the metropolis, so Jacko's increasing fame caused him soon to be removed to the London arenas, where his valour burst into a full blaze; or, as the first Napoleon phrased it, "the sun of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena shone on and instigated him to further deeds of glory." Jacko was transferred by his new master to Hoxton, in the vicinity of London, and was exhibited in the pit in Chick Lane, West Smithfield, and in the Tottenham Court Road pit, where he fought and won several battles, and took the conceit out of some of the very stoutest breed of

dogs that this country could boast of. But whether his master allowed him too small a share of the golden spoils, or for some other reason which was best known to himself—for Jacko was not over and above communicative—he once bit, instead of kissing, the managerial fist when presented to him, and was disposed of, as an ungrateful monkey, to one Charles Eastop, who was then proprietor of that famous dog-fighting, badger and bear-baiting arena, the old Westminster pit in Duck Lane, Orchard Street. This celebrated place was professedly a cock-pit, of about twenty-feet by eighteen, with an area and a gallery or tier of boxes over, capable of containing about two hundred persons, or perhaps a greater number of less refractory persons, for the common run of spectators were so obstreperous, and so agitated by various emotions, according to the amount of bets depending, and the various turns of the conflict, that a decent orderly person would feel himself much incommoded by a considerably less number. This was the case with the writer of this, who (we blush as we write it) attended upon one occasion to witness this terror of the canine race.

Besides the proprietor, who acted as a Beau Nash, or master of the ceremonies, there was also some *gemman*, as he was called, a distinguished amateur, who was selected to fill the important

situation of umpire. He was placed in a seat of honour, with a stop-watch in his hand, to mark the duration of the combat (the bets being mostly on time) to the greatest nicety. The spectators were as motley a group of fashionable personages as ever congregated together. At first the feats of Signor Jacko Macauco were witnessed only by persons of the lowest order; but as his victories increased, and fame blew her trumpet louder and louder at every conquest, the curiosity of the higher grades was excited, and the patricians of St. James's, and the plebeians of Tothill-fields, were soon intermingled in one undistinguished, incongruous mass; and the peer and the pick-pocket, the duke and the "duffer," the earl and the housebreaker, the country gentleman and the London cadger, the squire and the dog's-meat man, actually elbowed each other.

Jacko was regularly advertised as being open to the attack of any dog, not weighing above twenty pounds (he himself not being above half that weight), for a bet of from ten to fifty pounds that the dog would not tarry with him five minutes. Jacko was of that species of *Simia* denominated the Gibbon, which sit with their fore-paws upon the ground; he was of a cinereous or ashy colour, with black fingers and muzzle. He was an excellent feeder, and took his allowance of

a pot of porter daily, and occasionally an extra drop with an amateur friend. In appearance he was neither old nor ugly.

His mode of attack, or rather of defence, was, at first, to present his back or neck to the dog, and to shift and tumble about until he could lay hold on the arm or chest, when he ascended to the windpipe, clawing and biting away, which usually occupied him about one minute and a half, and if his antagonist was not speedily withdrawn, his death was certain; the monkey exhibited a frightful appearance, being deluged with blood—but it was that of his opponent alone; as the toughness and flexibility of his own skin rendered him impervious to the teeth of the dog. After fighting several battles in this manner, Jacko, improving in science from experience, changed his system of tactics, and adopted the plan of jumping upon his adversary's neck, where, with greater security, and perfectly at his ease, he despatched his business in three minutes; although one dog, which was five or six pounds above the prescribed weight, took him three minutes and a half to put *hors de combat*.

After vanquishing fourteen of the very best dogs that could be brought against him, Jacko was backed against Tom Cribb's famous white and yellow-spotted bull-bitch, Puss, of twenty

pounds weight, for a considerable wager, that she stayed with Jacko five minutes or killed him, being a minute and a half longer than any other dog had been able to keep the game alive; but the dog of the pugilistic champion of man shared the same fate that fourteen canine predecessors had suffered, and was obliged to knock under to the champion of that animal which so closely resembles the human form.

It may not be amiss to state, that as merit is ever sure of attracting jealousy and envy, so the proprietor of the Westminster pit, before he purchased Jacko, advertised a large baboon, the property of a sporting captain, which was to rival, if not eclipse, the famous Hoxton monkey; it was, however, but a pitiful attempt to subtract from the fame of our hero, as the rival proved but a rank cur at the best, and the future of the baboon only served to increase the renown of the monkey.

In conclusion, it was quite a service of danger to visit this once-famed arena, as was proved by my companion and myself finding ourselves *minus* a watch and pocket-handkerchief; fortunately, the former was recovered by an offer of ten pounds to any gentleman who had happened to pick it up. Upon speaking to the worthy Mr. William (commonly called Bill) Gibbons upon the subject of the theft—loss, as he termed it—he thus quaintly

replied :—“ When gemmen visit this here place, it is always as well not to put on their very best *togs*, nor to carry too much *bit* in their *clies*, nor sport the alluring appendages of their *tattlers*, or the ends of their silk *wipes*; as, notwithstanding the *proprerietor* does all in his power to promote order and decorum, yet amidst such shoals of odd-fish, some *conveyancers* and *fogle-hunters* must be met with; especially when at some fashionable routs in the squares the attendance of Bow Street officers is always deemed necessary to prevent the intrusion of *improper persons*.” After this little *hit* at the aristocracy, Bill took breath and a drop of porter, “heavy wet” he called it, and thus continued :—“ The surest way is to wear nothing, and to carry nothing that one may not care to have spoiled or to lose, in which case a *tanner*, and a few shoves of the elbow, will pay the reckoning; and if, for once in a way or so, any Corinthian blade like yourself wishes to witness this novel *set-to*, or a legitimate cock-fight, only place yourself under my care, and I’m very well blowed if you shall come to any harm.” Thanking our kind *cicisbeo* for his offer, we left the pit not a little disgusted with ourselves at having encouraged so brutal an entertainment.

In the days I write of, a visit to St. Giles’s was considered quite the right thing to do by the

west-end fashionables; and, accompanied by a party of choice subjects, I visited a beggars' gala, during the Christmas holidays. The assemblage, consisting of a numerous and splendid collection of those *sporters* on the *miseries of human life*, took place at the Hampshire Hog, near the church of the patron saint of the above-mentioned locality. A turkey, garnished with sausages—technically termed, an alderman hung in chains—and a Yorkshire ham ornamented each end of the table, which was also well set out in the centre. After the party had replenished and emptied their platters, almost to suffocation, the president roared out the opening song in the Beggar's Opera:—

“ Through all the employments of life,
 Each neighbour abuses his brother;
 * * * * *
 The priest calls the lawyer a cheat;
 The lawyer beknaves the divine;
 And the statesman, because he's so great,
 Thinks his trade is as honest as mine.”

The chorus of which was taken up by the uproarious guests. They then toasted “Success to trade!” and set in for a batch of downright drinking, punch being the order of the night, and humble gin quite out of the fashion, except a glass or two taken at intervals by some of the *ladies*.

who, in excuse for being so low-minded, pleaded that use was second nature. After being pretty well primed—for we, as visitors, had stood an extra bowl of punch—the fiddlers struck up, and the *elegantes* and exquisites of St. Giles's commenced *reeling*, with more spirit, though rather less etiquette, than is observed at a ball in St. James's. A metamorphosis worthy of a pantomime then took place; the cripples tripped it on the "light fantastic toe," and the blind were restored to sight in a manner truly surprising. In the course of the evening, the *decrease of charity* became one of the topics, and a street-sweeper gave us an instance, that he had been at work all day, and could only draw twelve "bob!"

It is now that nature begins to be decked in all her beauty. Flowers creep out in every direction; the nightingale pours forth its tuneful song, gladdening the shades with woodnotes wild; and the village lads and lasses gather round the time-honoured Maypole. Anciently, all ranks of people went out a-maying early on the first of this month. The north of England was peculiarly famed for its strict adherence to ancient customs. On this day, generally called "May-day," the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight and proceed to some neighbouring wood or forest glade, accompanied with bands of music,

where they broke down branches from the trees, and adorned them with nosegays and wreaths of flowers. When this was accomplished, they returned homewards with their booty, about the rising of the sun, and made their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after part of the day was chiefly spent in dancing round a tall pole, which, being placed in a convenient part of the village, stood there, as it were, consecrated to Flora, without the least violation offered to it, during the whole circle of the year.

We have digressed from our subject. Having already referred to the brutality of the fight between the monkey and the bull-dog, we shall now proceed to notice another barbarity greatly in vogue during the days of our fathers: we allude to cock-fighting. Amongst British sports we must enumerate this cruel practice, for, as we profess to give every description of sporting, past and present, we should be deficient in our duty, were we to omit this part of the plan; and, although we entirely disapprove of the diversion, we, as faithful narrators, must record every topic that is consistent with the title of our work.

It appears probable (according to Columella) that cock-fighting first originated with the Greeks. It is well known that at one period it became so prevalent amongst them, that families of exten-

sive property were reduced thereby to the lowest ebb of fortune. The islanders of Delos were great cock-fighters; and Tanagra, a city in Bœotia, the Isle of Rhodes, Chalcis in Eubœa, and the country of Media were famous for their magnificent breed of chickens. The kingdom of Persia was probably included in the last, from whence this kind of fowl was first brought into Greece; and if we may judge of the rest, from the cocks of Rhodes and Media, the largest were deemed the most excellent, these being what our modern sportsmen term shakebags or turnpokes. The Greeks, moreover, had some method of preparing their birds for the fight, by feeding, as Columella further informs us. Cock-fighting was patronized by the Greeks as a political institution, for the purpose of instilling the seeds of valour into the minds of their youth, but was afterwards abused and perverted to a common pastime and source of gambling. As the Romans were so fond of imitating the Greeks in their bad as well as good customs, it came to them as a mere gambling sport. According to Herodian, the first cause of contention between the two brothers, Bassianus and Geta, sons of the Emperor Septimius Severus, happened in their youth about cock-fighting, which they had probably seen in Greece, whither they had often accompanied their father. It is not

known when this custom was first introduced into England, but it is attributed to the Romans. The bird was here before the landing of Julius Cæsar; but no notice of cock-fighting occurs earlier than the time of William Fitz-Stephen, who wrote the life of Archbishop Becket, in the reign of Henry II., and describes it as a sport of school boys on Shrove Tuesday. From this time it continued in a fluctuating state, sometimes in vogue, at others disapproved; and was strictly prohibited in the reigns of Edward III. and Henry VIII. It has been termed a royal diversion, and the cockpit at Whitehall was erected by a crowned head, for the more magnificent celebration of it. There were other pits in Drury Lane and Javin Street. It was abolished by Oliver Cromwell in 1664.

With respect to the breed of game-fowls, the criterion of blood in these birds before trial is "fineness of feather," "richness of plumage," "cleanness of feet," and "keenness of aspect." But there have been introduced of late years some varieties quite distinctly marked from the game-fowls of old times, viz.: "top-knots" and "muffey heads," which were quite unknown to our ancestors. To prove how highly this cruel sport was patronized, we have only to refer to the sporting literature of five and thirty years ago, when we shall

find the following public announcements:—"We understand from indisputable authority, that the Earl of Derby continues to fight the main of cocks, both at Manchester and Preston races, as hitherto, in the race weeks, and that his old favourite feeders and setters (Potter and Fleming) will be found at their post. His lordship still continues his admiration of the fancy, and has expressed his intention of witnessing the sport."

To show with what barbarity the amusement was carried on, we will give a description of a celebrated cock-fight at Newmarket for a race-horse. It is thus described:—"One of the most wonderful battles we ever heard of took place at Newmarket, for a race-horse; and as almost everyone, from the nobleman to the stable-boy, is fond of the fancy, this fight, and the prize fought for, excited an unusual desire of conquest. The royal cockpit, as built by King Charles, who frequently used to attend it, was the place of slaughter, and it was never more crowded than upon this occasion. The battle we allude to was an instance of a cock, superior to any other in that country for fighting, when standing on his legs, with his head dangling on the ground for nearly one hour, and at a hundred guineas to one against him, which was frequently laid, and afterwards, to the astonishment of all present, winning the horse.

The gallant bird was carried in triumph out of the pit, and lived to fight and win again. At this battle there were many persons most seriously injured by their bets."

Other battles are thus recorded :—"The great main of cocks, at the royal cockpit, Westminster, between the gentlemen of Essex and Middlesex, took place on Monday, and continued every succeeding evening, at half-past five o'clock, for ten guineas a battle, and 200 guineas the odds, till the Saturday night following, when Fleming, for Essex, beat Dean, for Middlesex; eleven a-head on the main, and byes even."

"There was a day's play on Monday, at the gentleman's subscription pit, Bainbridge Street, St. Giles's, for a guinea a cock the main. On the usual fighting night, Tuesday, at the same pit, for bye battles, there was very capital play, in consequence of the celebrated Mr. Fleming taking his winning cocks of the preceding night at Westminster. This gentleman astonished the fancy of St. Giles's, as he pitted his cocks against others of a pound and upwards more weight, and won almost every battle."

"To be fought at the royal cockpit, Tufton Street, Westminster, on Monday and three following days, for six guineas per battle, and 100 guineas the main, between the gentlemen of Somerset and

the gentlemen of Norfolk. There will also be, on Wednesday, the third day, a gold watch fought for, by sixteen cocks. Feeders: Briggs for Somerset, Nash for Norfolk."

The following police report will furnish another specimen of the habits and customs of England forty years ago; the culprits, although they gave plebeian names, were Corinthians of the highest order:—

"A few days since three *swells*, who *stated their names* to be Hayward, Jamieson, and Knighton, were brought in custody from the '*Roundakin*,' before Mr. Evance, at Union Hall, charged with having, in a novel sort of way, performed principal characters in '*Life in London*,' and of stealing the stock in trade of several of the conservators of nocturnal tranquillity. The case was stated by one of these worthies as follows:—"Please your honour's worship, at half-past two this morning, *these here three gemmen* was ringing the bells on my beat, which is in the Surrey Road. I tould 'un quietly to *resist*, but they wouldn't; and this is not the worst part on't, for, please your worship, they dragged the handles off; upon which, your worship, I sprung my rattle, and they then began, your worship, to show fight; and that 'ere gemman (pointing to Knighton) seized my lantern and rattle, and swore a wicked word that he had

an order for fifty *glims* and *cacklers*, and he would be d—d if his customers should not be *sarved*.” It appeared, some other of the worthy guardians coming up, a general fight took place, which ended in Tom, Jerry, and Logic capturing the following implements of the watchman’s stock in trade, viz.: three rattles, two lanterns, and a *small swish*, about five inches in circumference. However, a reinforcement of the “Charleys” arriving, a rally took place, and Messrs. Hayward, Jamieson, and Knighton were finally overpowered, and conveyed to *quod*. On being brought before the magistrate, the charge, as entered in the watch-book was read, and it imputed to them the assaulting of John Keély, Martin Briely, and others, and with force and arms, and against their will, feloniously stealing, taking, and carrying away the before-named rattles, lanterns, &c., against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King. Upon being called upon to give an answer to so grave a charge, and to account for themselves, Mr. Jamieson described himself to be a merchant’s clerk, Mr. Hayward said he was a gentleman, and Mr. Knighton followed the profession of a surgeon. They all declared the first attack had been made upon them—“upon my honour, your worship.” The magistrate reprobated in strong terms the conduct they had been guilty of,

and said he was not certain whether he should commit upon the felony or the assault. At this these worthies pricked up their ears, appeared much alarmed, and they were ordered to be put aside. They were, however, in the course of the day, allowed to apply some “*sovereign*” remedies for the injury done, and after a suitable admonition were discharged. There was scarcely a night passed without (what was then called) a spree with the Charleys; and we have often ourselves witnessed this senseless blackguard amusement when walking peaceably home to our beds. The *modus operandi* was as follows: Half-a-dozen swells proceeded to wrench off all the knockers that came in their way. If the guardians of the peace interfered, a general fight took place. Occasionally a watchman was found asleep in his box, when it was immediately upset, and the Dogberry found himself sprawling in the mud until extricated by a brother Verges. The most heartless joke was for a party to hire a hackney coach, having previously armed themselves with potatoes or penny pieces, for the purpose of breaking lamps, windows, and chemists’ glass bottles, on their drive through the main streets. This was called fun, but where the jest lay we own we never could discover.

Pugilism was in much higher favour forty

years ago than it now is, and even crowned heads patronized the ring. The proper use of the boxing-gloves was considered part of a gentleman's education, and the majority of young men about town were early taught the art of self-defence, and the knowledge of this tended to encourage the disgraceful fights that constantly took place in the streets. The Fives Court, in St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, and the Tennis Court, Windmill Street, Haymarket, afforded sparring exhibitions for the benefit of old and young stagers; the admittance was three shillings each person. On particular evenings the latter court was open by subscription amongst gentlemen. Field-Marshal Jackson had an academy at No. 9, Old Broad Street, which was accessible only to amateurs of the first order, where he gave lessons in the fistic art. Among his noble clients may be mentioned the author of "Childe Harold," who, upon more than one occasion, referred to the merits of his corporeal pastor, John Jackson. The veteran, Dan Mendoza, had also a school near the Eagle Tavern, in the City Road. Although inferior to the preceding, in the same ratio as the east is to the west end of the town, yet Dan reckoned among his pupils many dashing city blades and aspirants for pugilistic fame, he himself ranking among the best sparrers of the

day. Six lessons completed the course of practical manœuvres. We must reserve additional remarks upon the pugilistic ring for a future chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

Fishes and Fishing—Epsom in Former Times—The Rail—Cricket—Dangerous Bowling—Testimonial to Henry Ayris, Huntsman to Sir M. F. Berkeley—Over-driven Cattle—Unmerciful Conduct towards the Poor Dumb Brutes—A Well-written Epistle, in which the Author takes the Bull by the Horns—The New Irish Game Bill—Frauds at the Corner—Handsome Conduct of Messrs. Tattersall.

As the season for fishing has commenced, we cannot do better than recommend every follower of Old Izaak to supply himself with a copy of one of the most amusing and interesting works that has appeared for a long time; we allude to "Fishes and Fishing," by W. Wright, Esq., surgeon-aurist to the late royal family and the Iron Duke. The author (who is evidently a classical scholar) refers, in the introduction, to Oppian, as being the first who ever wrote upon

this piscatory subject; we quote his words:—
“Oppian was the last of the Greek poets, and flourished about 1652 years ago, in the reign of Severus Septimus, Emperor of Rome, who succeeded to the throne about A.D. 192. Oppian’s father, Agesilaus, was a man of wealth and distinction, at Anazarbus, in Cilicia, where Oppian was born, A.D. 183. Agesilaus, being of a studious and philosophical disposition, avoided the fatigue and hurry of public meetings; and when the emperor, in his progress through Cilicia, entered Anazarbus, the old gentleman hoped his studious habits would excuse his attendance on Severus. But the emperor, being of a very tyrannical disposition, considered the non-attendance of Agesilaus as a mark of such disrespect that he banished him to the Isle of Malta. Oppian, with filial piety, accompanied his father in his exile, and there wrote his ‘Halieuticks; or, the nature of fishes and fishing’—thought to be one of the finest remains of antiquity. According to the custom of those times, Oppian recited his Halieuticks in a public theatre, before the emperor, who was so delighted with the sweetness of the composition, the novelty of the subject, and probably the flattery of himself, and his son, Caracalla (who reigned jointly with his father), diffused throughout the whole poem, that in order also to support

his character as a patron of learning, of which he was proud, he desired Oppian to ask what he would—nothing should be denied to him. Oppian prayed for the restoration of his father to liberty, and to his country; the emperor not only granted this, but presented him with 3,506 staters of gold, each stater being about 16*s.* 4*d.*, or together then of the value of 2,863*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.*” The author then proceeds to describe the death of the talented ichthyologist at the early age of thirty, and refers to the works written by him during that brief but glorious career. Throughout the whole volume Mr. Wright has proved himself to be the Oppian of our day; he treats of fish and fishing in a manner worthy of the Greek poet above mentioned, interspersing the work with practical hints upon angling and fly-fishing, anecdotes of celebrated followers of Cotton, and events that have occurred to the author throughout his piscatory career.

What a contrast is there between the Epsom meetings of the present day and those of five-and-twenty years ago! It was only last year that I proceeded to the races by the rail. Upon reaching the Universal Coach Office, Regent Circus, instead of finding, as one was wont to do in by-gone times, some neat four-horse coach, ready to bowl away down the road at the rate of ten

miles an hour, I found a crazy-looking omnibus, which, for the small consideration of sixpence, landed me at the London Bridge Station. No sooner had I made my way through a dense crowd, in which struggle my best velvet hat was crushed, my frock-coat torn, and my pocket-handkerchief extracted, than I found myself thrust into a third-class carriage, having paid for a first. On taking my place, with (like an old stager) my back to the horses—engine I mean—I fell into a profound reverie upon the road and rail—trains and teams—iron rails and iron greys—smoke and smoking steeds. Just as a vision of Dick Vaughan flitted by me, neatly handling the ribands, and giving his “tits,” three chestnuts and a bay, a *spurt* over the heath, up started a guard, sootably dressed in a brickdust-coloured red coat, gave a shrill whistle, and away started the “Fire-fly” engine, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, leaving the passengers to imagine themselves, from the noise of the rail, the smell of the oil, and the odour of the sulphur, at the last scene of some terrific equestrian melodramatic performance at Astley’s. One great drawback to pleasure in railroad travelling is the absence of all incident and anecdote. Who that remembers the box seat with Stevenson, St. Vincent Cotton, Charles Jones, Apperley, R.

Walker, Peers, Snow, Jack Adams, Bramble, Faulkner, *cum multis aliis* of noble and gentle blood, can forget the jest, the story, the laugh, that went round to beguile the fleeting hours? Then, as we drove through the towns, the villages, and the hamlets, the "shooter's" merry horn attracting hundreds of bright eyes to get a sly peep at the passengers; then the momentary stop for changing horses, during which a glass of ale was quaffed, and a mild Havannah lit; then the stand-up lunch at the bar of some clean rural way-side house, with a blooming Hebe at the bar, dispensing smiles and draughts of nectar, in the shape of "home-brewed," "cold without," "hot with," or the more refined beverages of "sherry and soda," negus, perry, or cider. Compare this with the somewhat ironical notice posted on the railway carriages and engine, "No *smoking* allowed;" or to the refreshments that await you at the station-houses, where you see some superannuated apple-woman, or a lout of a boy, presiding over a small canvas stall, in which are ostentatiously displayed sour oranges, acrid damsons, unripe apples, tasteless pears, greasy tartlets, indigestible gingerbread, stale Bath buns, rancid Banbury cakes, weak imperial pop, tepid lemonade, saccharine bulls' eyes, strong peppermint drops, bitter caraway comfits, black burned

almonds, sticky lollypops, and underbaked biscuits. The very last time I travelled to the Downs *viâ* rail, a thirsty farmer, who, by his appearance, looked as if he had imbibed "potations pottle deep" of strong ale, merely "to irrigate the clay," or metaphorically, "just to cool the coppers," called for a bottle of soda-water, and tendered half-a-crown to the antiquated hag who superintended the fixed air and water department; "Here, John," she cried to a young imp who was carrying about a basket of oranges, "change for half-a-crown." "Yes, grandmother," responded the urchin, fumbling in his leather apron for two shillings and sixpence, but, like the hero of one of Haynes Bailey's pathetic ballads, "they found no *change* in him." In the meantime, whiz went the cork, nearly to the detriment of the old lady's eye, and before the fiery-looking tiller of the soil could get the mug to his lips, the shrill whistle was heard, and away we went like "meteors through the sky." "Stop, stop," cried the thirsty soul, unable to bring the effervescent draught to his parched lips. "My mug," shouted the harridan. "Here's your change," squealed the lad. "I'm dang'd if they han't got my half-crown," growled the farmer, dashing the crockery against the brick-work of a tunnel we had entered. Such are the discomforts of railway

travelling, especially on the Derby-day, as you lose all the fun of the road; but, on the other hand, be it said, the delight of finding yourself safely landed at Epsom in a fourth of the time you would be going on wheels, makes up in some degree for the disadvantages.

To those who prefer the gentle craft to the more exciting amusement of racing, the present month will furnish excellent fishing; a trip to Scotland, Ireland, or Wales will amply repay the follower of old Isaac, and it will be his own fault if he does not find first-rate sport during his wanderings. Let him, however, bear in mind that tackle which suits the South may require some change in the North, and we therefore strongly recommend him to study some practical book upon the subject, or, what is still better, take the advice of a friend who is accustomed to the expansive waters of the Scottish, Irish, and Welsh lakes and rivers. May is a spawning month with many fish, and particularly up to the first week, more especially when it succeeds to a backward spring, which will add a fortnight to the spawning season. The state of the water will also produce the same effect, when winter floods have been long detained by late additions, and the water prevented from clearing by a wet spring. Many fish delay their spawning, having an

instinctive dread that the clearing away of the flood may draw off the gravel which is to protect their ova. Roach, carp, tench, bream, gudgeons, will take the usual baits with tolerable eagerness; the trout now will afford much sport, and the patient angler or more exalted fly-fisher will be rewarded for his courage in braving the cold biting winds of this month of the muses.

There is no season, however varied, to which the sportsman may not adapt his pursuits, and find full scope and exercise for his talents. Although hunting and shooting no longer can be enjoyed, the manly sons of Britain may find amusement in the good old game of cricket; the expert marksman may have a good day with the rooks; and the more sedate lover of nature may contemplate its beauties with his rod and line.

Much attention has been called to the modern practice of throwing instead of bowling the ball, a custom not only truly dangerous, but one that in a great measure destroys the science of the game. The cricketers of bygone times, the late Dukes of Richmond and Hamilton, the Earls of Winchelsea and Darnley, Lord Frederick Beauclerk, and others, did not think it necessary to encase themselves in tubular india-rubber gloves and leg-guards, but appeared in their white duck

trousers and jackets, with no other implements of defence against the flying ball save those which nature had given them; and yet the game was quite as well played as it is in the present day. A man now goes in with the fear of having his human stumps shattered, an arm broken, or one of his optics damaged; and unless his temperament is entirely free from all nervous apprehension, we question much whether he could attend to rule the first in batting, which, according to a well-known authority, runs as follows:—

“Fix your right foot just near enough to the crease to be put in your ground, and as near the black hole as you can, without being before either stump; then fix your left foot slightly on the ground, as wide as you conveniently can, immediately between yourself and the bowler.” This quaint author then proceeds:—“Now stand up on the carpet for attitudinizing; take some mark in the seam as the spot for fixing your right foot, and place the left on another part of the same seam; never mind appearing awkward. You will now find that you have more power to hit on the ‘off side’ than on the ‘on.’ Secondly, that your left shoulder will be sufficiently forward to prevent you from swinging up your bat towards the ceiling. Now, probably, it seems to you that you are cramped, and not as free as you used to be.

Quite so; before, you were free to play badly, now you are constrained to play correctly. This, then, will be the first lesson. Stand fixed according to these directions, and poke away as clumsily as may be, day after day, till you have played some eight or nine hundred balls, taking care never once to allow the point of your bat to be turned the least upward. A little of this exercise will lead you into old Nyren's rule of keeping the left elbow well up, and nearly in the direction of the bowler." Now, I think I hear you say, "Did ever anyone see a good player in such an attitude, poking and pushing, rather than hitting freely?" You must know that a man of elegant deportment never puts himself into the attitudes of the drill-sergeant; yet, however forced and awkward those movements at first appear, the habits they produce are consistent at once with elegance and ease. The case is the same with cricket; the movements enjoined will at first seem awkward enough, yet the habits proceeding from them will give great power and facility in hitting. So much, then, for my first rule. Attempt nothing till this, which I call my drilling exercise, has taught you to hit with your bat upright, and its point never as near the bowler as its shoulder. It teaches to cover the ball, a point in which the best players occasion-

ally err. We now subjoin the able letters of Mr. Bishop, of Bond Street, with this remark, that if the present system of bowling is continued, we should strongly advise that suits of armour from the Tower of London be forwarded to all the members of Lord's and other cricketing clubs. Indeed, the Household Brigade might turn out in jack-boots, gauntlets, cuirasses, and helmets to contend against the Zingari in chain hauberks, steel head-pieces, and iron armlets:—

“DEAR BELL,

“I have seen many letters in your paper of late on the system of bowling now in fashion; and, as this is a subject which has occupied much of my attention, I shall feel obliged by your letting me have my say. That the over-hand throwing is dangerous to the batsmen I think nobody, even among the professional players who are interested in the continuance of that system, will attempt to deny. Nothing more forcibly illustrates this fact than does the universal repugnance to stand before an over-hand bowler, except in a regular match. A gentleman, who is a member of Lord's, and a first-rate player to boot, told me that once at practice one of these high bowlers asked whether he would like to take a few balls. ‘Oh, dear no!’ was the answer. ‘If I have to meet you in

the field, I must take my chance. That would be another matter entirely.' The feeling among amateurs in general is accurately represented by this reply. There are many who like to play cricket as a game, but decline to practise it as a science involving considerable personal risk. Those who may have a fancy for incurring bodily injuries may do so to better effect in a stand-up fight. How many fathers do I know who, without desiring to see their sons milksops, pray that they may never take a bat in hand until an alteration in the laws of cricket shall have taken place. The Hon. Robert Grimston, than whom no one is better qualified to take the matter in hand, has given notice of his intention to propose a change in the law No. 10. The terms of his suggestion are as follow:—The ball must be bowled. If thrown or jerked, or if the bowler, in preparing to deliver, or in the actual delivery of the ball, shall raise his hand or arm above his shoulder, the umpire shall call 'no ball.' To this proposition I see your correspondent, Mr. Letby, only in part gives his assent. He thinks that the ball should be delivered with the hand below the shoulder, but that no restraint ought to be put on the bowler beyond the enforcement of this rule; that is to say, *before* the actual moment of delivery, the should hand be above the point indicated.

Mr. Letby, in effect, contends that the bowler has a right to exercise any peculiar knack he may possess of giving the ball a greater impetus; and that, so long as he adheres to the principle of delivering the ball with the low hand, he may, in the act of giving it force, lift his hand as high above the shoulder as he pleases. Why, sir, that is the very point of the objection! It is this mode of giving terrific power to the jerk or throw which we condemn. As a fact, very few of the high bowlers deliver the ball from a point above the line of the shoulder; nor is it of any great consequence whether they do or not. It is in the way of acquiring the momentum that their dangerous advantage lies. As for the argument that round bowling is necessary in order to give the deceptive bias, I do not see that it has anything to do with the question of high bowling. This is entirely a matter of giving force to the ball. When this terrible custom is practised by a left-handed bowler, the danger is increased. The batsman cannot tell how the ball is to come; for standing before a left-handed bowler is like sparring with a cross-eyed man. I trust, sir, that the names of those noblemen and gentlemen who have interested themselves in the projected alteration will have their due influence. It is from such quarters that we must look for the laws of

the game. With the utmost good feeling to professional players I say it, the patrons of cricket are those best qualified to form and amend its rules. Among the prominent advocates of the change of system are Sir Frederick Bathurst, the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, and the gentleman I have named as the proposer of a new law to supersede that which is now in operation. Let us, then, hope to see cricket once again, as it deserves to be, the foremost of national games. Let us hope, I say, that, under an improved, or rather a restored system, umpires will do their duty honestly and fearlessly. Let players go to the wicket as they used years ago, cheerfully and with their limbs and bodies unencumbered by pads and guards of every conceivable description. The sight of a man so encased is of itself a sufficient suggestion of the danger he is about to tempt.

“Yours, &c.,

“WILLIAM BISHOP.

“170, New Bond Street.”

The above sensible letter has met the full approbation of the Marylebone club, and been influential in bringing about a change in the cricketing law therein referred to. The meeting at Lord's, on the 5th of May last, to take into consideration the proposal of the Hon. Robert Grim-

ston, was unanimous on the subject, not a single hand being held up in favour of the practice so strongly reprehended by Mr. Bishop, who does but give utterance to common sense when he argues that a gentleman who may wish to play the manly game of cricket cannot be reasonably expected to pay a professional bowler for the mere privilege of standing in jeopardy of life and limb from that bowler's violent and unfair hurling of the ball.

An interesting event to the sporting world took place at the Plough Hotel, Cheltenham, last season, namely, the presentation to Mr. Henry Ayris (better known by the name of Harry), huntsman to the Berkeley Hounds, of a splendid silver tankard, and a purse of two hundred sovereigns, the result of a subscription entered into by a number of gentlemen and tradesmen who had appended their names to a circular which was to the following effect:—"To Mr. Henry Ayris, huntsman to the Berkeley Hounds.—It having been intimated that the Berkeley Fox Hounds will discontinue hunting the Cheltenham country at the end of this season, and considering that for thirty years and upwards you have been their huntsman, and the universal satisfaction you have given,—we, the undersigned, feel it to be a fitting opportunity to testify our respect for you, in the shape of a

purse containing a subscription of the sums set opposite our names, and of which we beg your acceptance, with the sincere expression of our hearty wishes for your future welfare.—November 25th, 1857.” The response to the above was the handsome sum of nearly two hundred and fifty pounds, which, after deducting the necessary expenses and the purchase of the cup, amounted to the sum above mentioned. The tankard, of massive silver, highly chased, was supplied by Messrs. Martin and Baskett, of the Promenade, the Hunt and Roskill of this celebrated Spa. It bore the following inscription:—Presented to Henry Ayris, together with a purse of two hundred sovereigns, by the members and friends of the “Berkeley Hunt,” on his leaving the Cheltenham country, which he had hunted for the late Earl Fitzhardinge for upwards of 25 years. May 15th, 1858. After the meeting had resolved itself into a business attitude, Captain J. Probyn, who had been voted to the chair, in making the presentation, addressed the recipient in the most flattering terms. In reply, Mr. Ayris, who appeared not a little overcome by the warmth of feeling evinced by the gallant officer, and the friends around him, spoke as follows:—“Gentlemen,—I hope you will excuse me if I overrun the line a little—(a laugh)—and do not

recover it, for you have put such a ticklish fence before me, that I shall never get over it—(renewed laughter)—and that is to find words in which to express my gratitude for the very handsome present you now offer me. Gentlemen, I have been with you thirty-two years—one year as second whip, five as first whip, and twenty-six as huntsman. (Cheers.) If, during that period, I at any time said a wrong word, likely to offend, I much regret it, and would ask you to forget it—(cheers)—for under all circumstances it was always my greatest wish to show you good sport. (Hear, hear.) But there have been days and times that beat both hounds and huntsman, and when we did fail, I hope it was not from a want of energy on my part, or perseverance of the hounds. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) I think that during the twenty-six years I have had the honour to be huntsman to the pack, I have shown you—according to the number of days we have hunted—a fair average of sport—(Hear, hear)—although the last season beat both huntsmen and hounds, and I hope our successors may hunt the country as long as my late master did. (Hear, hear.) It may be possible to find as good a sportsman, but never can there be a better. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Colmore has rather a hard man to follow, but with your assistance, gentle-

men, I have no doubt he will be able to carry on well. He has got a rough country, plenty of foxes—and good foxes too—and the best lot of farmers in England to support him. (Continued cheering.) Gentlemen, I can only say I am truly sorry to leave you, and beg most sincerely to thank you for all your kindness.” (Cheers.) At the conclusion of the above eloquent and manly speech, Harry was enthusiastically cheered, and the cordial “grip” of the hand from those old friends who had ridden many a gallant run with this truly popular huntsman proved that their hearts were in the right place. Ayris still remains in the service of that distinguished master of foxhounds, Sir Maurice Berkeley, and has shown admirable sport during the last season.

“Beef and Liberty” is the burthen of a ditty weekly sung at the Beef-steak Club, and unquestionably the above are the characteristics of Old England. We glory in the name of “John Bull,”—we feel proud at being called “Rosbif”—we revel in our indigenous fare, and prefer a joint, or tender, juicy, marrowy steak from the loin, to all the foreign *fricasées* in the world. But we shall soon have little cause to boast of our Sunday fare, if some check is not put to the shameful manner in which the beasts are over-driven and

under-watered when on their way to the slaughter houses. Mr. Bishop, of Bond Street, the terror of dog stealers, has taken up the cudgels for the poor animals, as will appear by the following sensible letter, addressed to the public :—

“CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

“No person of any feeling can have failed to notice, and to have had his humanity outraged, by the sight of cattle, on their journey to the shambles, enduring the terribly evident pain of extreme thirst. I have seen them try to drink mud—thick, black, London mud. But why insist upon a truth notorious to everybody who has walked the streets on market day? The inflamed starting eyes, the swollen and protruding tongue, the distended nostrils, the heaving flank, the staggering knees, are signs of a physical condition which is that of nearly every beast killed for the food of this great city. I speak of common appearances; but I might also mention the not unfrequent accidents caused by these poor brutes when maddened by want of drink. Were they to attack the authors of their misery, perhaps we should not have occasion to grieve; but it so happens that innocent pedestrians are generally sufferers in these cases. As a sub-

scriber to the Society for the Protection of Animals, I might complain that the officers of that institution dedicate all their vigilance and all their activity to exceptional cases of cruelty, but I will 'waive the quantum of the sin,' and merely suggest the folly of a system which must inevitably affect the health of a meat-fed population—the fevered ox becomes feverous beef, and is thus taken into the human organism. 'What is one man's meat is every man's poison.' I know there was once an ignorant idea among butchers that the flesh of beasts is deteriorated by their being allowed to drink within a certain number of hours before they are brought under the knife or poleaxe. That foolish notion is now pretty nearly dissipated; and I believe the cause of that drought from which cattle are compelled to suffer is to be found in the shamefully defective arrangements at those halting places where the poor beasts remain during Sunday, after their journey from remote spots to the London market, held on the following day. Look at the arrangements which are now in force at Tottenham. There are pumps and troughs all out of order, and the cattle which arrive there one single minute after the clock strikes twelve on Saturday night must remain in the pens for twenty-four hours, according to a formal notice. I have

means of knowing for a certainty that some hundreds of these beasts, and particularly those which have travelled from Holland, and from distant parts of the United Kingdom, have been without water for two and even three days. A long and hot summer is expected. Let the persons appointed to supervise the cattle penned up during Sunday be warned in time. Let some provision be made to lessen the punishment of these horned offenders against religious punctilio. Because they arrive weary and footsore at an hour which trenches upon the strict letter of the Sabbath, it is hard that they should suffer the most horrible of deprivations throughout the day of rest and holiness. But, as I have said, the humane view of the question does not enter into my argument so deeply as does the consideration that under present circumstances there must be an enormous quantity of vitiated meat brought to the block. When the health of a whole city is at stake, the matter is rather more serious than the over-driving of a costermonger's donkey, or the working of a cab-horse with a sore on his shoulder.

“WM. BISHOP.

“170, New Bond Street.”

A new Game Law Bill for Ireland was brought in last year by Mr. S. B. Miller and Mr.

Hans Hamilton, who represents Dublin county. Its object is to consolidate and amend the Game Laws applicable to the sister kingdom. Certain portions of obsolete statutes are repealed, including one of the reign of Richard III., one of Edward IV., and one of William III., of "glorious, pious, and immortal memory." "Game" is to include hares, grouse, pheasants, partridges, black game, quail; and the season for shooting the respective birds is defined. Possession of game is declared illegal after ten days, in the case of dealers, and after forty days, in the case of other persons, from the close of the season. The right of killing game, when reserved, will appertain to the landlord exclusively, and he may authorize others to kill it. The occupier, in this case, will be liable to a fine of two pounds, and also five shillings for every head of game by him killed; five shillings per egg is the penalty of destroying the eggs of game. From one to five pounds is the penalty for killing game without a certificate. Trespassers in search of game may be fined, and if they refuse to leave the premises, arrested.

We are happy to see that some most sensible letters have appeared in the *Times* newspaper, respecting that baneful system which has so long been carried on at Messrs. Tattersalls'; we allude

to noblemen and gentlemen advertising their racing or hunting studs to be sold "without reserve," when the sole object is to part with the "screws." The worthy proprietors of the "Corner" express their readiness to carry out any reasonable suggestions which may be offered to remedy the evil complained of, and from their well-known honourable character, we have no doubt they will act up to their declaration. To our mind, the remedy is simple. Let Messrs. Tattersall refuse to sell any horses unless the owners issue instructions as to the terms upon which they are to be sold. Let those terms be declared from the rostrum, as each animal is brought out; and should the owner, after stating that there is to be "no reserve," employ agents to buy in any portion of his stud, let his name be posted in large characters under the fox, an appropriate emblem for so wily and subtle a character.

CHAPTER VIII.

Hampton Races — Fashionable Assemblage — Gastronomy — More about the Four-in-Hand Club — Cricket — Racing — Sporting Monarchs — Worcester Races — Sir M. F. Berkeley's Hounds — Pigeon Shooting — Goodwood Cup — Mr. Rarey and his Ten Guinea Subscription — "Secrets" *not* "worth knowing" at that price — A Steel Yacht — Cricket — The Sailing Match to Cherbourg for the Emperor's prize — Yachting in the Olden Time — The Turf — Recent Acquisitions — Speed of By-gone Race-horses.

MOULSEY Hurst, formerly the scene of many a manly pugilistic encounter, can now annually boast of a large assemblage of beauty and fashion attracted there for the more peaceful amusement of racing. The sight of the P. C. ring is now occupied by betting men — the stakes and ropes encircle a large portion of the course, instead of a small space of four-and-twenty feet — Bill Gibbon's "occupation's gone" — fleet-footed steeds contend

for prizes where once the pet of the light weights fought his way manfully—beer is now drawn where “claret” was formerly “tapped”—the starter’s flag floats proudly where the “bird’s eye,” or pink and white “fogles” of the fistic competitors fluttered in the breeze—the bottle and sponge are used for quadrupeds, not bipeds—and the blood-stained trophies of old Moulsey have given way to the peaceful laurels that grace the winners at Hampton.

Return we to the last Cup day. The morning was lovely, and, as we heard it remarked, “was hot enough to fry a pancake.” Probably, when the dog-days set in, we shall require fur coats and macintoshes, for such is our English climate, which is as capricious as a coquette—now fair, now cloudy, now bright, now sunshine, now stormy, now smiles, now tears! But, as a matter of course, return we to the—we were about unwittingly to perpetrate a pun, and say—course, so will substitute—Hurst. Well, the Hurst was crowded in every part; all sorts of vehicles, from the Whitechapel cart to the aristocratic barouche-and-four, were there, and dense lines of carriages extended along the course. The Stewards’ Stand was filled, as well as the private ones, which, to use a coaching phrase, were “booked full inside and out.” It would be a curious speculation to

ascertain the number of tongues, chickens, and bottles of champagne that were put "*hors de combat*" during the day; and the different repasts, from that of the "plebeian cad" under the carriage, to that of the patrician in the well appointed "drag," would furnish a good gastronomic article for the periodical literature of the day. See the former, with a robust appetite, and that feeling of hunger which furnishes a sauce that Lea and Perrin, of Worcester, could not exceed, enjoying an inch and a half of "Polony" sausage, a crust of dry bread, a bit of a knuckle of ham, and the remnant of a bottle of "Sillery," which the liberality of some "gentleman's gentleman" has thrown him. "Washy sort of stuff this," says he to his comrade; "not to be compared to a glass of 'half-and-half.'" A party in a taxed cart, "under the lee" of the swell four-in-hand, overhear the remark, and extend their bounty to the "cads" in the shape of some bottled stout, and remnants of cold beef. "Ah, this is something like," say the delighted recipients. "Beef, beer, and old England for ever!" Humble as has been this repast, we doubt very much whether any Corinthian pillars of the state enjoyed their iced champagne, their claret, and cider cup, their *pâtés de foie gras*, their *gelatines*, their ham and chickens, more than did the party we have described. It always

reminds one of the story of the alderman (rather Joe Millerish) who, when told by a mendicant that he was famishing with hunger, exclaimed, "Lucky dog, I have not felt hungry for the last five years."

There can be no doubt that the expulsion of the thimble-riggers, and the removal of the gambling booths, have tended considerably to take away a great deal of the spirit and fun of the racecourse, not that we for a moment wish this pernicious system of robbing to be again resorted to; and we heartily tender our thanks to Sir James Graham for the uncompromising manner in which he, as Secretary of State for the Home Department, put an end to the nuisance. Still it has knocked off a considerable degree of life. The absence, however, of such dens of infamy has been compensated for, by the increase of eating and other booths, which keep up the bustle of the scene, and amuse those who are not devoted to the racing itself. A great portion of the Hurst represented a large fair; there were temporary Almack's, where the dancing—ah! "*parlez moi, Dolly, de ça*"—was kept up with the greatest spirit; polkas, quadrilles, reels, and country dances; there were stalls for nuts, shrimps, gingerbread, sausages, fried eels, oranges, periwinkles, toys, bull's eyes, roast potatoes, and other

comestibles. Then there was the usual number of *solicitors* and *special-pleaders* in the shape of soldiers who had never heard a shot fired, and sailors who knew nothing of the "briny." The halt, the maimed, the blind, the fatherless, the motherless, widows, orphans, babes in arms, children, gipsies, tramps, and cadgers were "plentiful as blackberries." There were to be seen conjurors, tumblers, prize-fighters, acrobats, ballad-singers, mountebanks, fortune-tellers, blacklegs, and their "betters."

The rage for driving is now nearly as much in vogue as it was five-and-forty years ago, when the Whip Club flourished under their leader, Mr. Charles Buxton, and it may not here be uninteresting to give a description of the four-in-hand teams, and the costumes of the drivers:—

Mr. Buxton's	barouche landau,	four bays.
Lord Portarlington's	do.	do.
Lord Hawkes'	do.	do.
Sir H. V. Tempest's	do.	do.
Mr. Champion's	do.	do.
Mr. Wallace's	do.	do.
Captain Agar's	do.	four greys.
Lord E. Somerset's	do.	four bays.
Sir T. Mostyn's	do.	do.
Lord Foley's	do.	do.
Mr. J. Ward's	do.	do.
Mr. Annesley's	do.	four roans.

The principal carriages were painted bright

yellow—hung high with arms and crests on the door panels. In the harness, the Buxton bit, Hawke head territ, the Butler bearing-hook, and the Rogers' ring were the fashion. The arms and crests were richly embossed on the winkers, pads, nose bands, and breast-plates, while scollop shells on the hame tugs were substituted for the scroll ornaments in chased work which had previously been in the ascendant. The dress of the gentlemen drivers was as follows:—A light drab-coloured cloth coat, made full, single-breasted, with three tiers of pockets, the skirts reaching to the ankles; mother-of-pearl buttons of the size of crown pieces, engraved with coaching, shooting, hunting, coursing, and racing sketches; waistcoat, blue and yellow stripe, each stripe an inch in depth; small clothes, corded silk plush, made to button over the calf of the leg, with sixteen strings, and rosettes to each knee; the boots being short, and finished with very broad straps, which hung over the tops and down to the ankles; a hat three inches and a half deep in the crown only, and the same depth in the brim, with large bouquets at the breast. Although “comparisons are odious,” or, as Mrs. Malaprop calls them, “odorous,” we venture to say that the “teams” of 1859 are as superior to those of 1813, as the present gas jets are to the dim oily rays of those unenlightened

days. Where can a neater and a more aristocratic "turn-out" be found than that of the ducal Plantagenet, the late Master of Her Majesty's Horse? What can exceed the action of Mr. Craven's leaders?—or the workman-like manner in which Lord Sefton handles his well-bred ones?

Despite the *mauvaise odeur* into which the turf had got, in consequence of the doings of some of the black sheep that will be found in every flock, it has rallied wonderfully this year, as the past meetings of Epsom, Ascot, Hampton, and the entries for Goodwood will prove. The success of these races has been duly recorded in the columns of the sporting papers; it remains, then, for us to refer back to the turf of bygone days. We have already remarked that there are no means of ascertaining the period at which horse-racing commenced in England. There are, however, authentic records still existing, describing a meeting at Epsom during the reign of Henry the Second. London, too, was a place of sport, as may be gathered from the following remarks of an old writer:—"It was customary for the young citizens of London to ride out into the fields every Sunday during Lent for diversion. Some were armed with lances and shields, and exhibited a sort of tournament; others, generally boys, rode races. A signal being given, they set off at full speed,

urging their horses with shouts and clamour, as well as with whip and spurs. When the court was near, the nobility witnessed these performances, which generally took place at Smithfield, then called Smoothfield, from its being a smooth, level piece of ground, and, therefore, set apart as a proper spot on which to show and exercise horses. It was then, as it is now, a market for horses." Under Henry the Eighth the traces are more clearly defined. "Bluff Harry patronized the Chester and Stamford meetings, which might have been called steeple-chases, for there were some stiff fences on the race course. The prizes, like those of the Olympic Games, were valuable only for the honour due to the conquerors, who received a small wooden bell ornamented with flowers. We question much whether such rewards would suit the victors of our times, who require rather more weighty and substantial returns for their outlay. James the First, or Queen James, as the lampooners of that day styled His Majesty, established a regular organization for these matters. There were fixed periods for the races to take place. Racecourses were laid out at Newmarket, Croydon, and Enfield Chase, and a silver bell was substituted for the former wooden one. In the distracted reign of Charles the First, little attention was paid to the breed of horses or establish-

ment of races. Cromwell, Roundhead as he was, had a number of brood mares. As a sportsman, however, the Protector must yield to his equerry, whose famous horse, "Place's White Turk," is well known in the annals of the ancient turf. After Cromwell came Charles the Second, and from this period horse-racing may date the importance which it has ever since maintained. It may not be here out of place to remark that two of the descendants of the merry monarch have been the greatest supporters of the turf in our days; we allude to the present Duke of Richmond, and the late Duke of Grafton. To return to their ancestor; upon ascending the throne he found heavy chargers, blowing like grampuses, struggling against Flemish hunters, which in our palmy days of Melton would have been dubbed dray horses. Charles re-established the races which had been instituted at Newmarket by James the First, and which had been interrupted by the "crop-eared knave," Cromwell. He also introduced the system of giving prizes of value, and set the example by presenting a silver cup, of the value of a hundred guineas, to be run for. The era of thorough-bred horses on the turf, and *fast ones* off it, may be said to have commenced under the reign of this jovial sovereign. His Majesty's stables contained some superb Arabian stallions,

and he despatched his Master of the Horse, Sir Christopher Wyvil, in search of some thoroughbred mares. Sir Christopher set out on his travels, but whether he went to Arabia, Andalusia, Persia, Tartary, or India, history doth not record; certain, however, it is, that he returned to England with a string of very beautiful animals, which were henceforth denominated the "Royal Mares." We pass over the reigns of the bigot, James the Second, Mary, and William the Third (who, be it said, increased the number of royal plates, and frequently visited Newmarket), and come to that of Queen Anne, merely to record an event which took place at York, 1714, three days before the death of Her Majesty, and which led to a remark that the Queen had won a race after her demise. In those days we need scarcely remind our readers that telegraphs and railroads were not even in prospective existence, and that travelling was not what it is in our time; the result of the race was, therefore, not known until many days after the royal death. According to the calendar, the race appears as follows:—

"Friday, the 30th July, 1714, a Plate of £40, for aged horses; 11 st. each; four mile heats.

Her Majesty Queen Anne's b. h. Star	4	3	1	1
The Lord Chamberlain's ch. h. Merlin	1	2	3	2

(As a matter of course this official could not allow

his horse to come in before Her Majesty's, however often he may have preceded her himself on state occasions.)

Hon. Mr. Cecil's ch. h. Creeper	2	1	2	3
Mr. Bouchier's b. g. Harmless	3	4	4	dr.
Sir W. Blakett's ch. h. Squirrel	5	5	6	dr.

Merlin was lame at starting." Had the Society for the Suppression of cruelty to animals existed in those days, the Lord Chamberlain would probably have been had up before the magistrates for running his crippled horse sixteen miles for the paltry sum of forty pounds. Previous to this, in 1712, Queen Anne's gr. g. Pepper was beat for Her Majesty's Gold Cup at York; and in 1713, the Queen's nutmeg gr. h. Mustard (what spicy names!) was nowhere in the same race. During this reign, Arabian Darby, sister to Turk, bought by the Duke of Berwick at the siege of Buda, and Curwen's Barb, presented to Louis the Fourteenth by the Emperor of Morocco, and eventually brought to this country, obtained great celebrity. Arabian Darby may be considered as the sire of a breed of horses which have ever since remained unrivalled. George the First and George the Second encouraged the breed of horses, and the efforts of the latter monarch were rewarded by his good fortune in securing the Godolphin Arabian, which was taken out of a heavy cart that he was

dragging about the streets of Paris, and was brought over to this country. Eugene Sue, the celebrated French novelist, has most graphically recorded the "ups and downs" of this far-famed Eastern animal. George the Third cared little for horse-racing. The career of his son, George the Fourth, on the turf, is of too recent a date to require any notice. William, the Sailor King, although not fond of racing, attended Ascot, and encouraged sport by keeping a good stud, and entertaining the members of the Jockey Club annually at dinner. Queen Victoria has also bestowed her patronage upon the turf, by increasing the number of royal plates, by honouring Epsom with her presence, and by attending Ascot, and having the Castle full of company during that meeting.

The July meeting at Newmarket, and the annual summer gathering at Worcester, were last year held in the same week. Not being gifted with the powers of ubiquity, we selected the latter place, having a great love for that county, which has been aptly called the garden of England, and which, in addition to the richest fruits of the soil, yields the most practically valuable mineral productions. The total acreage of the county, exclusive of roads and rivers, is 431,616, and by far the larger portion of this surface is devoted to

agriculture. According to one of the best authorities who has written upon the subject, it appears that the average yield per acre throughout the vale of Evesham is about twenty-seven bushels in wheat, thirty-two in barley, forty in oats, twenty-seven in beans; and that there has been an increase of fully 15 per cent. in the wheat and barley crops, and of 10 per cent. in the bean crop, within the last twenty or twenty-five years. Hops, however, for which this country has been, and still is, so famous, have, to a great extent, gone out of cultivation; and while, at the beginning of the century, some 6,000 acres were devoted to their growth, there are now not more than 1,625 acres of hop plantation.

Return we to the races, at which, thanks to the example set by the young Earl of Coventry, and followed by others, of having his house full, the meeting was excellent; the several stakes were well filled and closely contended for; and the gentleman jockey-race for the cup, won by Captain Little, displayed first-rate riding. Nor were the humbler classes excluded from the fun, for there was a large fair established for them, which reminded us of the good old gatherings of the bygone times. There might be seen Mr. Bennett's Victoria Theatre, with a strong company of players—the royal circus—flying ships—

merry-go-rounds—sandwiches for the million, one penny each—ices at the same small price—purveyors of round and sound cherries, twopence a pound—lemonade, a halfpenny a glass—portrait rooms, photographic saloons, frame and likeness one shilling—perambulating piemen—the strolling minstrels—pugilists—exhibitions of the fall of Savastopol—battles of Alma and Inkermann—shooting galleries—gambling tables—gingerbread stalls, and refreshment-rooms. As we happened to be caught in a sharp shower, my friend and myself took shelter in the Victoria Theatre, where we understood Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet, a ballet, and a comic pantomine were to be performed for the small charge of sixpence, boxes, and threepence, gallery. Upon entering the canvas-roofed building, we found that the bill we had seen outside was for the evening, and that for the morning a new striking terrific melodrama was to be represented, entitled, "The Heroine of the Cross, and the Fiend of Hapsburg; or, the Mysterious Freebooter." The house was crowded; and as we took our seats, the orchestra, consisting of a squeaking fiddle and two spasmodic clarionets, struck up a symphony. The drop scene, which looked like a Moorish temple placed in the Lake of Lausanne, drew up, and discovered the heroine, a lady of a certain, or rather uncer-

tain age, dressed in red and black cotton velvet, with her lover, *Almeiro*, a youth in a faded silk tunic, vowing "h'eternal constancy," and threatening "vengeance to the h'usurper fiend, whose reckless conduct had spread desolation throughout the unhappy country of 'Apsburg." The *Countess Vivalda* proceeds on her journey to see a venerable parent, accompanied by the two comic characters, *Paddy O'Shillaley*, an Irish peasant, and *Barney Barebones*, a hungry follower, who never uttered a sentence without expressing, in rather vulgar terms, his wish "to fill his inner man." On the road to the castle the *cortége* is attacked by the fiend and his partizans, when a general fight takes place. *Rinaldo*, the fiend, declares that *Vivalda* is doomed to be his "h'own," and that sooner than see her the bride of another, he would murder her on the spot. At this crisis, the lover, who had followed his "h'affianced one," rushes in, and a single combat ensues; *Almeiro* is disarmed and conveyed to prison, where he hears the groans of the *Countess Vivalda* in the next cell. Of course they are both rescued by *O'Shillaley*, *Barebones* is promised a "good blow out," the fiend is killed, and the lovers made happy. An underplot of a scheming retainer and a pert Abigail proved a great delight to the gallery. A ballet followed, and the performance

concluded with a pantomime, called "The Old Red Cow ; or, Harlequin Milk Maid : " Harlequin *à la Watteau*, by a lady. A troop of acrobats were introduced, and went through a variety of evolutions ; the clown indulged in his usual jocosities : " Here's a rummy lark ! "—" I went a soldiering, got riddled with so many balls that my mother mistook me for a cullender, and drained cabbages through me "—" I say, old one, what are you doing ? " The pantaloon tumbled over everything and everybody ; and the columbine was as active as a lady, fat, fair, and fifty, could be expected to be. The Earl of Coventry, whose popularity is great in the county, both as a most liberal landlord, and an unaffected nobleman, has subscribed very handsomely to the races of 1859, and we have every reason to believe, under his lordship's auspices, the Worcester meeting will, in future, take a high rank amongst provincial races.

From Worcester we proceeded to pay a flying visit to Sir Maurice Berkeley's kennels at the Castle, and a finer pack we seldom, if ever, saw. Sir Maurice, having given up the Cheltenham country, and only intending to hunt four days in the week, has reduced his pack, by drafting about fifty couple. It now consists of forty-three couple and a half of old, and fourteen young

hounds. Harry Ayris is still flourishing, and the late first whip, Charles Turner, having been appointed huntsman to Mr. Cregoe Colmore's hounds, young Ayris takes his place; Edward Edwards is the new second whip. The kennels, which are in perfect order, are graced with a considerable number of vulpine noses, fifty-seven brace and a half of foxes having, in the two countries, Cheltenham and Berkeley, been killed during the season 1857-58 by the gallant admiral's pack.

A few years ago, the Old Hats, at Ealing, on the Uxbridge Road, and the Red House, Battersea, were the most popular places of meeting, but *tempora mutantur*. The former rendezvous is no longer patronized, while the latter has been swept away by the modern improvement of Chelsea Bridge and the new park; and Hornsey Wood now stands prominently forward as the spot where a good day is to be had with the "blue rocks." Of the many remarkable shots that were wont to assemble at the Red House shooting inclosure, we must instance the late Lord Kennedy, Lord Ranelagh, the lamented General Anson, Captain Ross, Mr. Osbaldeston (the Squire *par excellence*), Messrs. Shoubridge, Gilmore, Arrowsmith, Grant, &c. On the 30th day of June, 1829, the following sweepstakes

came off, unquestionably the most unparalleled on record. The parties were Lord Ranelagh, Captain Ross, Messrs. Osbaldeston, Grant, and Shoubridge, Lord R. and Mr. Grant receiving four dead birds in advance. The match became tie at the fifteenth double shot between Captain Ross and Mr. Shoubridge. Captain Ross and Mr. Shoubridge then shot the tie off. Captain R. led, and killed his three double shots in succession. Mr. S. followed with the same success. Captain R., in his next double shot, missed one bird, and Mr. S. killed both his, and was declared the winner. This was considered the best shooting ever witnessed, Mr. Shoubridge having killed ten double shots out of the last eleven, and the first bird of the eleventh, making twenty-one birds out of twenty-two. During the next season, four of the above "crack" shots again tried their prowess. These were Anson, Ross, Shoubridge, and Osbaldeston. At the commencement, Anson and the Squire were favourites at five to four. Captain Ross made some of the most surprising shots ever known in the enclosure; the distance was twenty yards with the five traps, at twenty-five double shots each. The betting was five to one that both birds were killed against being missed. At the conclusion the numbers were—Mr. Shoubridge, twenty-

seven; Captain Ross, twenty-six; Hon. George Anson, twenty-five; Mr. Osbaldeston, twenty-four. Two matches were then shot by Captain Ross and Mr. Osbaldeston, at thirty yards, with the five traps, at twelve birds each, and were both won by the captain, who killed ten out of twelve.

On referring to former shooting exploits, we find that a gentleman of Nottingham accomplished the following match—viz., to shoot at and hit twelve penny-pieces, two halfpennies, and six small stones, which were to be thrown up into the air successively. The result was, two hundred and twenty-three shots hit, an average on the twenty of eleven each. To the above “sharp practice,” we might add that of the brothers Edward and Richard Toomer, who, with rifles and a single ball, shooting alternately, killed eight pigeons out of twelve; and one of the birds who did not drop had a leg carried off by the ball. They likewise, with a single bullet, struck twice out of four shots a cricket ball thrown into the air; and Richard Toomer, at a cricket match near Hartford Bridge, with a gun loaded with shot, struck the ball twelve times successively, when bowled by Harris, one of the fastest bowlers in England. Happy are we to find that this sport has been revived, for we were

fearful that, like many others, it had been swept away by the so-called march of intellect.

Of the origin of pigeon-shooting we have no record, but it can be traced to sixty-four years ago; for in the old *Sporting Magazine* of February, 1793, we find the following notice:—"The great celebrity of this sport, in which some of the first shots in England are so frequently engaged, encourages us to communicate an account of its fashionable influence and increasing prevalence, as a subject entitled to a place in our sporting detail. Matches coming under this denomination are of two kinds,—the first are supported by private subscription among such gentlemen only as are members of their distinct and separate clubs; others, of an inferior complexion, come on, or take place, by public contribution from candidates of every description, and are generally excited and brought about by the landlords of inns, who offer prizes of pieces of plate, purses of sovereigns, &c., &c., to be shot for. This practice of pigeon-shooting is also common in almost every part of the kingdom, but in none is it so frequently repeated, or so fashionably followed, as in and around London. In the counties of Buckinghamshire, Berkshire, Hampshire, and Surrey, it is patronized during the season, in perpetual succession, at one spot or another.

Having proceeded thus far in our general account, it becomes us now to enter on such a description of the sport as may render it perfectly easy of comprehension to those who have never had an opportunity to be present at so earnest a struggle for superiority. In direct conformity with propriety, we advert first to the match, as it is generally made and decided between a given number of gentlemen, from different clubs, opposed to each other, or members of the same club, when, by tossing up for the first choice, they continue to choose in rotation till the party is completely formed, which may be contracted or extended to any number required for the convenience of the company intending to shoot. The match thus made, and the names of the opponents arranged upon paper by the arbiter, the sport begins in the following way:—Several dozens of pigeons, having been provided for the purpose, are disposed in baskets, behind the company, there to wait the destructive crisis—the deadly level that dooms them to instant death, or gives them liberty. A shallow box of about a foot long and eight or ten inches wide, is sunk in the ground parallel with the surface, and just twenty-one yards from the footmark at which each gunner is bound to take his aim. The box has a sliding lid, to which is affixed a string held

by one appointed to that office, who is placed next the person going to shoot, from whom he takes the word of command for drawing the string whenever he is ready to take his aim; another pigeon being so expeditiously placed in the box for the succeeding shot (by the owners that furnish the birds), that ten, twelve, or fifteen dozen of pigeons are deposited in the box, flown, and shot at in much less time than it is possible to conceive. The gunner is not permitted to put his gun to his shoulder till the bird is on the wing; and the bird must fall within one hundred yards of the box, or is deemed a lost shot. During this rapid succession (one of each side shooting alternately) the arbiter is employed pencilling opposite to each name the success of every individual, by A. 1, or A. 0; this, at the end of the match, denotes the superiority, by demonstrating which party has killed most pigeons at the least number of shots. Exclusive of the general betting upon the match, there is a variety amongst individuals—the shots of some against others, and the field betting of the bird against the gun, as fancy may prompt, or the reputation of the gunner dictate. He that kills most pigeons in the match, at an equal number of shots with the rest, is, by such pre-eminence, the *captain* of the day, stands elected as chairman for

the meeting, and does the offices of the table accordingly. Matches of an inferior description are still more numerous, and generally come under the denomination of a help-ale, or make-feast, at the instigation of those industrious, liberal landlords who advertise three pieces of plate to be given to the three best shots; but at the moment of entering the lists, it becomes a collateral part of the contract, that each adventurer is to contribute his proportion towards the gifts of plate, to pay for his pigeons, and dine at the ordinary. These matters properly adjusted, the shooting is carried on, precisely in the manner before described, with this exception only, that here every individual shoots for himself alone, without any connexion of party. The candidate killing most pigeons, at the least number of shots, becomes entitled to the piece of plate highest in value, and so in proportion; but with a number of candidates there is frequently an equality of success; in such cases they are called ties, and are shot off at remaining pigeons till the superiority is ascertained and the victor proclaimed. This done, the day concludes with a supper regulated by the pecuniary resources of the parties concerned.

At the onset, we felt very sceptical with respect to Mr. Rarey's system, for few could

fail to remember how often poor John Bull has been gulled, not only by his own countrymen, but by foreign speculators. The result has proved we were in error. We did not, however, for a moment deny that Mr. Rarey had thoroughly studied the question of taming wild horses; we gave him credit for shrewdness, patience, and firmness, and firmly believed that his practice and theory went hand in hand together; still we felt that if he possessed so invaluable a secret as the one he gave out as known alone to himself and his colleagues, the Government would, after calm deliberation, have purchased it. When Mr. Rarey first came over to this country, he selected three gentlemen to whom he confided his plan—Lord Alfred Paget, Colonel Hood, and Sir G. Airey. This was his first mistake, for however honourable and trustworthy the above distinguished individuals were—and none are more so—they were unknown to the public, as far as the treatment of wild animals are concerned, Lord Alfred is a practical yacht sailor, and knows what a vessel ought to be as well as any landsman; Colonel Hood's management of the Prince Consort's farm reflects great credit upon him; while, as a soldier, the gallant General Airey is second to none; but, as we have already remarked, neither of them has been identified with untamed steeds.

A committee, in which the public would have placed entire confidence, ought to have consisted of men who had devoted their lives to horses and the stable, such as masters of hounds, veterinary surgeons, cavalry riding-masters, trainers and breeders of blood-stock; and to exemplify our argument, we give a list of the first names that occur to us:—Lords H. Bentinck and Rosslyn; Sir Bellingham Graham, Messrs. Field and Mavor, the riding-masters of the Blues, Scotch Greys, and 11th Hussars; Messrs. J. Scott and J. Day, Lord Zetland, and the Right Hon. Charles Grey; with the Master of the Horse, the Duke of Beaufort, as chairman. The second and most grievous mistake committed by Mr. Rarey was, in not having candidly informed the ten-guinea subscribers that a portion of his system had been published in the United States; for it follows as a matter of course that no one would have been insane enough to pay two hundred and ten shillings for what he could purchase for a few cents in America, and for one shilling in England. Happily for the country, not a farthing of public money has been expended on this *secret* service; and if individuals have bought their experience dearly, they have nobody to thank for it but themselves. How few pause to reflect upon the truth of the good old adage—"A fool and his

money is soon parted !” With the exception of the above two errors of judgment, we offer Mr. Rarey our unqualified thanks for the introduction of a system which must prove highly beneficial to a country devoted to horses, and which combines practical utility with humanity to the brute creation.

The meeting at “glorious Goodwood” was a successful one. The grand stand, once filled with the fashion and beauty of the land, is now deserted; the course no longer echoes with the sounds of “Five to one, bar one;” “I name the winner for a pony;” “The field for fifty.” The drinking-booths, lately crowded with revellers, have “left no sign behind,” save in the shape of broken bottles and pipes; the enclosure, where hundreds staked their fortunes upon the race, is tenantless; the judge’s box, from which issued the unalterable decree, is unoccupied; the printing-press which conveyed the result of the races to thousands of anxious inquirers, has ceased its mechanical powers; the Downs, instead of being crowded with countless thousands, have been left alone in their native glory; and not a voice is heard, save that of the shepherd’s boy tending his mountain flock.

While upon the subject of the princely domain of the Duke of Richmond, it may not be unin-

teresting to give a brief account of it. Goodwood, or, as it was anciently named, Godinwood, probably from its Saxon owner, Godwinus, who is mentioned in Domesday-book as *liber homo*, a freeman, is a woodland tract, for the most part lying within the parish of Boxgrove. It descended as Halnaker till it became vested in the Crown by exchange with Thomas Lord De la Warr. In 1584 it was in the possession of John, Lord Leimley. A few years after, it was held by Thomas Cæsar; and in the time of Charles II., John Caryll, who was attainted for high treason and outlawed, he having fled to France, was here resident. In 1720, it was purchased of the Compton family, by Charles, first Duke of Richmond. The old gothic structure was pulled down, and on its site a new building erected for a hunting seat and place of occasional abode. To this the third Duke made very great additions. Indeed, its present grandeur and extent are to be attributed entirely to that able and public-spirited nobleman.

It is of an oriel form, consisting of a centre, and two wings receding at an angle of forty-five degrees. The principal front is 166 feet long, and each of the wings 106 feet, making a total of 378 feet. In the centre is a handsome colonnade for entrance, having six Ionic columns above, sup-

ported by six Doric ones below. It is surmounted by a balustrade. At all the corners are circular towers, having flat-domed roofs. All the new part of the mansion is built of squared flint-stones, collected from the neighbourhood, broken by a hammer very small, and of the nicest masonry. They are of a lightish hue, and have this superiority over Portland stone, of which the architectural ornaments are composed, that the longer they are exposed to the air, the whiter they become. The grounds which surround this imposing structure are pleasingly diversified. Oak timber of the finest growth, and the wide-spreading beech, whose limbs touch the ground, adorn the park; whilst numerous cedars of Lebanon, of a remarkable size and beauty, Virginian tulip-trees, cork-trees, and other exotics, give variety and interest to the foliage. The views from different parts of the park are rich and extensive. The Isle of Wight terminates the south-west prospect, and St. Roche's Hill commands it from the north. From Cairney seat, a pleasure-house erected with materials formerly composing the tower of Hove Church, the view is magnificent, embracing the whole tract of plain beneath, the projections and recesses of the coast from Brighton to the harbours of Portsmouth and Southampton, and a considerable extent of country northward of the

Downs. The park is nearly six miles in circumference, and contains 1,214 acres, partly surrounded by a strong flint wall. The interior of Goodwood House is in the highest degree elegant, and some of the rooms are truly magnificent. Paintings by the first masters, many of which graced the Exhibition at Manchester, and statuary of the highest interest, everywhere abound. The kennels and stables are splendid, and although Sussex is not a good hunting country, we should be happy to see a revival of the day when the cry of the fox-hounds and the "gone away" of Tom Grant were heard in the woodlands. A pack of fox-hounds seems an almost necessary appendage to this ancestral home of England; and as the kennels are model ones, foxes plentiful, and the farmers thorough-bred sportsmen, a renewal of the Goodwood hunt would be hailed with pleasure by the country at large.

This is an age of wonders; and so rapid is the march, or rather gallop, of improvement, that it is rather difficult for elderly gentlemen to keep up with it. We have been led into these remarks, in consequence of a new invention in ship-building that is likely to supersede oak and iron; we allude to steel, and which, if universally carried out, will alter the title of the "wooden walls" to the "steel ribs" of Old England. A steam yacht, built of

Mr. Clay's puddled steel plates, the same as those used in the building of the Niger expeditionary steamer, *Rainbow*, was launched not long since from the yard of Mr. John Laird, at Birkenhead. The yacht, which is ninety-six feet long, sixteen feet, six inches beam, has a tonnage of a hundred and thirty-one, and is supplied with a high pressure engine of twenty-five horse-power. It is intended as a pleasure yacht for the Duke of Leeds,* is named the *Deerhound*, has excellent accommodation for the noble owner and his friends, with good space for captain, engineer, and crew. She is fitted with a lifting screw, is rigged as a schooner, and, from her fine lines and beautiful model, is expected to prove a very fast sailer as well as steamer. What would our ancestors say if they could see the inventions that have been introduced within the last fifty years? Brilliant gas has taken the place of the dim oily rays of the ill-trimmed lamps. Smart police constables have superseded superannuated watchmen—the lumbering hackney-coach has given way to well-appointed “hansoms.” Penny boats flit like fire-flies over the “silent river” of former days. Omnibuses ply for the million in almost every street throughout the metropolis—the steam-press has done its

* Since writing the above, this popular nobleman has been called to his ancestors.—Peace to his manes.

duty in diffusing universal knowledge through the daily and weekly papers—the introduction of chloroform has saved many a bitter pang to those suffering the ills that “human nature is heir to,”—the electric wire “wafts sighs,” if not “from Indus to the pole,” at least to all the habitable parts of the civilized world—the light four-horse-coach has been eclipsed by the gigantic rail—our dinners are cooked through the effect of that boiling liquid, which in the days of our youth alone furnished us tea, or as Grimaldi was wont to sing :—

“ When I was young and I was little,
The only steam came from the kettle.”

In a word, all seem to put on their seven-league boots ; we follow our go-ahead transatlantic neighbours, and the overland journey from Camberwell to Calcutta is accomplished with nearly as much ease as a visit to Ireland was in former times.

We have, in a former chapter, expressed our strong opinions with respect to overhand bowling, and having met with the following remarks in a most agreeable volume, “A Month in Yorkshire,” we think we cannot do better than transfer them to our columns. Mr. Walter White thus writes:—
“In the first field, on the edge of the town, I saw what accounted to me for the lifelessness of Redcar

—a cricket match. As well might one hope to be merry at a funeral as at a game of cricket, improved into its present condition; when the ball is no longer bowled but pelted, and the pelter's movements resemble those of a jack-pudding; when gauntlets must be worn on the hands, and greaves on the shins; and other inventions are brought into use to deprive pastime of anything like enjoyment. That twenty-two men should ever consent to come together for such a mockery of pleasure is to me a mystery. Wouldn't Dr. Livingstone's Makololo laugh at them! The only saving point attending it is that it involves some amount of exercise in the open air. No wonder that the French duchess, who was invited to see a game, sent one of her suite, after sitting two hours, to inquire 'when the creekay was going to begin.' The Guisborough band was doing its best to enliven the field; but I saw no exhilaration. Read Miss Mitford's description of a cricket match on the village-green; watch a school-boy's game; consider the mirth and merriment that they get out of it, and sympathize with modern cricket if you can."

The Cherbourg *fêtes* attracted considerable attention during the season of 1858, and the sporting sailing match for the Emperor's cup, from the Needles to the strong naval French port, was not one of the least interesting events.

The above sailing match is a move in the right direction; we have always contended that the club courses (generally speaking) do not test the merits of the respective vessels, and we much prefer a run or dead beat from Cowes to the Eddystone and back, to one to the Nab and the floating light of the Brambles; we think from Ryde to Beachy Head or the North Foreland far preferable to rounding the buoys within the Isle of Wight, and shall be delighted to find confined courses, strictly confined to river sailing. We are old enough to remember the time when the greatest excitement was produced at the annual sailing match in "the silver streaming Thames," or "silver-footed (fetid would be a more appropriate term) Tamesis" for the Vauxhall Cup, and never shall we forget getting well flogged by old Page at Westminster for playing truant upon one of these memorable occasions. The newspaper of the 13th of August, 1809, thus recorded the event—we refer to the sailing cutter, not the birch four cutter:—

"The annual Prize Cup, given by the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, was sailed for on Wednesday the 9th, last, by the following gentlemen's yachts: Spitfire, Captain Cowel, four tons; Daphne, Captain M. Bowyer, four tons; St. George, Captain G. Gunston, seven tons; Caroline, Cap-

tain J. Fellon, three tons. Precisely at half-past five the boats started from Blackfriar's Bridge, to proceed up to Putney, and round a boat moored there, and then to return to Vauxhall stairs. On the first tack the Caroline took the lead, and kept it until she got up to Putney; when, by an error committed by the man at the helm, instead of going round the beacon placed there, with the tide, she went against the current, and got into the eddy, by which means her further progress was for some time impeded. On the next larboard tack, the St. George shot ahead of the Caroline; and when off the Red House at Chelsea, the Spitfire took the lead of both and kept it; the latter came in for the prize about a quarter past eight o'clock—wind S.W. This was the best contended sailing match ever witnessed; the Spitfire, at the close of the race, was not the length of her bowsprit ahead of the St. George; and the Caroline was close upon the stern of the latter; the Daphne had given up the chase long since. The Thames was covered with sailing boats and wherries; the banks on both sides of the river were lined with spectators."

Despite the tricks of the turf, already alluded to, there never was a period at which racing was more popular than at the present; and although many of our nobles have retired from it, the

vacancies have been filled up by others of equal birth and lineage. If we have lost a Grafton, a Richmond, an Eglintoun—all good men and true—there still remains an Ailesbury, an Exeter, a Derby, a Stradbroke, a Chesterfield, a Bedford, a Beaufort, an Anglesey, a Zetland, and a Clifden, with an infusion of new blood in the persons of the young and popular Earls of Coventry and Stamford, Lords Portsmouth and Annesley. The Commons, too, are still ably represented by Charles Greville, George Payne, Bowes, Gratwick, Gully, Merry, Crawford, Padwick, Bevill, Osbaldeston, Colonel Martyn, and Major Brighthurst; while the baronets can boast of a Peel, a Hawley, and a Milner. With such a phalanx of men conspicuous for honour, integrity, talent, and public spirit, the turf cannot fail to prosper, though opposed by the cant and hypocrisy that stalk widely throughout the land. We ourselves have heard the race-course denounced from the pulpit by some dignitaries of the church, who, if we mistake not, were themselves engaged in—we speak figuratively—steeple-chasing, and whose great object in life seemed to be to qualify themselves for the Episcopal stakes, lawn sleeves, and black cap. That vice will be found to exist wherever a large concourse of people assemble, cannot be denied; but if the ascetic denunciation against racing is just,

it is equally applicable to fairs, marts, regattas, cricket matches, and all places of public amusement. Our own views are entirely opposed to such a rigid and puritanical principle. The mind of man requires relaxation and recreation, and the old axiom applies equally to boys of a greater growth as to youth itself. If you deprive the hard-working million of innocent amusement, you drive them to public houses, gin palaces, Tom-and-Jerry shops, penny theatres, and low free-and-easy places of entertainment. Let us first instance the metropolis; see the intellectual improvement that has taken place within a few years! Who that has witnessed the attention shown to first class music at the cheap monster concerts—the decorous conduct of the ‘middling and humbler classes at Cremorne, the Surrey Gardens, Highbury Barn, Eagle Tavern, or Canterbury Hall, can have failed to notice a most wondrous change for the better; and that, too, when the early-closing movement had set hundreds of both sexes free from their toil and trammels for hours before midnight?

We have digressed: let us return to the subject of the turf. Two of the greatest acquisitions, to whom we have already slightly referred, are the Earls of Coventry and Stamford. The noble owner of Crome, who has just attained his ma-

jority, is one of the most popular young men of the day. He is fond of hunting, shooting, racing, and cricketing; possessed of an ample fortune, derived from the highly cultivated acres of Worcestershire, his lordship permits no reckless expenditure, no wasteful extravagance, but lives in a style suited to his exalted rank. Lord Stamford, during his brief career, has proved himself a sportsman of the highest order; as a master of foxhounds, he stands unrivalled for liberality; as a preserver of game, he reminds one of some of those royal *chasseurs* in France and Germany, whose *battues* have been handed down to posterity as historical record; as a supporter and proficient in the manly game of cricket, he is second to none; and as a member of the turf, we venture to prognosticate that he will rank with those who have shed the greatest lustre upon it. Princely hospitality, and attention to the wants of the poor, are the characteristics of the Earl of Stamford, who fully realizes the lines of the song:—

“ He opened house to all,
And though he feasted all the great, he ne’er forgot the
small,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time !”

It would be a curious calculation to make, with respect to the speed of “fliers” of the present day, and those of bygone times; albeit, if the following

statement, written by a most able authority, be correct, we must yield the palm to our ancestors:—"It is now well known there is no performance on record, either ancient or modern, equal to Childers' running the Round Course at Newmarket, with 9st. 2lb., in six minutes and fifty-eight seconds. In 1800, Eagle, carrying 8st., ran the same course in seven minutes and three seconds; in 1803, Tyrant, with the last-mentioned weight, did the same in seven minutes; and in 1804, Ditto (brother to Walton), with 8st. 7lb., ran it in seven minutes and twelve seconds. But with respect to Childers being the fleetest horse upon record, it seems in some instances to admit of a dispute—viz., in 1721, Childers ran over the Beacon Course, carrying 8st. 7lb., in seven minutes and thirty seconds, while the following horses, with the same weight, ran over the same course, as follows:—In 1755, Matchem and Trojan, in seven minutes and twenty seconds; and in 1793, Coriander in five seconds less. In 1799, Hambletonian, 8st. 3lb., and Diamond, 8st., ran over the same course in seven minutes and fifteen seconds. In 1763, Bay Malton ran four miles at York, in seven minutes and forty-three seconds. Eclipse ran the same distance at York in eight minutes, with 12st., though going only at his rate, without any inducement to speed. In 1805, Sancho ran the same

distance, carrying 8st. 5 lb., in seven minutes and fifty-four seconds. In 1812, Slender Billy ran the same distance at Doncaster, with 7 st. 7 lb., in seven minutes and fifty-eight seconds. In 1812, Octavian, carrying 8 st. 5 lb., ran the same distance, winning easy in eight minutes and three seconds. The various performances of Mark Antony and Shark have never been equalled by any horse since, both in respect to speed and bottom, for Shark was proved, next to Childers and Eclipse, to have been possessed of more speed than any horse ever bred or produced in the kingdom. Firetail and Pumpkin ran a mile in a few seconds more than a minute and a half. Young Eclipse, in 1782, ran the same distance in one minute and thirty-eight seconds. In 1793, Buzzard, carrying 8st. 11lb., ran across the Flat in one minute and fifty-seven seconds. In 1809, Pope ran the two middle miles at Newmarket, with 8st. 4 lb., in three minutes. In 1811, Phantom ran a mile in one minute and forty seconds; and it is pretty generally known that he ran the mile and a half, when he won the Derby, in less time than it had been performed for some years before. In 1812, General Gower's colt, by Walton, carrying 8 st. 7 lb., ran over the Ditch-in, at Newmarket, in three minutes and thirty seconds. This horse, beating very easy the best of his year, ran across the Flat in one minute and forty-eight seconds.

CHAPTER IX.

New Brighton—Liverpool—The Crops—Harvest Home—
 Archery—Cricket—The Moors—Week at Canterbury—
 The late Premier's Secession from the Turf—Pedes-
 trianism—Tuxford, Nottinghamshire—Excellent Accom-
 modation for Man and Horse—Doncaster in Bygone
 Times—Its Present State—Sale of Lord Derby's Stud
 —New Scotch Veterinary College—Pheasant Shooting
 —Racing—Fairs and Wakes—Tuxford Fair.

"I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and my home has no bound,
 There's no wall of dark limit to circle me round;
 Far away on the wave, I look back to the shore,
 With a heart that scarce heeds if I see it no more."

SUCH were my feelings when, after a long and
 hot London season, I found myself on board a
 friend's yacht, bound to the Mersey; I pass over
 the voyage (which was as agreeable as good fellow-
 ship, excellent living, and fine weather could ren-
 der it), and proceed to the moment when we landed

at New Brighton, where I had accepted an invitation to remain a week or ten days with a highly valued friend and his most amiable family. This watering-place, named after its popular rival on the southern coast, is daily increasing in magnitude and importance, and splendid mansions, picturesque villas, snug citizen's boxes, now cover the late sandy desert. A new hotel, called the Victoria, replete with every luxury and substantial comfort, has sprung up, and a club-house, worthy of the West-end of London, has been erected through the liberality of the residents. In this town, which, Aladdin-like, seems to have been raised by magic, the visitor will find all the *agremens* of the sea-side, billiards, bathing, donkey riding, driving, and archery, with the additional advantage of seeing vessels of all classes and countries entering or leaving the river, laden with merchandise and passengers.

While this fashionable spot, devoted to health and pleasure, has made a most rapid progress, its opposite neighbour, Liverpool, the modern Tyre, has more than kept pace with the march of improvement. To compare its present with its former state, we must refer to bygone records, and the journals of the day.

The newspaper, perhaps, more than any other product of the human mind, presents the exact

impress of "the form and pressure of the time" in which it is issued. It is a photograph, so to speak, of the particular phase which society is undergoing at the moment of its publication. The religion, the extent of civilization, the degree of refinement, the amount of cultivation, the political feeling, the wants, the amusements, the literature, the trade and manufactures, the crime, the virtue, the benevolence of the age and place, all find their exact counterpart in the broad sheet which is the idol of a day, and then thrown aside and forgotten. There is nothing, therefore, that gives a more lifelike truth to the aspect of society than a newspaper. Had the "fourth estate" existed in the ages of classical antiquity, it is not too much to say that a copy of the *Herculaneum Gazette* or the *Pompeian Times* would have presented us with a better insight into the daily life of the ancients than has been done by all the treasures of art brought to light in the famed cities of antiquity to which we have referred. To the chronicles then of the day are we indebted for the following facts connected with the most flourishing commercial town of Europe.

The lapse of a hundred years has made prodigious advances in every department relating to the convenience and intercourse of society. In nothing is this advance and improvement more

visible than in the means of travelling and locomotion. The steamboat, the omnibus, the railway, have become, not mere luxuries reserved for the wealthy, but absolute necessities for all classes, without which the ordinary intercourse of society could not be carried on. Let any one endeavour to calculate the annoyance, the injury, the absolute pecuniary loss which would be sustained in any large town by the suspension of passenger traffic for a week, or even for a single day, and he will find the sum total frightful to contemplate. Far different was the state of things a century ago. It is difficult, at this time of day, to conceive of a commercial town with a population of 30,000 inhabitants, prosperous and progressive, without a single public conveyance; yet such was the actual state of Liverpool less than one hundred years ago. Prior to 1760, there did not even exist a road decently fit for wheel carriages nearer than Warrington. Persons visiting the metropolis had to ride on horseback to Warrington, where they had the opportunity of proceeding on by the means described in the following advertisement, which first appeared on June 9, 1757 :—"The Warrington flying stage coach (in three days) sets out every Monday and Thursday morning, from the Bell Inn, in Wood Street, London, and the Red Lion Inn, in Warring-

ton, during the summer season, and arrives at the above inns every Wednesday and Saturday evening. Each passenger to pay two guineas; one guinea to be paid at taking place, as earnest, and the remainder at taking coach. Each passenger to be allowed 14lbs weight of luggage, and all above to pay 3d. per lb. To be performed, if God permits, by Thomas Whalley, Anthony Jackson, and Henry Secrett." Goods for Manchester and the metropolis were forwarded by river boats to Bank Quay, Warrington, and from thence by waggons on the high road. The first indication of the high road from Liverpool to Warrington being open for wheel carriages is contained in an advertisement on the 18th of July, 1760:—"Post chaises and able horses to be had to any part of England, by applying to Mrs. Rathbone, at the Golden Talbot Inn, near the Exchange, Liverpool." It was sometime after this before a stage coach was established from Liverpool. The first announcement of a public conveyance to Manchester is the following, from *The Advertiser*, of September 19, 1760:—"Manchester, Warrington, Prescot, and Liverpool machine sets out on Monday and Thursday morning, at six o'clock, from the Bull's Head, in Manchester: will call at the Red Lyon, in Warrington; at the Old Legs of Man, in Prescot; and lies at the Golden Fleece,

in Liverpool. Returns from thence every Tuesday and Friday morning, at six o'clock, and calls at the above places on its way back to Manchester. Each passenger to pay eight shillings, and so in proportion for any part of the road. The "flying machines," as they were called, continued to occupy three days in the journey from Warrington and Manchester to London, until August, 1760, when the journey was first to be performed in two days. In 1766, there were two stage coaches from Liverpool to London, performing the journey in two days in summer, and three days in winter. The manners and habits of the time were somewhat coarse. Cock fighting and bear baiting were still patronized by a class much above the lowest, advertisements such as the following being very common:—"A main of cocks will be fought at Ulverstone, in Lancashire, betwixt Cumberland and Lancashire gentlemen, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, in Easter week next, for five guineas a battle, and fifty guineas the main, or odd battle. David Smith, for Cumberland, Thomas Richardson, for Lancashire, feeders."

The mode in which marriages were inserted is rather amusing. It seems to have been thought requisite in all cases to append a complimentary epithet to the bride, and the extent of her fortune,

if any. For instance, June 13, 1760—"Married, on Tuesday last, John Atherton, jun., Esq., to Miss Bird, only daughter of Alderman John Bird, an agreeable young lady, with a fortune of 10,000*l*." Again, on the 19th September, in the same year—"On Thursday, the 11th inst., was married in London, Mr. Oliver Beckett, merchant, of Oporto, to Miss Dorothy Snaith, an agreeable young lady, with every accomplishment suitable to make the married state happy."

Enough of Liverpool as it was, and our limits will not permit us to describe it as it is; we cannot, however, refrain from noticing the great advance of the arts and sciences that has taken place within a few years. Look alone at St. George's Hall and the Philharmonic Concert Rooms, which for elegance and size cannot be equalled. It was our good fortune to be present at the former when the magnificent organ pealed forth its solemn sounds, and in the latter when Charles Dickens delighted a most numerous audience by reading the Christmas Carol. We own candidly, when our friends at New Brighton proposed a visit to the Philharmonic on the above occasion, that, despite our high respect for Mr. Dickens, the most unqualified admiration for his works, and a vivid impression of his histrionic powers, we felt rather disposed to put on a gouty shoe (as James Smith was

wont to do, when called upon to leave a snug arm-chair for any species of sight-seeing) and stay at home. Our reasons for so doing may easily be given. *Imprimis*, we object to devouring an excellent dinner railway pace and fashion; secondly, we do not like to leave a bottle of first-rate claret after supping the first glass; thirdly, we do not approve of being rattled, in a fly or dice-box on wheels, three miles over a stony road; fourthly, we do not admire crossing the Mersey in a steam-boat, on a Scotch misty night; and, fifthly, we do not like scrambling through a crowd to secure a "car" to the rooms. With all these antidigestible difficulties to contend against, we are free to confess—the saying is hereditarily parliamentary—that we hardly thought we should be repaid for our labours by a mere reading, such as *the Sidons*, the *Kembles*, *Bartleys*, and others were wont to give. Little did we know of the powers of this mighty magician of letters, who has not only created the most perfect original and varied characters in our language, but is enabled to transform himself into each and every one. The effect produced cannot be well described. There is no straining after effect, no playing to the galleries, no stage trick, no conventional points to be made, and yet a thrilling interest is excited throughout; in the pathetic parts the audience

feel spell-bound, a flood of tears can alone relieve them; in the comic portions everyone is convulsed with the heartiest laughter, not that simpering giggle which too often attends self-called jocosities. To those of our readers who, like us, can remember the stage in its palmy days, we will merely say that the electrifying sensation produced by Mr. Dickens, in the serious parts, is similar to that created by Mrs. Siddons in *Queen Katherine*, Miss O'Neill in *Mrs. Haller*, Emery in *Tyke*, and Mrs. Yates in *Victorine*, while, in the humorous snatches, the *vis comica* far exceeds that of any comedian we ever saw. The applause that attended the whole performance proved the popularity of the author lecturer, and must have been highly gratifying to his feelings. Mr. Dickens was accompanied in his tour by Mr. A. Smith, brother to Albert, "the mighty monarch of Mont Blanc" (who we now presume will rank as Emperor of China), and to his exertions are the public indebted for the admirable arrangements that attend every reading.

After quitting New Brighton, we passed a day in Liverpool, with the gourmandizing view of enjoying a turtle dinner at Lynn's, and a better one we never sat down to, and then proceeded to a friend's moor, in Yorkshire, for a day with the grouse.

For two months last autumn the newspapers

throughout this empire teemed with paragraphs headed, "The weather and the crops." John Bull, proverbial as he is for talking incessantly about the state of the atmosphere, is much more loquacious upon the subject during August and September than at any other period. The slightest change in the barometer creates the greatest excitement. A wet day produces long faces and fearful forebodings to the farmer, who gives way to terrible apprehensions as to the result; while a fall in the glass suggests to the stockbroker a fall in the funds, which he wisely takes advantage of, knowing that a succession of sunless days will cause a depreciation of Government securities. Politicians of the top-boot and leather-gaiter class look grave, and wonder, if there should happen to be a short crop, how the country is to get on till next year; and tremble lest a rise of a half-penny in the quartern loaf, or in yeast, should cause a rising or a ferment of the disaffected in what are usually called the "disturbed districts." Such are the gloomy perspectives, the doleful prognostications, conjured up in this country by one or two wet days during the harvest moon. That these exaggerated fears are engendered by such trifling causes, only proves our immunity from great calamities. The worst which is ever apprehended in Great Britain is a crop below the average. A

total failure from inundation, drought, blighting winds, and swarms of locusts, such as the inhabitants of the south of France, Upper and Lower Hungary, and the East are subject to, are unknown to us ; nor, highly taxed as is the English farmer, is he oppressed by a plague surer in its operation than the worst elemental disasters, namely, an extortionate system of taxation, such as is practised in some parts of Turkey, which exact dues great in proportion to the goodness of the crops, so as to leave the *fellah*, or agriculturist, scarcely enough to support existence. From all the above plagues, the climate, situation, and political constitution of our highly-favoured isle exempt us. Thankful, then, ought we to be for the superior blessings which we enjoy, and never ought we to feel more grateful than at the present time, when, through the blessing of Providence, "our garners" have been filled, affording all manner of stores. We lately attended a harvest-home in Nottinghamshire, and happy were we to find that this time-honoured gathering was kept up, as it ought to be, with cheerfulness and sobriety ; and although teetotalism was not carried out, there was no excess of any kind, no drunkenness, riot, or dissipation.

There is no gathering in England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, that can at all compete with

the cricket week at Canterbury. For seventeen years a band of gentlemen, forming part of *I Zingari*, have made their annual pilgrimage to this ancient city, devoting their mornings to the manly game of cricket, and their evenings to balls and amateur theatricals, thus keeping up the ball, as it ought to be kept up, in the most spirited manner. Of their prowess with their bats, we will only say that it requires a good eleven to stand up against them, and with their "buskins" the "Old Stagers" are unrivalled. For many years private theatricals were at a very low ebb; occasionally there were one or two good performers, but, as Rachel was wont to utter, "*Le reste ne vaut pas l'honneur d'être nommé;*" so bad were they, that when Sheridan was asked at an amateur play, which performer he liked best, he replied, "The prompter; for I saw less and heard more of him than of anyone else!" Or, again to quote a known fact, when a late popular M.P. in Hampshire acted Richard III. and Caleb Quotem at the Salisbury Theatre, the newspaper critic remarked, "Mr —— drew forth such shouts of laughter by his performance in the tragedy, that there was not a smile left for the farce." The first really good amateur performances were those in which the late Earl Fitzhardinge, the Hon. Augustus Berkeley—may his shadow never

grow less!—and Messrs. J. Austin and Dawkins took part; but then these talented histrionics reaped the benefit of having the rest of the characters filled by professionals. At Canterbury the “Old Stagers” depend upon themselves entirely, with the exception of female artistes, and this very fact would, in most instances, be fatal to the success of the undertaking, for if they did not each put their shoulder to the wheel to divide the duties, the minor business would be sacrificed. All would be kings, and no one Laertes. The great secret of the success of the Canterbury troupe is, first, that every member is an accomplished actor; secondly, that the utmost attention is paid to the most minute details; and, thirdly, that there is neither jealousy nor envy in attempting to deprive one another of successful hits; and, lastly, that no one thinks it derogatory to his dignity to descend from the highest to the most trivial part to assist the general concern. To illustrate this, we quote two or three instances among a thousand that occur to us:—Mr. T. Knox, —— (we keep the incognito preserved in the playbills), who has frequently, and with the greatest success, acted Puff, gave that character up to a gallant Crimean guardsman, who had performed it within round shot of Sevastopol, and took the unimportant one of the Beefeater. Mr.

J. Lorraine—whose talent entitles him to a prominent line of business, usually takes the general utility department. Palgrave—the author and actor—sets a splendid example to professionals, by labouring heart and soul to render justice (which he does successfully) to the heavy parts, when he might aspire to the more elevated position of “top sawyer,” and “last, not least,” the author of “Still Waters Run Deep,” and others of the best pieces of the century, never takes the lion’s share even in the *pièces de circonstance* which emanate from his pen. The pieces selected for the meeting of 1858 were: “Sheep in Wolf’s Clothing,” and “Done on Both Sides,” acted twice; “The Wreck Ashore,” and Shirley Brooks’ admirable farce of “Anything for a Change,” acted twice; burlesque of Othello, once; the Critic, twice; and an original entertainment, entitled, “Foreign Relations;” a “Canterbury Epilogue,” once. Of the acting powers of this company we can only say, that if they had selected the stage for a profession, they would have commanded good business and high salaries: they have now acted before the public, the paying public, for seventeen seasons, and their reward has been universal approval. This is no slight triumph, for where people pay at the doors they feel it to be their privilege and right to grumble, show approbation

and disapprobation, or—what is usually painful to the actor's feeling—an *affreuse silence*. When ordinary amateurs play, the houses are generally filled with friends; appeals are made, in occasional addresses, for the kind indulgence of the audience, such as—we write extemporaneously—

“If we then fail, we trust at least the cause
Of our endeavours merits some applause”—

winding up with a dose of “soft sawder”—

“Should we succeed, no plaudits loud,
No approbation from the crowd,
We ask. Be this our highest prize, [eyes.”
A smile from beauty's cheek, or tear from beauty's

And charity is often brought in to cover the defects of the actors. With I Zingari and “Old Stagers,” all humbug (we like calling things by their real name) is denounced; they stand upon their own merits, and the initials I. Z. and the O. S. may be truthfully filled up—Indefatigable Zeal, and Obvious Success.

Lord Derby's secession would have been a great blow to the turf, for his lordship is exactly the man that ought to possess a racing stud. Enlightened in his views, liberal in his transactions, devotedly fond of the sport, highly principled in private and public life, a denunciator of the rascally tricks of the “black sheep” that infest the ring, his loss would be deeply felt.

The fact of his wishing to sacrifice an amusement in which he took the very greatest delight, thus following the example of the late Lord George Bentinck, for the purpose of devoting himself seriously to politics, and applying himself undividedly to the advancement of the interest of the Conservative party in Church and State, placed the noble premier in the highest position a public man can aspire to—that of a real patriot. There are few individuals who ever enjoyed *a race* more than the Earl of Derby. We can see him now in our mind's eye, with his double glasses, on the Goodwood stand, watching the struggle, and describing, with the most accurate judgment, the relative position of the running horses. We can picture to ourselves the bright beam of delight that lightened up his intellectual countenance when his black jacket passed the judge's chair first; nor can we forget the admirable good humour with which he bore a beating. His lordship never made racing a vehicle for gambling. He was content to back his horse for small sums when the odds were long against him, thus risking little, and never suffering more than from the disappointment of not gaining the prize. By never betting deeply, his lordship's horses were not scratched, because he could not get enough upon them, a practice that, although

sanctioned by high turf authority, is, we consider, most objectionable. Lord Derby ran for sport, and his backers were fully aware that his horses would win if they could.

Pedestrianism does not seem to be on the decline. Yates, the champion of long distances, last year completed the feat he had undertaken, of walking sixty-five miles per diem for six days. Although he was evidently considerably knocked up, and his ankles had begun to fail him by swelling, he, with indomitable heart, kept jogging along, and completed his 390 miles amidst the cheers of thousands who had congregated to witness the result of this remarkable undertaking. Since the match of Barclay, of Ure, to walk a thousand miles in a thousand consecutive hours, there has not been such an excitement in connection with pedestrianism.

Having, upon a former occasion, been awfully fleeced at Doncaster during the race week, I made up my mind last season to try one of the old posting houses on the north road, south of Yorkshire, and fixed upon the Newcastle Arms Hotel, Tuxford, Nottinghamshire. I had a faint recollection of this rural market town, when, some three-and-thirty years ago, I was wont annually to visit York, Doncaster, Stapleton, and Lambton Park races (where, at the two latter places, I

figured as a gentleman jockey), and determined upon trying Tuxford. The experiment turned out most satisfactory, for, upon reaching the station, I found a well-appointed omnibus ready to convey me to the hotel, and upon reaching the latter saw at once, by the assiduous attention of the landlord and landlady, that my *séjour* would be agreeable; nor was I wrong in my somewhat hastily-formed conclusion, for I never remember meeting with a better regulated hotel. I have travelled in France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Hungary, Upper and Lower Canada, a portion of the United States, England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and have generally found myself tolerably comfortable; but for quiet, wholesome living, and pure air, the Newcastle Arms Hotel will hold its own against any English or foreign caravansary.

There is one secret that experience has taught me, and which I invariably follow, attributing to it much of the satisfaction I enjoy when taking mine ease at my inn; this is to ascertain on arrival the state of the market and shops, as regards provision for the table. Many persons call for the waiter or waitress, and ask for the bill of fare; a half-sheet of foolscap paper is brought, containing three or four soups, two or three sorts of fish, beef, mutton, veal, lamb, ham, tongue, ducks,

chickens, rabbits, hares, and whatever game is in season. Now, in selecting from that *menu*, as our continental neighbours call it, you are sure to find that more than half the articles are not to be procured on the day you require them, and that, among the other half, the majority are too high, or too tough. As a matter of course, if you give an order for a rumpsteak and a leveret, the cook feels herself implicitly bound to execute it, and, instead of a nice juicy steak of England's indigenous food, you have a hard leathery substance, which few teeth can masticate; the leveret, also, may be too high, thus submitting the hungry traveller to a double *mortification*. Now the plan I adopt, and which I strongly recommend to others, is first to ascertain from the cook what she can recommend, and next, to find out from the butcher upon what day he kills his oxen and sheep. A visit to the poultry-yard and larder will then be advisable, during which visit you can ascertain whether any fresh water fish can be obtained, which is infinitely preferable to sending to the neighbouring town for indifferent Dutch salmon, or soles which have been absent some days from their native element. When you have made yourself thoroughly acquainted with the resources of the town or village you are in, and bearing in mind, as a general rule, that you ought

never to tax the culinary artist beyond her abilities of boiling, frying, and roasting, you will, by giving her discretionary power, ensure, in nineteen cases out of twenty, a good, wholesome, plain dinner. "On their own merits modest men are dumb," so says the erudite Dr. Pangloss, and, without wishing to set so learned an authority at defiance, I cannot help taking credit to myself for having reformed, in a great degree, the evils complained of in my opening remarks; and am happy to find that, in the majority of hotels I have visited, the bill of fare is now confined to articles which not only can be produced, but which are in good season. One word more for the Newcastle Arms Hotel, which, being only twenty-six miles from Doncaster, we strongly recommend to all sporting friends, with their families, to try. The wine is excellent, the spirits superior to any we have tasted, the rooms clean, plain cooking—no better—and the master of the horse's department all that can be required. Mr. Andrews (for so mine host is named) has some downright good horses, neat carriages, and attentive drivers. With these *agrémens*, a week or two at Tuxford can be passed most delightfully. The rail will transport you in a short time to Retford, Worksop, Newark, and Collingham, where (we speak of the latter place) some of the cleverest horses in

England are to be purchased, while an open carriage will convey you to the picturesque villages of East and West Markham, Ossington, Overton, Carlton, Egmonton, and Rufford Abbey. Space will not permit us to point out all the places that are within distance of those who fix their "head-quarters" at Tuxford.

I will enumerate a few that my sporting readers would take delight in, viz.:—A visit to the Rufford kennels, where will be found as fine a pack of hounds as any in the kingdom, and as popular a master as exists, the ex-light dragoon and amateur jockey, Captain Percy Williams. Next a stroll to the Trent, where the angler may have a grand day, as will be evident when I state that, at a fishing match that came off in this river, the winner, Mr. Baley, of Nottingham, took fifty-nine and a-half pounds of fish; and lastly, the lover of fine scenery will have his trouble well repaid by an excursion to Clumber House. Although I do not go quite to the extent of the rhapsody of the Nottinghamshire chronicler, that "in the princely abode the writer of romance might enrich his fancy, and the poet imagine himself wandering through an enchanted palace," it is in every respect deeply interesting, and well worth seeing. Near Worksop is the manor and chapelry of Shireoaks, which took its name from

an ancient oak that stood many centuries on the spot where the three counties of Nottingham, York, and Derby converge. This tree had the greatest expanse of any recorded in this island, drooping over 777 square yards; thus eclipsing the Parliamentary oak in Clipstone Park, said to be fifteen hundred years old, and another on the Portland estate, called the Duke's Walking-stick, which was higher than Westminster Abbey. While upon the subject of this monarch of the woods, we may remind our readers that the largest in England is the Calthorpe oak, Yorkshire, which measured 78 feet in circumference at the ground; and the most productive one was that of Gelenos, in Monmouthshire, felled in 1810, the bark realizing 200*l.*, and its timber 670*l.* In the mansion of Tredegar Park, Wales, there is said to be a room 42 feet in length and 27 in breadth, the floor and wainscot of which were the production of a single tree—an oak—grown on the estate.

Four and thirty-years have passed away since first we visited the Great Northern gathering at Doncaster, and how many changes have taken place during that eventful period! Posting and coaching have given way to the powers of steam, and the rail has supplanted the road: the “darkness visible” of the High Street is now

illuminated by brilliant beams of gas; a message that would have occupied eight-and-forty hours by the post is now transmitted by the electric telegraph in as many seconds; the high-mettled racer no longer plods his weary way over the hard dusty road, but is conveyed to the scene of action in a four-horse van or on the railway-truck; and sportsmen are conveyed from London to Doncaster and back for the small sum of ten shillings on "Ledger" and "Coop" day. In other respects, with the exception that both the quantity and quality of the races are importantly increased, and the multitude that flock to them considerably augmented, the old character of the Yorkshire meeting is kept up; there is the usual number of the betting fraternity, the average crowd of "'cute ones" from the two Ridings; while the inhabitants of the town still keep up their grasping propensities, and unblushingly demand from fifteen to forty guineas for the upper part of a house, and ten shillings a night for a bed. The hotel-keepers are equally exorbitant in their charges, and the whole object of the Doncastrians seems to be to fleece their visitors. This, in the long-run, will be found to prove a very short-sighted policy, for many influential persons are so disgusted with the extravagant prices, that

they select the neighbouring towns, which are now perfectly accessible by rail or road; or, if induced by pleasure or business to be on the spot, quit the more fashionable streets for humbler ones in the quiet parts of the city. We know that we shall lay ourselves open to the censorious remarks of the Young Englanders when we say that Doncaster, in 1859, is not so good as it was in 1828. It is true that the racing is better, the number of horses greater, and the amount of prizes more considerable, still we miss the aristocratic air it formerly held, when it was merely a huge county-gathering. Those that remember the splendid "turns out" of the Earls Fitzwilliam and Scarborough, and other notabilities, will be horrified at the wretched flies that now convey the higher orders to the course; with the exception of the Duke of Beaufort's and Sir John Lister Kaye's "teams," and a few well-appointed britchkas and barouches belonging to some of the old Yorkshire families, there was not a vehicle that a gentleman would have been seen in during the London season in Hyde Park. The grand stand, too, has fallen off greatly. We remember the time when it was graced by the presence of the Duchess of Kent and the "fair-haired daughter of the isles," the Princess (now Queen) Victoria, surrounded by a galaxy of

beauty. Now, gentlemen in oil-skin capes, strong smelling mackintoshes, wide-awake hats, with cigars in their mouths, occupy the benches formerly filled with the loveliest daughters of Eve; and draughts of pale ale, bottles of ginger beer, glasses of brandy-and-water, are quaffed in that splendid apartment which was formerly considered a drawing-room for the higher classes. The ball on the last night of the races has been given up, as the sporting men of the present day prefer the betting-rooms to those devoted to "the light fantastic toe;" and Doncaster, which was formerly a pleasant social gathering of the northern aristocracy and gentry, who loved to show their princely hospitality to their southern friends, has degenerated into a mere gambling and business-like meeting.

Despite the above draw-backs, it was worth a journey to the north and back to see that veteran sportsman, Sir Tatton Sykes, in good health and spirits. He is a perfect type of the turfite of fifty years ago, and no one can fail to reverence his grey locks and sunburnt countenance. How different was the costume of this old English country gentleman from that of the present day! His dark drab "unmentionables," mahogany-colour top-boots, straight-cut black coat and waistcoat, white neckcloth, and frilled

shirt, contrasted favourably with the peg-topped Lowland tartan trousers, Balmoral boots, loose shooting-jacket, and Byronic tie of the fast men of 1859, who chew toothpicks, or smoke short clay pipes and bad cigars from early morn till midnight. With a strong *prestige* in favour of Doncaster as it was, we cannot blind ourselves to the wonderful progress the turf has made during the last twenty years. Heats are abolished, punctuality is established, and the whole detail is beautifully carried out. Instead of a dozen or two of clods employed to keep the course—which they were unable to do satisfactorily—special constables are now sworn in for that duty, and admirably well do they perform it. A list of the horses that start, the names of the riders, and the races they contend for, are publicly displayed, as are the numbers of the winners, and those that are placed. By the latter plan, bets made by sharpers, through some pre-concerted signal after the horses had passed the judge's stand, have been abolished, for before the victim can say "done" the million are made acquainted with the result. The duties, too, of the stewards, judge, starter, clerk of the course, are admirably performed, and are in every respect superior to the old-fashioned way of carrying them on.

The entire stud of the Earl of Derby was put

up to auction by the Messrs. Tattersall, after the Doncaster meeting of 1858; the stallion, Longbow, and this year's foals, being omitted. Reserved prices were placed on nearly all the animals, which caused eleven of them to be returned to their noble owner. Five yearlings were sold for 1,550 guineas, three two-year-old (in training) for 546, two three-year-old (in training) for 272, one four-year-old (in training) for 46, and one five-year-old (in training) for 50—making a total of 2,464 gs. The best of the lot, Tom Bowling, was sold to the Earl of Glasgow for 700 gs.; and sincerely do we hope that he will prove as good an animal as he promised to be. No man on the turf has carried on a more losing game than the noble lord, who, despite of defeat, has pursued the sport with a good humour and honourable perseverance that deserve a reward.

We are happy to find, by letters from the north, that a new Veterinary College has been established in Edinburgh, under the auspices of a number of Scotch noblemen and gentlemen, extensive proprietors of land, farmers, men of science, and influential members of the Highland and Agricultural Society. The object in view is to afford more ample opportunity for the cultivation of veterinary science and art, thus elevating the standard of education for veterinary surgeons, and ensuring a

better supply of qualified veterinarians, not only in Scotland, but throughout Her Majesty's dominions. Among other advantages held out to students, are a liberal scale of fees, an excellent course of lectures, large infirmary practice, clinical instruction, and anatomical demonstrations.

The course of instruction undertaken during the winter season is the following:—

1. Descriptive Anatomy of the Domestic Animals.
2. Physiological Anatomy and Physiology.
3. Chemistry.
4. Materia Medica and Practical Pharmacy, applicable to Veterinary Purposes.
5. Veterinary Medicine and Surgery.
6. Clinical Lectures.
7. Anatomical Demonstrations.

The dissecting-room is open from nine till four, under the superintendence of either the lecturer or demonstrator of anatomy. The students have all the privileges which can be afforded them by a good library and museum. The course of study to obtain a diploma, according to present arrangements, extends over two winters of compulsory attendance, although it is strongly recommended that students should distribute their labours over three winter sessions. Meanwhile, a complete

series of courses is delivered during the summer session, comprising:—

1. Practical or Regional Anatomy.
2. Practical Chemistry.
3. Geology and Botany, applicable to Veterinary Purposes.
4. Principles of Veterinary Medicine and Surgery.
5. Clinical Lectures.
6. Anatomical Demonstrations.

Every true sportsman will be delighted to hear of the above institution; for who is there that does not constantly require the aid of a clever vet.—either to warrant a horse sound, or cure a lame one—to restore a hunter to health, or heal some disease that “equine flesh is heir to?” The ladies, too, will be deeply interested in the question; for how many pampered pugs, obese spaniels, over-glutted Italian greyhounds, full-fed Scotch terriers, and coarse fleshy puppies of the King Charles’s breed have been saved from serious apoplectical attacks by the skilful aid of the farrier or veterinary surgeon? Nay, pet monkeys and tame squirrels have often been placed under the medical treatment of the above-mentioned quadrupedical practitioners.

Thousands of pheasants have now fallen before

the unerring aim of the gunner, who hails the first of October as one of the most memorable days in the calendar. By all accounts, the show of this splendid importation from the banks of the Phasis is wonderful, and the market is as likely to be glutted with this bird, as it has been with partridges.

The October meetings at Newmarket were never more successfully inaugurated than they were last year—the sport was abundant, the weather propitious, and the speculations heavy. On Tuesday, there were nine races; on Wednesday, eight; on Thursday, eight. In the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, Toxopholite beat a field of five in a common canter, 800*l.* to the credit side of the noble premier. Some of the newspapers in noticing the Earl of Derby's sale, during the great northern gathering of 1858, comment upon his lordship's refusal of 2,500 guineas for the son of Longbow, but they probably did not know the fact that his engagements (bar accidents) were worth 1,800 guineas; we ourselves have always thought that Tox, since he won the Doncaster Stakes, was well worth 3,000 guineas; and we only regret that some of the young noblemen and gentlemen who have lately taken up the turf did not possess themselves of him. How well it would have read—the Earl of Coventry's Toxo-

pholite at the October meeting, as first for the Grand Duke Michael, instead of second in a match with the Duke of Bedford; what a promising *début* it would have been for the Earl of Stamford and Warrington at Newmarket; and how much more satisfactory if the old Richmond colours, yellow and red cap, now adopted by Captain Saville, had supplanted the black jacket of the premier on the important occasion just referred to. And here, as an old "plater," we would venture to offer a little advice to the tyros in racing. In the first place, we would strongly recommend the young beginner to fill his stable by claiming winning horses; he will then see with his own eyes, or through those of some discreet friend, that the animals are sound, in good condition, and fit for running; occasionally, of course, he may use his own judgment in purchasing other horses, but then let him select those that have been out in public; let him next look to the quality and not to the quantity of the stud, for a number of animals eating their heads off will greatly diminish the value of the stakes he may be fortunate enough to win; and last, not least, let the owner bear in mind that match-making (we allude to equine, not human match-making) is but a sorry speculation, and the first principle of a turfite ought to be, to run for the public money,

and not for his own. Let us give an example:— A makes a match for 100*l.* with B; the utmost he can earn is the amount staked, while for that very sum he might enter his horse for at least ten sweepstakes, and if any of the events came off right, he would receive a good large sum. In a former page I referred to my stay at Tuxford, which I found so agreeable that I renewed it after Doncaster; since which two fairs have come off in the neighbourhood that have delighted me, for in private and public I have ever advocated those amusements of the humbler classes. I know that there are many excellent individuals, especially among the clergy, who, from conscientious motives, oppose these annual festivals; but I own myself, with the utmost deference to their opinions, that I think they see the case in a wrong point of view. The old school-room adage of “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,” is equally applicable to children of a larger growth, and the hard-working mechanic, the over-toiled labourer, the inhabitant of a dense populous city, the occupier of a small rural tenement, the industrious cottager, the assiduous tradesman, the diligent apprentice, the busy shopkeeper, the studious urchin, the curly-headed ploughboy, the lad that tends the flock—all require relaxation and recreation. Independent of which, it seems hard and

unjust that the sports (not always harmless ones) of the higher orders should be carried on, and those of their less fortunate brethren discontinued or discouraged. We will suppose a case. For many years Tuxford fair has been suppressed, upon, I presume, the only tangible ground—that large assemblages tend to the encouragement of vice. Granted. What then must be the feeling of the class I have above enumerated, when they see the crowds of patricians flock to York and Doncaster races, and other places of sport?

One word more in favour of the time-honoured English meetings—the fair, wake, or May-day festivities. They bring all classes together—they create an interchange of kindly sentiments between them, and cement that proper understanding which ought to exist between the employer and employed. Let me, then, urge all who would put down the amusements of the poor, to denounce equally—nay, even in stronger terms—those of the rich; and let them bear in mind that our great national sin of drunkenness is to be found in towns and villages, as well as in the annual gatherings, and that if you deprive the million of amusements of a harmless kind, you virtually drive them to worse scenes of dissipation—the Tom and Jerry houses, cheap concerts, and penny dances. To prove the above assertion, we will give an extract

from a return of crime of a manufacturing town that shall be nameless, in which, when labour and skill were in the greatest demand, and wages unusually high, the criminality attributable to the debasing influence of intoxication had swollen to 41 per cent., 17 per cent. being the lowest average when the operative was suffering most severely from want of employment. This is a startling fact, and proves that our social and religious projects will not be much quickened until employers become fully alive to their responsibilities in relation to the morals of those whose skill or labour they hire, not only by encouraging them to pass their hours in mental improvement, but by occasionally allowing them to devote a day to innocent amusement. The report concludes as follows :—

“ With regard to the loss entailed on the community from causes of this nature, we find that 450 drunkards were committed to the ——— House of Correction during the last year; each of these, at a low estimate, spends five shillings weekly in liquor. To this add the loss of wages during the imprisonments (average of the former fifteen shillings, and of the latter six weeks), and the cost of prosecuting 125 felons at 8*l.* each, and of hearing 325 minor offences at 1*l.* each. Six week’s maintenance in prison for 450 prisoners (excluding interest of money sunk in

buildings, &c.) may be taken at 1,650*l*. The proportion of the annual charge for county and borough police appertaining to these 450 prisoners may be considered 2,500*l*., and the cost to the Union for destitute families about 300*l*. or 400*l*.; and when all these items are taken into account (and there are more which might be included) the aggregate cost to the community for *one year only*, and of those drunkards who have been brought into prison, will be found to *exceed sixteen thousand pounds*, a sum five times as great as last year's cost of maintaining this house of correction." But though we may calculate the money-charge entailed by drinking, we cannot reckon up the whole moral cost of it;—the idleness and blasphemy, the fraud and violence, the ruin of family peace, the neglect, and corruption, and brutalizing of children. We are astonished at the apathy with which the people of the East regard the visitations of the plague, while we look with composure on the ravages of this ever-present pestilence at home.

We have digressed: return we to Tuxford fair of 1858, where, to the credit of this rural town, be it recorded that the county police had a sinecure, and that the lock-up was tenantless! For many years this annual gathering had been given up, and it was left to two or three public-spirited

individuals to revive it; through their exertions and liberality, a sum of money was subscribed, sufficient to repay the expenses, and give large premiums. Mr. James Wood, who is most indefatigable in his scholastic labours, acted as honorary secretary, and a more able assistant could not be found. The fair took place on the 27th of last month, and at an early hour I was awoke from my slumbers by the neighing of horses, the bellowing of bulls, the baaing of the sheep, the grunting of the pigs, as they were led or driven to their respective places. To sleep amidst such sounds, added to the not less discordant ones of the drovers, was impossible, so I got up, and ordered breakfast, which consisted of the freshest of water-cresses, and eggs, and bread and butter, and coffee and cream, and grilled ham and mushrooms, and potted beef and shrimps, which the liberality of the hostess had provided. During which meal—

“ So unlike the ghost
Of your real English breakfast—your tea and your toast”—

I skimmed over the printed rules of the horse, cattle, sheep, pigs, cheese, and fruit show, and then walked out into the market-place; finding that the arrangements were not completed, I strolled to the top of the hill on the Great North

Road. It was a bright sunny morning, and the view was most picturesque. To the east might be seen the pretty village of Markham, while the spire of Tuxford church formed a beautiful object in the fore-ground. A succession of small woodlands, now in hollows, and now in heights, now with open fields, and elsewhere with winding glades, lay on every side. Elderly men and women were pressing quietly on, or sitting down to rest themselves, with their baskets of vegetables which they were carrying to market. Lasses with straw bonnets and gay flaunting ribands, boys with new smock frocks on, or new jackets; old and young, male and female, rich and poor, on foot and on horseback, peopled the roads; and each gave the other joy of the fine day as they journeyed onward. Upon my return to the scene of festivity, I found that the fair was at its full; numerous visitors had arrived from all parts of the country, some in carriages, some in vans, and some in holiday waggons, others in gigs, taxed carts, and dog traps. The whole exhibition was extremely good; the fruit would have done credit to any professional gardener. The beautiful fuschias, and other flowering plants, showed well for domestic neatness and taste, and the garden produce told well for cottar industry. The horses, beasts, sheep, and pigs were of a superior class,

and in fine condition and order ; and the cheese fully deserved the praise an itinerant singer awarded it, who, wittingly or unwittingly, bel-
lowed forth the popular ballad, “She’s all my
fancy painted her,” in the following style, trans-
forming “sh” into “ch”—

“Cheese all my fancy painted it,
Cheese lovely, cheese divine.”

During the morning the prizes were awarded, after which a large party sat down to an excellent dinner at the Newcastle Arms Hotel, not a nook or corner in that far-famed caravansary being un-occupied. After a most delightful day all went home, without mishap or disturbance, pleased with the entertainment, and pleased with one another.

One word of advice to the residents of the rural market town of Tuxfarn, as it was called in Saxon times, and the neighbouring gentry. It must be well known to them that the Grammar School, founded and endowed by Mr. Charles Read, in 1699, for boys between the ages of seven and sixteen, has no ground attached to it where a game of cricket can be carried on, The result is that they are driven to the high road ; and I have myself witnessed, upon more than one occasion, a very excellent match between a tolerably

good eleven, paving-stones doing duty for wickets. Now, to say nothing of the wear and tear of bats, balls, and trowsers, we would point out the danger that might arise to any passers-by on their way to the railway station. A long-hop, hit by an athletic youth of ten years of age, might impair the optics of an elderly female, or damage the head of her youthful charge—a “swiper” (we adopt the phraseology of an old Westminster) might cause some mischief to one of Mr. Andrew’s well appointed “flies,” or smash the pane of a travelling-carriage—a sharp “throw in” by some juvenile Lillywhite might produce a startling effect upon the palfrey of a female equestrian, or cause her inexperienced companion to be thrown out of his saddle—while a “right or left hander” might break the orient window of St. Nicholas, or produce considerable vitrification in the house of the able master, Mr. James Wood. Surely, then, a subscription could be raised to hire a field, if the well-known liberality of the joint lords of the manor should not induce them to present one for the use of the scholars. The vicar, who, to judge of the amount collected after his eloquent appeal in favour of the Home Mission Society, is extremely popular, and other influential persons, would, were they disposed to take the subject in hand, be rewarded for their labour by the inward

satisfaction that they had done their best to increase the happiness of the rising generation, in encouraging, during the hours set apart for recreation, the good old English game of cricket.

CHAPTER X.

Angling—Newark Castle and Fair—The Turf in the United States—Transatlantic Flyers, and American Jockeys—Hunting—Shooting—Sporting at the Congress of Vienna in 1814.

THE return fishing match between Mr. Bailey, of Radford, near Nottingham, and Mr. Watson, of Leeds, came off at the Keadley Canal, Crowle, near Thorne. In the former contest the Nottinghamshire disciple of Isaak Walton won easily, catching nearly 60lbs. of fish, whilst his opponent took under 5lbs. Notwithstanding his defeat, the north-countryman was strongly backed by his friends, who asserted that a very different state of things would be the result when the fishing took place in the Yorkshire waters, to which their champion had been accustomed. The match

commenced at six o'clock in the morning, and terminated at five in the afternoon, by which time Bailey had caught $30\frac{1}{4}$ lbs., and his rival only $19\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. The fish consisted of bream, roach, dace, eel, and one tench. The largest weighed 2 lbs., and was caught by the winner. All the rest were very Lilliputian specimens of the finny tribe. The loser backed himself to catch 20 lbs. weight, and about three minutes before five hooked a fish that would have made his weight, when, in getting it off the hook, it rolled down the bank, and got away, another practical illustration of the proverb that "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Bailey baited with worms, and Watson used bread paste. After this victory, Bailey's claim as a first-rate fisherman cannot be disputed, and we anticipate a great demand for his work on angling.

In our last chapter we referred to the Tuxford fair, which so revived my taste for such meetings that I was happy to find that the annual goose fair was to take place at Newark on the following Wednesday. Booking myself by the half-past ten o'clock train, I was whirled off to this celebrated borough. As I entered the town by the Appleton gate, I was rather struck with the signpost of a small public-house or beer-shop. It represented a bottle, under which was written:—

“From this bottle, I am sure,
You will get a glass both good and pure.
In opposition to a many,
I’m striving hard to get a penny.”

This reminded me of one which all lovers of white bait must have remarked on their road to the Ship, or Trafalgar, at Greenwich, to enjoy this piscatory luxury. The sign is The Robin Hood, exhibiting a tall yeoman in green, with feathered cap, russet boots, bow and arrow, and his faithful attendant, Little John. The lines run as follows :—

“Stop, brave boys, and quench your thirst ;
If you can’t drink, your horses must.”

After admiring the somewhat eccentric lines of the poetical publican, I proceeded to the market-place, where a fair, worthy of old Bartholomew, was being carried on. There were booths devoted to edibles, bread, cheese, sausages, eels, red herrings (bloaters two a penny), cakes, apples, pears, lollipops, and toffey ; others displayed articles of female dress, from stay-laces to the last new fashionable cap ; earthenware dealers ostentatiously set out their brittle ware, from plates, with copy-book sentiments, “Let others’ faults remind you of your own,” one penny, to china full-length figures of the Queen and Prince Consort ; two perambulating medical practitioners dispensed rhubarb

elixirs, mixtures, draughts, confections, lotions, cordials, pills, all pronounced to be panaceas for every disease and complaint; one, a German Jew, denounced the fallacies of the faculty, and declared that the system “vosh von hombog;” the other, decked out in a red velvet cap, looked more like a Spanish guerilla than a vendor of quack medicines; a chiropodist vaunted the wonderful effect of his celebrated salve, which would eradicate every excrescence, corn, bunion, or callosity that ever grew on human foot. “Cheap Jack” announced his calling in a manner that would have delighted our new Chinese Ambassador, Albert Smith, whose song at the amateur performance at the Olympic and Drury Lane, upon the same subject, will long be remembered. My attention was first called to this individual, who was decked out in a cotton velvet jacket, flaming red waistcoat, cord trousers, and brown wide-awake hat, by his vociferating in a loud voice, “Here you are; sold agin, sold agin, and I’ve got the money!” and, upon looking round, I discovered the great star himself on the platform of his expanding van, attended by a satellite, in the person of a young lad, who, as far as effrontery, impudence, and cunning go, seemed to vie with his master. “Here, boy, bring me the trousers and the wes-kitts—none of your ‘reach-me-downs’ from the

emporiums of Messrs. Moses & Co., who look too closely after the prophets (profits)!" This stock jocosity, as a matter of course, put the admiring public in good humour. Cheap Jack then proceeded to tender his stock of stationery, tools, guns, brooms, hearthrugs, brushes, books, teatrays, wicker chairs, bellows, gridirons, frying-pans, French ornaments, glass, and crockery. A pantomimic performance then took place, in which the universal vendor, having tried at least twenty hats on the head of a country lout, who, for the small sum of sixpence, had at a short notice undertook a part in the confederacy, finished his harangue by generously declaring that he would make him a present of the best beaver, which he had himself caught on the banks of the Mississippi, in America, if the mayor would only condescend to go security for the payment.

Having passed a couple of hours in inspecting the fair, I proceeded to visit the sights of the town, and here I must record my acknowledgments to Mr. Ellis, senior vergier of St. Mary Magdalen's, for the extremely valuable information he gave me, not only as respects his own church, but other different objects of interest. Mr. Ellis's son is the principal singer in the parish church of Tuxford, where, thanks to his exertions, the music is admirably performed. Being a bit of an anti-

quarian, I made a pilgrimage to the Saracen's Head, which existed in the third Edward's reign; to the White Hart, which flourished in Henry the Fourth's; and to the Swan and Salmon, which prospered in Henry the Eighth's time. From these ancient hotelleries, I proceeded to the church, which is one of the finest in England. The parish church, dedicated to Mary Magdalen, is allowed to be one of the handsomest in the kingdom; the spire, which may be seen at an immense distance, is very elegant, and is adorned with the statues of the twelve apostles, in niches. The altar-piece is very beautiful; the subject is the Resurrection of Lazarus; since the church has been restored, the painting has been removed to another part of the sacred edifice. The market place is spacious, and contains many good buildings, having on the west side an elegant town-hall, in which the sessions and corporation meetings are held. The corn exchange is a splendid Grecian building; the main room embraces an area of 80 by 50 feet, and 24 feet high. The cattle market is held within the castle yard, and here we must raise our voice against the desecration of this ancient pile. From antiquarian researches it appears that Newark was an old Saxon town, defended by a strong wall and fortress, and constructed partly of Roman material; the Danes

destroyed it, and having been rebuilt, it was called the New Work, and in future times became, by corruption of language, perhaps from the northern dialect, New-wark. It seems to have been given by Oeofric, Earl of Mercia, and his Countess, Godiva, to the monastery of Stow, and was afterwards claimed by the Bishops of Lincoln, one of whom, Alexander de Blois, built the present castle in the reign of Stephen. In King John's wars with his barons, it was the scene of many attacks, successful and unsuccessful; sometimes in the power of the king, and at other times in that of his opponents. Here, however, that unwilling monarch of liberty breathed his last, some say by poison, but this has never been clearly ascertained. That proud though at last humbled prelate, Cardinal Wolsey, rested here with his retainers, in 1530, on his way to Southwell. James I. also visited Newark in 1602; and in the wars of Charles I. the sieges it sustained were most violent. Having been given up at length to the Scotch army, the entire demolition of its works took place; and, although now in ruins, it presents a most commanding appearance; the river frontage of it is the most perfect, and evidently evinces marked attention to all the means of defence and attack in ancient warfare. Who, then, after reading these historical facts, would believe it

possible that the authorities should allow the whole beauty of the castle to be marred by the erection of coal sheds, sheep pens, and cattle stalls close under the battlements of this once stronghold. And yet, such is the case! Oxen bellow where once a pious prelate offered up his devotions; sheep bleat close to the spot on which the royal John breathed his last; pigs grunt under the windows of the chamber occupied by Bluff Harry's discarded Cardinal; drovers' oaths are heard where James I. was feasted; and particles of coal dust fly about the outward walls as thick as the arrows did in the wars of the martyr Charles. We wish the Archæological Society would pay a visit to Newark, as they would help greatly to rub up the authorities of this ancient borough, by reminding them of the past glories of their town. A paper on the original Saxon fortress; one upon the castle, as it was, and as it is; another on the character of Newark's greatest benefactor, Thomas Magnus, Archdeacon of the East Riding of Yorkshire, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII., and bequeathed a property to it which produces about 2,500*l.* per annum; and a fourth on the battle of Stokefield, between Henry VII. and the Earl of Lincoln, the latter having espoused the cause of Lambert Simnel, the pretended Earl of Warwick, in which 7,000 men were slaughtered and wounded in a

conflict which only occupied three hours, would be most instructive.

The Turf has made great progress in the land of the "stars and stripes;" the number of races has increased, and more horses are in training than ever. The spirit of emulation which induced Mr. Ten Broeck to send his horses over to this country will, we have no doubt, be followed up by other supporters of this now universal amusement; and happy shall we be to see some of our great prizes carried off from the Old to the New World. In order, however, to test the qualities of our horses and jockeys, it would be necessary to return the compliment that has been paid us, by sending a flying division across the mighty ocean; we should then be able to understand the difficulties both bipeds and quadrupeds have to contend against in a long sea voyage—"cabined, cribbed, confined" for at least ten days, in addition to the change of food and water on reaching their destination. The state and nature, too, of the course is of no little importance; for a stranger, however good he might be as a rider, would not be able to avail himself of the advantages as one accustomed to it could. Without wishing to make an invidious comparison between American and English jockeys, for, as Mrs. Malaprop remarks, "comparisons are odorous," we will merely

point out to our readers on both sides of the Atlantic, that the system of riding is as different as the acting of Edmund Kean was from that of John Kemble. This is in a great measure to be attributed to the race courses, which in the United States are round, and in England, generally speaking, straight or slightly curved. In the former case, then, the animal is necessarily obliged in some degree to slacken his pace, owing to the conformation of the course; hence he obtains some little relief, and is enabled to make the running from end to end. In England, a waiting race—that is, a slow run one, in comparison with the “go a-head” system of our neighbours—can be, and generally is made, for no one knows better than our islanders the truth of the saying, “It’s the pace that kills.” One advantage has already accrued from the turf tournament which came off at Goodwood—namely, that a thorough brotherly feeling seems to exist in the breasts of the contending powers. We witnessed and can do justice to the honourable, straightforward conduct of Mr. Broeck and his friends; for we (speaking in the editorial plural) had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of the above-mentioned gentleman at a dinner party of the Duke of Richmond’s, during the Goodwood races, and a more well-informed, agreeable, sensible man we never met;

there was no subject started in which he could not take his part; courteous and affable, he discoursed with the ladies on the topics of the day; with his noble host he talked of agriculture, Southdowns, and other breeds of sheep; his remarks to the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords (who, as well as his eldest son, had passed some time in the United States) were judicious and clear; the gallant Admiral, whose prowess on board the *Pique*, in bringing that vessel from the St. Lawrence to Portsmouth with a damaged rudder, is equal to his handicapping knowledge, found in the representative of the Columbian turf one fully conversant with the subject of racing; in short, every one took the deepest interest in the public-spirited visitor. One trait of nationality ought to be recorded; it does credit—we hate the hackneyed expression, although it conveys much—to his head and heart. Upon taking leave, the Duke of Richmond expressed his hope that Mr. Ten Broeck would give the Duchess and himself the pleasure of his company at dinner on the far-famed cup day. “Nothing will give me greater gratification,” he responded, “if I happen to be successful; if the contrary, I should not be in sufficient spirits to avail myself of your hospitality.” The noble earl already alluded to, and others, pointed out

that there could be no disgrace in being beat, under all the circumstances of the case, for it was well known that one of the horses was short of work. Despite, however, of the renewed requests of the host and many of the assembled guests, Mr. Ten Broeck gratefully declined the invitation, except as a conqueror, a feeling of pride for his country evidently influencing his decision.

The American press, too, with some few exceptions, has done justice to "merrie England," its sports and pastimes; and we will give an extract from Porter's *Spirit of the Times*, a first-class newspaper, published at New York, and of which a contemporary thus speaks:—"It always keeps us in good humour with ourselves and everybody else, unless it *happens* to fail to reach us at its regular time, then we are sour and ill-natured until next mail arrives." But to the extract: "Among the questions which have been the subject of discussion with American turfmen since the commencement of the campaign which Mr. Ten Broeck instituted on the racing fields of England, is the one that embraces a comparison of the merits of American and English jockeys; and we are bound to say, now that the first grand heat is over, that opinion goes vastly in favour of our foreign friends against ourselves. In truth, practical observation was not requisite to the decision

of this question; for the least reflection would have settled the point in favour of the English rider. The English jockey is virtually born under a horse's belly"—query, a sort of mare's nest?—"he lives on his back; he knows every hair on his hide, every bone in his frame, every trick and inclination in his mind. He has no ambition but his cap and colours, and he is the servant of his master. He not only knows by careful study the rise, and fall, and curve of every track in the kingdom, and the peculiarities of all the rival racers he may chance to meet, but he knows—what perhaps is equally important—the characteristics and artifices of all the leading jockeys in the business. Moreover, he is continually about the stable, continually making trials; and, in addition to riding a great number of races in every month, and perhaps at every meeting, he is never in want of a mount, even in the winter, as long as gentlemen have a spare hunter in the stable, when getting up a steeplechase or a run after a fox. When a creature thus disciplined, and forming a part almost of the animal he bestrides, comes up in line with thirty flashing coursers, and thirty keen, quick-witted, artful fellows like himself, and contrives among them for the start, and for the 'play' after the start is made, he is equal to the task, not only of bringing forth all the speed his

horse possesses, but of so managing him in the race, and landing him at the end, that he may win with the least expense of life, and with as small an advantage as safety will admit of. The English race is a game,—more often a game of jockeys than a test of horses; and when an accomplished master of the art is in the saddle, public appreciation at once corroborates his chances by a sensible alteration of the percentages that follow his fortunes in the betting book. An American jockey is a very different creature from an English one, and he rides in a very different style. If he be not a negro—as many of them are down South—he considers himself a sort of gentleman, and, after riding some half-a-dozen matches in a season, may, perhaps, lie fallow for a year or two, improving the interval by keeping tavern, or perhaps alternating the excitements of the mount by opening a roulette on the track, or indulging in a season or two of ‘faro.’ This kind of life and practice cannot compete with the devotion that lives, breathes, eats, drinks, and sleeps only in the profession; and it would be equal absurdity to expect excellence on our part from such wholly inadequate preparation. If the fibre of English mind, on which these results are worked, were any inferior at the outset, we might possibly have a point for argument in our favour; but we appre-

hend that the most vain of our countrymen will hardly claim any advantage, in the way of original intellectual capital, over a people who have been great in every way and walk since the dominion of the Cæsars."

The above is a compliment which will be received as a most seasonable one, and most sincerely do we trust that the good feeling that now happily exists between the two countries will never be interrupted. We flatter ourselves that the more Jonathan knows of John Bull, the more he will like him. May the sentiment be reciprocated! Let us study to adopt from each other all that is good, avoiding all that is bad; and may our rivalry be confined to the advance of art, science, instruction, and harmless recreation. The race meetings in the United States, more especially in the southern parts, are carried on throughout the winter; and on the second of December, of the past year, we read of the gathering at the Columbia race course, when coach, cab, buggy, omnibus, and every other conceivable and inconceivable vehicle, with high-mettled, low-mettled, and no-mettled quadrupeds, accompanied by the fair and gallant, turned out. It appears, too, that the rage for eating and drinking is not confined to Epsom and Ascot Britishers, for we find that while the outward and gay scenes were well

attended to, the wants of the inner man were not forgotten. A sumptuous repast was served, comprising all the delicacies of the season, at which, according to the phraseology of the reporters, "the gentlemen gave duty to the tooth and pleasure to the palate;" and the ladies too, in their department, were not reluctant in indulging o'er the "savoury duck and juicy celery." As all races in America are given according to time, we will lay an average result before our readers, premising that we have no great faith in stop watches, or those who attend to them. A sweepstakes, mile heats, was decided as follows. First heat, 1 minute, $54\frac{1}{2}$ seconds; the second, 1 minute less. The next race, same distance, came off within a second of the above. A two-mile race was noted—

	First Heat.	Second Heat.
First mile . . .	2m. $8\frac{1}{4}$ s.	1m. $53\frac{1}{4}$ s.
Second mile . . .	1m. 55s.	1m. $56\frac{3}{4}$ s.
	<hr/> 4m. $3\frac{1}{4}$ s.	<hr/> 3m. 50s.

The three-mile race was won in six minutes, fourteen seconds. We pass over the trotting and pacing meetings, in which horses in and out of harness contended for dollars, silver pitchers, "track Sulky's," to record a sporting race that took place on Long Island. It was announced as

follows :—“Man *versus* horse. Match, 1,000 dollars. Jake Oakley to trot a mile and 600 yards, while Mr. Adams walks one half mile, a fair heel and toe walk.” The horse was the favourite, at five to four, previous to starting, and won the race easily, trotting the first mile in two minutes, thirty-two seconds and a-half, beating Mr. Adams by thirteen and a-half seconds, and eventually winning by three seconds and a-half. In harness, we find the mile done in two minutes, forty-nine seconds; in waggons, in three minutes and fourteen seconds. From the above meeting, we must retrace our steps to New Orleans, the gay metropolis of the sunny south, where, in the month of November, so famed in our isle for fog and suicide, we find the sporting visitors from New York and other parts giving up their fires, quitting their evergreens, throwing aside their warm over-coats and shawls for open air, roses, and white garments. No sooner are the race meetings over than trotting matches commence, and there is no cessation of them during the winter.

That American horses and jockeys have improved greatly of late, we can vouch for by personal experience. It is now more than thirty years ago (we will not say how much more, for we claim to rank among the quinquagenarians)

that, upon a certain Spring meeting on the Plains of Abraham, near Quebec, a flyer from the United States was entered to run for a sweepstakes of ten dollars each, mile heats. The writer of this article, then a youth of eighteen, had the management of two English horses, Wellington and Douro, good names to contend against the Eagle (for so the stranger's horse was called), and received a challenge to run a match ; weight for age ; although, as the trainer said, " They were not particular to a pound or two." The distances named were a mile, two miles, and three miles ; the best of the above three races to decide the event. As, at the period we write of, no professional jockeys were allowed to ride for the Garrison Stakes, and as the owner of the bird of Jupiter did not fancy an amateur, the stewards permitted him to draw his horse without paying the forfeit, and I consented to contest against a regular Kentucky jockey for the sum of two hundred dollars, which was soon made up by my brother officers on the staff. Wellington had, unquestionably, the speed of his son, but he could not last so long ; under these circumstances, I named Douro, who, though successful on many occasions in Canada, would have only been an average " plater " at home. The terms were drawn out, the money staked, the laws of New-

market read out as our guide, and public expectation was on the tip-toe. The Eagle was a long leggy animal, drawn as fine as a greyhound; his opponent, a compact, well-shaped, thoroughbred horse, in splendid condition, fit, as my groom said, to run for a man's life. The morning arrived—one of those bright, lovely mornings that are to be met with on the sunny banks of the St. Lawrence, when the great orb shines brilliantly forth, when scarce a ripple is to be seen on the surface of the fast-flowing waters, when the sky is blue and cloudless, the sward green, and refreshed by the heavy morning dew. An enormous crowd was assembled, for the horse had been sent purposely to “flog the Britishers.” There might be seen the “’cute hand” from New York, the “knowing one” from Albany, “the wide awake” dealer from Boston; nor were the “sharp fellows” confined down to the United States, for we could boast of some who (as the saying goes) “knew a thing or two”—Montreal livery-stable keepers, Quebec blacklegs, grooms, and keepers. Among the distinguished classes were the Governor-general, for the seat of government at that time was at Quebec, his family, staff, civilians, and officers of the garrison. The betting was nearly equal, although occasionally a wild partisan offered odds on his favourite,

which he felt sure would win. Thus carrying out the Latin line, "*Fere libenter homines id quod volunt credent.*" The race, which was looked upon as the event of the day, was to come off after the Garrison Stakes, for which I rode, and won, on Wellington, an omen, I thought, of good success. The bell then rang for saddling: I weighed to ride 10st. 7lb., and Douro, in a neat set of clothes, was led up by a smart, dapper groom, his mane plaited, his feet plated. I mounted, proud to show myself off in a new orange-silk jacket and black velvet cap, an unexceptionable pair of leathers and boots, and a handsomely-mounted whip which I had been fortunate enough to win on a former occasion. What a contrast to my competitor! Eagle came out, rough and ready as a Shetland pony, with a soiled rug, his uncombed mane flowing wildly about, a saddle full of patches, red surcingle, and led by a man decked out in an ill-shaped over-coat, a gaudy crimson shawl, and a pair of dark-coloured cord breeches, leaving a large hiatus between them, and a low Blucher boot. The jockey, who had proved the truth of his master's saying, of not being "particular as to a pound or two," had jumped in and out of the scale, and was about to mount. Never shall I forget the impression produced upon my mind

when I first caught a glimpse of my antagonist. His real name (as I afterwards ascertained) was William Pilling, although better known by the *sobriquet* of "Natchitoches Bill," he having won, as a youth, some great race at that southern meeting. His dress consisted of a pink cotton jacket, a pair of coarse blue trousers, which looked as if they had been made out of bedticking, very long steel "persuaders," and a red bandana handkerchief round his head. Some little time was lost before he got comfortably settled in the pig's skin, for his reins had to be tied to his wrists—a practice, dangerous as it is, which still exists in America. The course was cleared, the signal given, and off we went, at a pace that appeared to me awful; my orders were to wait, and I obeyed them implicitly. Just as we reached the last turn, near the road which led to the then hospitable mansion of Mr. Percival, and at the very moment when I felt that I could not live the pace, the Eagle bolted to the left, and, despite the giant-grasp of the infuriated jockey, left me to win the race as I liked. All that my friend "Bill" had to do was to save his distance, which I permitted him to accomplish, feeling sure that, had I not done so, a wrangle would have ensued. Unquestionably I was wrong in throwing away a chance; my only ex-

cuse is that, to adopt the words of the Egyptian queen, the Serpent of Old Nile, those were "my salad days, when I was green in judgment." The next event was even more exciting than the first, for I felt that I had to contend against a flyer, who, if he only waited, must beat me into fits, and I was not a little cowed at hearing many who had backed me heavily hedging their money freely. In those days, however, my motto was, "Never say die," and I took heart; and, cheered on by a few who stuck to me, mounted for the second race. Great, indeed, was my delight when the word "off" was given, and the flag lowered, to find that the Eagle flew, like Mazeppa's horse, "upon the pinions of the wind." The jockey had borrowed a regular break-jaw bridle, with the assistance of which he felt no untoward accident would occur; and he was right in his surmise, as the straining animal kept within the limits of the post and rail. At the fatal turn the owner was posted on a pony, who joined his horse in a gallop for a few yards, until they got into straight running. During the first round, it was, in the phraseology of the ring, Windsor Castle to an Irish bothie, Gibraltar to a Martello tower, Niagara to a Parisian house gutter, the prairie to Hampstead Heath, or any other comparison that may arise in the imaginative mind of the reader,

in favour of my adversary. "He'll never catch him." "The Yankee has taken the lead and will keep it." "We're done brown." "The stars and stripes have it easy." Such were the expressions of the mob; all seemed over, except the paying and receiving the stakes and bets. Could I have been transported to the corner of the grand stand, other and more cheering remarks would have greeted my ears, and consoled me for the shouts of derision that awaited me, as I sat quite steady upon my horse, some yards behind my leader. "Douro will win," exclaimed a gallant colonel, the confidential friend of the Governor-general, "the Eagle is gradually falling back;" and such proved to be the case. Fearing to upset my horse, I found that, without increasing the pace, I was getting gradually nearer to the "flyer." "Sit still, and you will win," shouted a well-known voice when we were about half a mile from home; this injunction was followed to the letter, and every second brought the Eagle back to me. We approached the distance. "Bill" made a vigorous attempt to hustle his horse, but without avail; arms and legs then began to work about like a semaphore telegraph, but the life had been pumped out of the over-ridden animal; my horse, too, had had quite enough of it; we were now neck and neck

together. I made a feint, as if in greater difficulty than I was; this set my antagonist again to work, and, holding Douro well together, I landed him a winner by a rush after—and very far after—the manner of Jem Robinson. The congratulations that welcomed me were most gratifying; the hero of Natchitoches bore his beating extremely well, his only remark to me, as we entered the weighing tent, being, “You gammoned me nicely, captain, at the end; I thought that horse of yours, Ducrow, as they call him, was like an old bellows with a hole in it, but, somehow or other, there was one puff left, and you made the most of it. Come next fall to Kentucky, and give me my revenge.” The following year, the American horses proved more fortunate, both at Montreal and Quebec, thus recovering their lost laurels. While writing the above, a newspaper, bearing the two-cents postage stamp, was brought us, and, as an additional proof that the American press fully appreciates the kind feeling of the mother country, we give an extract from the paper in question, the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*, of last month, published at Philadelphia:—“The best description of the Goodwood races was by Lord William Lennox (Duke of Richmond’s brother); his lordship thus writes:—‘While upon the subject of betting, we cannot refrain from mention-

ing the high-mindedness and noble conduct of several American gentlemen, who, feeling that their names were unknown in England, expressed their wish to place the amount they risked in the hands of some English sportsman of character. The above gentlemanlike trait, added to the straightforward manner in which the owners of the horses from the United States acted, was duly appreciated by all; and although Mr. R. Ten Broeck did not carry off the gold cup, he won 'golden opinions' from every one who had the good fortune to form his acquaintance. The two transatlantic flyers ran extremely well under all the circumstances of the case; they had to contend with the horrors of a sea voyage; they had to fight against change of climate, food, and water; and one of them had lately suffered greatly from a cough. To add to these disadvantages, the riders, albeit good jockeys, were not as much 'at home' on the course as others who had ridden there for years; they did not know the difference of the ground, and the nature of the turns, and sundry little items, which, in the aggregate, amount to a considerable advantage. All we can say is, in the words of the dramatist, if Mr. Ten Broeck could not 'command success,' he did more,—he 'deserved it.' As the cup is not doomed to grace the side-board of the hospitable

competitor at New York, we are happy that it will find its way to Paris.' ”

Sincerely trusting that the friendly spirit that now exists in the United States and England (between which countries a telegraphic message will, we trust, shortly convey the name of the winner of the large stakes at Orleans, or the Derby at Epsom) will long continue, we, for the present, take leave of the American turf.

In a previous chapter we have alluded to a *battue* at Vienna, and as, at the period we write of, this city could not be termed, as it now is, the most cold and stately of European courts, we will proceed to lay before our readers some sporting reminiscences of that eventful period. “*Le Congrès danse, mais il n'avance pas,*” was the remark made by a celebrated wit, improved upon, however, by Talleyrand, who being asked one day, “How the Congress went on?” gave no reply, but significantly began to rub his lame leg. Now for “*danse,*” were we to insert “*chasse*” we should be equally near the mark; for there were *battues* and *chasses* of every description; wild boars, deer, foxes, hares, being provided for the amusement of the visitors, and to afford the sovereigns as much variety as possible.

Among the entertainments which were contrived to dissipate the *ennui* of royalty and

state affairs, was a series of English fox-hunts, the first of which took place early in the winter.

The place of meeting was within a few miles of Vienna, where, in defiance of the untowardness of the morning, which was cold, dull, and rainy, a goodly assemblage of beauty and fashion graced the *rendezvous*, and gave additional interest to the sports of the day. It was a heart-stirring sight to behold that full field, scarlet-coated and gallantly mounted, with a pack of thorough-bred English foxhounds before them.

There might be seen the carriages and costumes of all Europe, both civilized and uncivilized. The handsome English chariot and four, with two duodecimo postilions, is the equipage of the noble master of the hounds. From curricule and pair, turned out *à l'Anglesey*, neat tilbury, and drag with its "three chestnuts and a grey," look at the owners alight, boots and breeches well made, "pinks" pretty considerably soiled. Who does not know the country to which they belong? They mount their fiery coursers—what glorious inspiring delight—

"To back the flying steed that challenges
The wind for speed; seems native more of air
Than earth; whose burden only lends him fire,
Whose soul is in his task, whose labour sport,
Who makes your pastime his! I sit him now!

He takes away my breath—he makes me reel!
I touch not earth; I see not—hear not—all
Is ecstasy of motion.”

The next carriage is a dark green britchka; it contains the Emperor of Russia and the Prince Eugène Beauharnais; then the curricule of Count Trautmansdorf, master of the horse to the Emperor of Austria. The pony phaeton with the long-tailed Arabians is that of the most beautiful woman in Germany. In the barouche and four is the Prince Lichtenstein; and the handsome English carriage, with the two outriders, is the Prince Esterhazy's. The drosky, with its well-trained horses, harness prettily worked and ornamented with shells and beads, is the property of an *attaché* to Prince Razymowski, the Russian ambassador. The hounds were scarcely put into a very small cover, when they began to feather. “Have at him, Melody? Yoicks, wind him, Trinket,” cried the huntsman. “Hold hard,” shouted a noble sportsman, “let them settle;” but in saying so, his practice was opposed to his precept, for he hardly gave them time himself, but flew like a bird, followed by a few of the right sort. In spite, however, of all the hallooing and pressing of the forward riders, the hounds stuck to their fox, and went away with him at an awful pace. The first burst,

of five miles, was very quick, across a fine open country. With racing speed they made for Buckersdorf. The thorough-bred ones had enough to do; the heavy ones cried "Peccavi!" The hounds threw up their heads; a short check ensued, which brought up the *tailers*, when "Away, away, to the mountain's brow" was the cry. Reynard, closely pursued, tried his old haunts, followed by a select few, for the rest had, in the phraseology of St. Stephen's, "paired off." After a run of thirty minutes, they killed. Many were the falls, and such a string of tired horses had not been seen for years.

It was altogether a brilliant affair; the scent throughout the day was remarkably good, though the weather was stormy and most unpropitious. It would have amused many of our sporting readers to have witnessed the numbers who either craned at, or took a cold bath in, the Neisidlir brook; at least a dozen had their courage cooled in the chilling element. The chosen few who enjoyed the sport were nothing daunted by the severity of the run, and wound up the day's amusement with a steeple chase, "100 florins each, four miles across the country; the winning post to be the Augarten, in the Prater." Now, whether the writer of this narrative was sufficiently acquainted with the

geography of the country to know that the Prater was situated on an island formed by the Danube, we cannot decide: suffice it to say he strenuously denied it, and in selecting the line gave the Nimrods an opportunity of proving their powers of human and equine natation. One alone, the writer of this, like young Lochinvar—

“Who staid not for brake, and stopped not for stone,
And swam the dark river where ford there was none”—

reached the appointed goal. What a contrast was this manly sport to a species of royal “*chasse*” (for such is the term applied to the pursuit of all game in Germany) with which the crowned heads were entertained a few days afterwards! Within a large arena, prepared for the purpose, the monarchs, and those who were to take part in the *battue*, were placed. Each sportsman (of whom I blush to say I was one) was attended by four chasseurs to assist in loading, with a certain number of *gardes de chasse*, armed with rifles and spears, to protect him from danger. All being thus arranged, a number of wild boars, deer, hares, and foxes! were driven in in succession, and the gunners continued to fire until the whole were destroyed.

Of the Prater itself, well might the French writer exclaim:—

“Entrons dans cette allée ; une innombrable foule
Nous apprend à jouir de l’instant qui s’écoule,
A charmer à la fois par un accord heureux
L’odorat et le goût, et l’oreille, et les yeux,
Icic’est du Tokay, là des sorbets d’Asie,
Ce parfum du Moka surpasse l’ambroisie ;
Partout mille beautés offrent à mes regards,
L’étalage pompeux du luxe enfant des arts.”

But whither are we wandering? We have digressed. Let us take up the thread of our narrative. The Prater, the Hyde Park of Vienna, is, as Sam Slick would say, “a grand park, that if you were to join all the London ones together, you could not make its ditto.” It is beautifully situated on a large island formed by the Danube, with its double row of magnificent horse chestnut trees, its avenues of elms of beautiful growth, its drives and walks intersecting the woods, its preserves for game; with its public garden, the Augarten, for balls and concerts, its circus, panorama, and carousel ground. It is the general resort of the many who have no other more active engagement, and there might daily be seen the procession of horse and foot, of family coaches, cabriolets, German waggons, cars, phaetons, and landaulets.

Bands of music play appropriate airs; all is gaiety and good humour; tournaments and tilting feats are about to be performed.

“ On gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,”

the knights advance to the lists, where figures were placed bearing the heads of Turks and Moors.

“ On they dash !
Torrents less rapid, and less rash.”

The Paynim is dismounted; the ring is carried off at the point of the lance. Feats of horsemanship follow. At a distance beyond, the conjuror, juggler, and magician display their dexterous tricks, and exercise their potent spells.

An event came off the day following the hunt we have described, which created a great sensation in the sporting coteries. A party of half-a-dozen young English attachés, of noble blood, were “larking” over the railings and ditches in the Prater, headed by the writer of this—who, in the words of Mazeppa, might exclaim—

“ I was a goodly stripling then ;
At fifty-nine, I so may say ”—

when a hare was viewed. “Stole away,” cried the leader of the party. Away they went, Leicestershire pace. A slight snow-storm had left the ground in that state that the poor animal could hardly keep her feet, though not deep

enough to prevent the horses making their way. Under these circumstances, pussy's merciless pursuers could not be eluded, and after a chase of nearly fifteen minutes she was run into. Then arose the question of how the prize could be secured. Baron ———, a German by birth, although a Saxon in heart, recommended "drowning the animal," declaring that the penalty of poaching in the royal manors was imprisonment for life, or loss of limb. After much deliberation, it was decided that I was to be the pilot to weather the storm. Surrounded by my friends, we were preparing for our return home, when a yell as terrific as ever issued from a Cherokee tribe of Indians attracted our attention. On looking round to the spot from whence the sound came, we saw a dozen *gardes des chasses*, accompanied by a bold peasantry, in chase, hallooing, and shouting, and "der teufeling" to an alarming extent. Not a moment was to be lost. I alighted, seized the prize, was instantly up again, like Walter Scott's young hero from the west—

"So light to the croup the fair *pussy* I swung,
So light to the saddle before her I sprung,"—

and away we went at the rate of twenty miles an hour. On entering the city, unexpected dangers awaited us. At each barrier a guard of

about fifty grenadiers was posted, and in the grand square of the palace four distinct guards of honour were mounted. The clatter of our horses attracted the attention of the vigilant sentry, who, seeing a large party together, immediately set it down as that of a monarch or general officer. The word was passed, "*Wache heraus*" (guard turn out), the drums beat, and arms were presented as we rode along. We reached the Minneritzen Platz in safety, and the hunted hare was deposited in the hands of the ambassador's *chef de cuisine*, with an especial request that it might be dressed. To crown the joke, a diplomatic dinner was given that day, at which many Austrian nobles attended. How shocked would the master of the horse have been had he been aware that the hare, whose tenderness he had so highly extolled, was the property of his imperial master.

CHAPTER XI.

Games of the Ball—The Worcester Hounds—Anderson's Sauce—The Cheltenham Pack—Meet at Sudely Castle—Chaunting for the Million—Fraudulent Practices in the Sale of Guns—Caution to Sportsmen—Breech-loading Ordnance—Hunting—Shooting—Earl Fitzhardinge as a Sportsman—Anecdotes of His Lordship.

WE consider that the game of cricket has a particular claim to patronage, for it is one in which the people of England can generally take a part; it excites no feeling of envy by its exclusiveness; it tends to encourage a good feeling between the higher and the more humble classes, and brings about one of the greatest gifts bestowed upon mortal man—*mens sana in corpore sano*. The ball presents itself in many varied forms. In early youth we have cricket, hockey, trap, foot-ball, and “fives;” as we enter manhood, it delights us in the old-fashioned bowling-green, flies over the

smooth green baize of the billiard table, or the less-exciting bagatelle board, golfing, rackets, and tennis diversifying the amusement, and in every form the "ball may be kept up" with the greatest satisfaction as one of the games of Old England.

China is famed for its "ball practice." Homer sang of it as it was played by the maidens of Corcyra. Strutt informs us that hand-ball was from very early times a favourite pastime in Great Britain among young persons of both sexes; and in many parts of the kingdom it was customary for them to play at this game during the Easter holidays, for tansy cakes. The last-mentioned authority gives a play from an ancient MS. of the date of the twentieth year of the reign of Edward VI., which represents bowling as early as the thirteenth century. It was at one time a fashionable game; and even in our day there are well-frequented bowling-greens, which are attended by a most respectable class of our fellow-creatures. Some of our former monarchs took part in this recreation; for, according to a statement of a celebrated *bas-bleu* in the reign of Charles I., we find that ill-fated sovereign trying his skill with Mr. Shute, one of the members of the city of London. Let us describe the circumstance in the literary lady's own words:—"Bark-

ing Hall, the property of my great-grandfather, Richard Shute, Esq., a Turkish merchant, was an antique building, of a castellated form, situated at the end of a long avenue of elms, near the town of that name. Here Mr. Shute made one of the prettiest and most commodious bowling-greens ever seen; and Charles I., who was partial to the amusement, having heard of the fame of this new bowling-green, told Mr. Shute, when he next came to court, that he would dine with him the following day, and have a game. Mr. Shute made the best preparation that the shortness of the time would allow; and the King was so well pleased with his entertainment, that he would frequently lay aside his state, and resort thither, with only two or three gentlemen as his attendants. They generally played high, and punctually paid the losings; and though Mr. Shute often won, yet the King would at one time bet higher than usual, and having lost several games, gave over. ‘And if it please your Majesty,’ said Mr. Shute, ‘one thousand pounds, some rubbers more; perhaps luck may turn.’ ‘No, no,’ replied Charles, laying his hand gently on his shoulder, ‘thou hast won the day, and much good may it do thee; but I must remember I have a wife and children.’” How happy would it have been for this country if every monarch had followed this wise remark! Accord-

ing to Grammont, this game was patronized by the Merry Monarch during his residence at Tunbridge Wells.

Of the numerous games to which the ball has given rise, few if any have become more justly popular than cricket, and at no period has it been more encouraged than at the present. The programme for the months of last July and August will bear us out in our assertion; and the names and rank of the players remind us of those palmy days when George IV. formed a cricket ground adjoining the Pavilion at Brighton, and figured as a batsman and fieldsman, supported by the late Dukes of Hamilton, Richmond, and Bedford, Lord Winchelsea, and other members of the aristocracy.

On Thursday morning, after the autumnal steeple-chase on Pitchcroft, bordering the Vigornian city, the Worcestershire hounds met at Severn Bank, where they soon found a fox, who went away towards Kempsey, and gave them a good run. It was a cheery sight to see the gallant pack, headed by the respective masters, Colonel Clowes and J. R. Cooks, Esq., John Ward, the huntsman, and the two whippers-in, Sam and Will, for what their patronymics are we did not stay to inquire, and followed by a numerous assemblage of noblemen, gentry, yeomen, and farmers, all well mounted and eager for the sport. It has been our

privilege to hunt with the Quorn, Warwickshire, Pytchley, Cottesmore, Sir Maurice Berkeley's, Colonel Wyndham's, and the Hampshire hounds, and to inspect their kennels, and we will assert, without fear of contradiction, that no hounds ever appeared in finer condition than did the Worcestershire on the above occasion. The pack consists of thirty-one couple of old, and fifteen couple of young hounds, and they are all, without exception, of the right sort; this is not to be wondered at, when we state that the best blood in England has been infused into them. John Ward, the huntsman (what associations are connected with that name), is a first-rate man in the field and kennel, and the two whippers-in, whose names we have just heard, Sam Taylor and Will Ward, are excellent in their department. Sam has the character of being able to ride any un-Rarey-fied animal; a hard mouthed one, a kicker, being equally the same to him as a well-broken steed. Of Colonel Clowes we cannot speak personally, but the gallant officer is extremely popular in the county, and we believe deservedly so; of Johnny Cookes, as he is familiarly called, we can bear testimony that a more honourable, kind-hearted, agreeable man never existed, nor one that has the interest of the hunt more at heart. May his shadow never grow less! The hounds, which are famed for their speed and fine

noses, have been selected from the best kennels in England, viz., those of the late Earl Fitzhardinge, Dukes of Beaufort and Rutland, Sir Richard Sutton, Lords Yarborough, Henry Bentinck, and Gifford, the late Thomas Assheton Smith, Messrs. Willoughby, Hill, and Morel. Lord Coventry, who has an excellent stud, was well mounted, as were many other gentlemen and yeomen. Indeed, we scarcely ever remember to have seen a finer display of high-bred cattle than on the above occasion. A former master, Mr. John Parker (whose memorable duel, in 1827, with Mr. J. S. Russel, now Sir John Pakington, is still well remembered in the county), was out, and happy are we to think that the talented baronet is still alive to receive a testimonial from his Worcestershire friends. From Mr. Parker the hounds passed to Mr. T. Broeck, to whom a grand dinner was given by the members of the hunt on his resigning them into the hands of Captain Candler; after the retirement of the latter, Colonel Clowes and Mr. Cookes came into office, and if their lives and health are spared, and we see no sign of the latter failing, we venture to prognosticate a long and honourable career to both of these public-spirited gentlemen and sportsmen. Upon the following morning I lionized the city of Worcester, and am indebted to a valuable authority for the

following remarks on that ancient and loyal city :—

“The manufactures with which Worcester itself is associated reached their meridian during the first half of the present century, and have since seriously declined. The porcelain factories were once almost as famous as those of Sèvres, but the demand for chinaware has been greatly affected by the wild vicissitudes of taste. In the year 1800 we could boast of forty to fifty master glovers, but owing to the repeal of the import duty in 1826, together with the more general use of Berlin and silk gloves, the trade has been so much damaged that there are not more than half that number master glovers at the present time.” If gloves are down, condiments are rising; for who is there that does not enjoy a zest in the splendid sauces manufactured in this city? And this reminds one of a debt of gratitude due to Mr. Anderson, chemist, for his new preparation for soups, fish, steaks, and chops. It happened, on my return to London, that I stopped for a night at a small but snug hotel, where the culinary artist had unquestionably not studied under the great Alexis Soyer; the soup was tasteless, the fish sauce clammy, the gravy to the beefsteak unsavoury, when I recollected that I had, stowed away in my carpet-bag, two bottles of Anderson’s sauce. In less

time than I can describe it, one of the bottles was sent for, the cork drawn, and as if with the magic wand of the inventor's namesake, the humble repast was transformed into an excellent meal, for the materials, which were good, only required a little flavouring, as the cookery books term it. When I left the hotel, I bequeathed the remains of the condiment to the presiding genius of the kitchen, who has, I have no doubt, since surprised the *habitués* of the coffee-room by her pungent cooking. From Worcester, I proceeded to that far-famed spot, thus immortalized by the chronicler:—"But I must not omit a passing notice of Malvern, that gem of nature's setting, on whose hills the purest air is breathed, the purest water drunk, and the richest and most unique inland landscape to be seen in all England."

From the county that harboured the unfortunate monarch, Charles the Second, I proceeded to Gloucestershire, and was present at the grand lawn meeting of the Cheltenham hounds at Sudely Castle, the regal and hospitable residence of Mr. and Mrs. Dent. The huntsmen and whippers-in were admirably mounted, as was the popular master, Captain Colmore; and the hounds were in fine condition. The field, which, owing to a change in the day of meeting, was not very numerous, partook of an excellent luncheon, tables

being prepared inside the castle for Mr. Dent's friends, and outside for the rest of the sportsmen. The loving cup of champagne, and flagons of old October, were handed about, and were done ample justice to by those who had faced a north-easter for seven miles over the hills. We understand the Cheltenham hounds have had excellent sport; the huntsman, Turner, who was a whipper-in to the late noble proprietor of Berkeley Castle, has given the greatest satisfaction in his new and more arduous situation.

The author of these Sketches produced, in the pages of *The Sporting Review*, a very practical article upon the various tricks adopted by the fraternity of horse "chaunters" in their dealings with the unwary; and as the system, instead of decreasing, is greatly on the increase, we propose devoting a few pages to a subject of such vital importance to the pockets of our numerous readers. How truly has it been said—

"The buyer hath need of a hundred eyes,
But the seller of only one;"

for nothing is more difficult to purchase (except by experienced dealers) than a horse. The qualities of a good animal are so various, and the frauds of dishonest tradesmen so numerous, that a man must not only be a first-rate judge, but

must possess sufficient acuteness and caution to escape being taken in by the gangs of sharpers who infest the metropolis, both as venders of horses and carriages.

The manner in which they go to work is as follows:—They first engage a stable in a fashionable part of London, where the “screws,” consisting of the blind, the lame, and the broken-winded, are placed; an advertisement next appears in the *Times*, *Bell's Life*, and *Review*, to the following effect:—“To be sold, two splendid hunters, well known in Leicestershire and Warwickshire. Talisman, a bay gelding, five years old, thorough-bred, a fine fencer, has carried a lady; price 150 guineas. Rosalind, a chesnut mare, six years old, by Touchstone, dam by Physician, grandam by Picton, out of Audrey's dam; very fast, a magnificent jumper, and likely to make one of the best steeple-chase horses in England; price 150 guineas. The above are parted with in consequence of the owner having been ordered to join his regiment in India. A fair trial granted, and a reference given. Apply to A. Z., No. 16, — Mews.” Occasionally the advertisement is thus worded:—“Price 150 guineas, Kilruddery, by Chieftain, out of Kate Kearney, aged, an Irish hunter, well known with the Kilkenny hounds, up to fifteen stone, the

winner of three cups. The most perfect horse over a stiff country ever known. Potsheen, price 80 guineas, by Irish Birdcatcher, out of Dido, four years old, well qualified to run for hunter's stakes. For further particulars apply to the groom, No. 7, — Street, Regent's Park." In spring and summer, "neat park hacks," "perfect ladies' horses," "wonderfully strong cobs," and "surpassingly clever ponies" are advertised in a strain equally calculated to catch the numerous flats that are to be found in every large community. No sooner has the stable been engaged than the gang are *cast* their respective *characters* (if such a word can apply to men devoid of every principle of honesty), and commence proceedings. One passes off as the groom, and, parrot-like, proclaims the merits of the animal. "That brown horse went wonderfully well with the Quorn last Wednesday week, from Kirby Gate." "As for the mare, she set the whole field at the Wissendine." "The Irish hunter's would make the finest steeplechase horse in England; *the* Marquis offered master two hundred guineas for him last season, after a run with the Kilkenny foxhounds." Another of the confederacy assumes the form of a gentleman in search of a hunter, and makes an offer of pounds instead of guineas, which, as a matter of course, is refused. A

third, dressed in sables, performs the *rôle* of a friend of the owners, whose loss he deplures; declaring that he don't care for a few pounds, so long as the favourite horses of his departed friend find a good master. If the unwary purchaser does not "bite" at once, the groom proposes a trial, when, just as the unsuspecting victim is about to mount, the former remarks, "Excuse me, sir, I mean no offence, I'm sure you're quite the gentleman, but my orders are very strict, and there are so many swindlers about" (he need not look far to prove his words) "that—I hope you won't be angry—without a slight deposit I can't allow you to leave the yard." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the demand will be complied with, and, as the usual practice is to ask for a cheque on a London banker for five or ten pounds, with a promise that it will not be presented, the purchaser (not quite so wary as the late Premier, who would not fall into the *Wire* noose set for him at the Mansion-house dinner) is caught "napping," and writes the necessary document. In the meantime the horse is brought out, and the confederate suggests a trial at Messrs. Blackman's Hippodrome. "You will find him a splendid fencer, I never saw the like of him at timber or water; no gate or brook will stop him." "Would you like me to meet you at Hyde Park Corner or the

Marble Arch, sir?" inquires the ostler. "In an hour and a half I expect another horse up by the rail, and I have to show him to a nobleman in Park Lane." "An hour and a half's trial," says the rider to himself; "how liberal, and I'll find out what stuff he's made of in that time: you can meet me at four, near Apsley House," remarks the purchaser, as he rides triumphantly out of the yard, looking prouder than any peacock that ever strutted in a farm-yard. No sooner is the coast clear, than Jem the oat-stealer is sent off post haste to get the cheque cashed, the other horse is removed to a stable some distance off, the door is locked, the key is deposited with an old woman who rents the neighbouring loft, and the premises are vacated, never again to be tenanted by the same parties. The result can easily be anticipated; the far-famed hunter is proved to be a roarer, lame, or spavined; he knows as much about fencing as a Highlander does of a knee buckle, or an Esquimaux of a nail brush. The rider is delighted not again to risk his neck over the stones, and gratefully gives up the animal to the trusty hostler, who says master is waiting with the cheque at the stables. Upon reaching that scene of rascality, the dupe is soon convinced that he has been completely taken in; he looks at his watch, finds it is too late to stop payment at the

banker's, and as he leaves the yard has the mortification of overhearing the following remark from the pot-boy, addressed to a brother member of the *bar*:—"Only think, Sam, they've cotched another flat, and have done him to a tinder."

The above is one of the numerous "dodges" practised, which vary according to circumstances; occasionally a "screw" is palmed off for ninety or a hundred pounds, with a written agreement to return the amount, after deducting ten per cent., if the animal is not approved of in a fortnight. We need scarcely add that the dealer looks upon refunding in the same light that the fat knight Falstaff did. "This paying back is a double labour," so, to save himself the trouble, he keeps the entire amount handed over to him by the "greenhorn." The system of "chaunting" (as it is called) is not confined to horseflesh, carriages and dogs being equally subjected to it. Old "drags," worn-out phaetons, rickety dennets, damaged Broughams, and broken-down Clarences, bought up cheap, after undergoing a process of putty, paint, and varnish, are advertised as quite or nearly new vehicles, sold in consequence of the death of the owner, while, in the canine market, pointers without noses; spaniels that can scarcely crawl; setters that know as little of their work as the Gorilla at the Crystal Palace does of

mathematics; retrievers, with mouths like vices, living illustrations of "mangling done here;" greyhounds on which Mrs. Glass's advice (of culinary celebrity), "first catch your hare," would be thrown away; terriers that would never follow the example of the Prince of Denmark, and kill "a rat in the arras;" bull-dogs, "sans eyes, sans teeth," that would be unable to tackle a calf; fox-hounds that would be drafted from the drag or "red-herring" pack of any sporting cavalry corps; harriers whose olfactory powers are completely worn out; deer-hounds that would not grapple with a tame gazelle; Scotch Isle of Skye dogs, born and bred in the purlieus of Whitechapel; King Charles's spaniels, that partake more of the ugliness of the third George's court, than of the beauty of that of the Merry Monarch; and Newfoundland puppies, with a hydrophobic dread of the water, are puffed off as the finest sporting dogs, the most perfect ladies' pets in the world. We hope that we have now said enough to open the eyes of the unwary portion of the public at large on the subject of horse, carriage, and dog "chaunting."

Having thus far enlightened our readers with respect to the tricks practised by the "chaunters" upon the unwary in horse-dealing, we now propose to notice another crying

evil that is carried on to an alarming extent in the metropolis and other towns, viz.—the fraudulent practice in the manufacture and sale of guns.

The subject has been so admirably treated by Mr. Bishop, of Bond Street, that we cannot refrain from laying before our readers a letter which he addressed to the *Times* newspaper nearly seven years ago. It runs as follows:—

“SIR,

“Will you allow me, through the medium of your paper, to draw the attention of the public to the many serious accidents which are continually occurring, both at home and abroad, through the bad workmanship of cheap guns, rifles, and pistols, and to the dishonest practices which, I am sorry to say, are carried on by the dealers in these dangerous articles. The unfortunate victims, generally speaking, are young gentlemen about to leave for India, who purchase these cheap guns, little thinking at the same time they are buying an article which, in all probability, will prove dangerous either to life or limb, and cause much unhappiness to their relations and friends. Not a month passes away, previous to the departure of the overland mail, without application being made to me for my judgment on cheap guns and pistols, and my long

experience in the gun trade enables me to convince the unfortunate purchasers that they have been imposed upon, as the names on the locks and barrels are often forged; and the parties guilty of this practice ought to be punished accordingly. A forger, generally speaking, writes the name of a person with a view of fraudulently obtaining money, and the maker of a gun, who engraves upon it the name of another party, is undoubtedly actuated by similar motives. It is a well-known fact that this class of men reap a rich harvest at the expense of the good, the honest, and the conscientious gun-manufacturer. I have been credibly informed, for instance, that in India, the well-known name of "Westley Richards" is engraved on guns of the most spurious and insecure nature, which are passed off as the genuine productions of that eminent manufacturer. In order to put a stop to such fraudulent practices, I would advise all parties, before making a purchase, to take the number of guns or rifles engraved thereon, and apply to the maker whose name is on the locks and barrels, to ascertain whether the article be genuine or not. In some cases it will be stated that the maker is dead, therefore the purchasers cannot be satisfied, although the dealer is by no means ignorant of the imposition he is about to practise. In all

such cases the purchaser should demand a warranty from him. I have been induced to write this letter in order to protect the unwary, and I hope, ere long, a law will be passed which will do away with this system of fraud. Hoping that this matter will meet with consideration by those noblemen and gentlemen who have supported me for so many years in my exertions to accomplish a public good, I am, sir, &c.

“WILLIAM BISHOP.”

Now, we can personally confirm the above statement; for within one month we have seen a pistol bearing the name of Colt (evidently not from the manufactory of that eminent maker of revolvers), which was sent home from India with a barrel burst; a gun was also shown us with Joe Manton's name engraved upon it, in which the nipple was completely broken in half; and the third instance was that of a rifle falsely called a Purdy, with such feeble locks that they were only fit for a child's tin gun. While condemning the system practised by unprincipled tradesmen, we cannot withhold our censure from those who encourage it by dealing with those fraudulent parties, for it must be quite clear to every one that their trade would soon be put an end to if purchasers were wanting. In the present day,

when excellent guns can be procured for a reasonable sum, there is no excuse for purchasing cheap articles, which, setting aside the danger to the owner and his friends, will prove the dearest in the long run. An old gun, like an antique house, always requires repairing; and, by the time the penny wise and pound foolish sportsman has paid for a new main spring, a pair of barrels, or a nipple, he will find a considerably larger balance against him than if he had bought a good gun in the onset. Even one of the gamekeepers' pieces of ordnance, as furnished at 170, New Bond Street, is worth half a dozen of those advertised at the pawnbroker's as Egg's, Manton's, Moore's, Lang's, Purdy's, or Lancaster's, and can be procured at a very moderate price. In a future work we purpose devoting a chapter to breech loading guns, rifles, carbines, and pistols, having only space in the present one to call the attention of our readers to the numerous accidents that are almost daily occurring through the incautious use of fire-arms; and here we must again borrow from the above-mentioned authority, who thus graphically addresses the friends of humanity and the true lovers of the trigger:—

“As the shooting season is now at its zenith, may I beg of you to insert in your widely-circulated columns, this letter, which I trust may be

of use to the sporting world, and for which I venture to hope I shall not be condemned, when, bearing in mind the many unfortunate accidents with guns which have befallen sportsmen (occasioning misery and sorrow in families otherwise happy) from the mere want of care and caution in the simple process of cocking and uncocking the locks of their guns, also from the habit many sportsmen have of playing with the locks of their guns, which is highly reprehensible. Suppose the sportsman to have fired one barrel of his gun, and being desirous of reloading the discharged one, he lets down the cock of the loaded one to half-cock. Now, nothing can be more imprudent than this, as it frequently happens that, instead of the sear going into its place, it catches on the edges of the half-beat of the tumbler. With his gun in this state he reloads, and should he escape an accident from the jar of loading, he is sure, when next he fires the reloaded barrel, to discharge both. I have even known this to occur in discharging a gun with enfeebled locks, when the explosion of one barrel has caused the sear of the remaining lock to move from its proper position to the edge of the full bent of the tumbler, and the sportsman, unaware of his danger, has reloaded with his gun in this state, and an accident has been the consequence. Now

let me beg of all sportsmen, in uncocking their guns, to let the cock down past the half-bent, and then draw it back to the half-cock; in so doing the sear must come into its proper place, and all will be well, taking care that the fingers do not touch the triggers, as it may prevent the locks acting properly. To carry the gun cocked at any time is extremely dangerous, as also with the hammer resting on the cap; in fact, the gun is only safe when at half-cock. The use of a thick glove upon the right hand is very dangerous, both in cocking and uncocking a gun, as the glove may, by an imperceptible pressure upon the trigger, occasion the same disarrangement of the lock as above stated. Another cause of accidents with guns arises from the heedless manner with which some sportsmen neglect attending to one position of the gun in loading, having it pointed at their heads, instead of invariably keeping the stock outside the left foot, when the gun, pressing against the leg, will not point in the direction of the head or any part of the person. In loading, turn the gun a little to the *right* to load the right barrel; your right hand will not then be in danger of the left one; accidents have occurred from the heedless manner in which sportsmen have returned their ramrods after loading, by placing their hand over the muzzle of the gun, which

would have been entirely avoided simply by adjusting the rod in the pipe, and sending it home with the forefinger of the *right*, and the thumb of the *left* hand. Look at the gun, but never let the gun look at you, nor anybody else, is my golden rule ; and I can assure all sportsmen that safety-guards are of but little use when carelessness is predominant. The recoil of the gun, so often complained of, arises too frequently from not placing the stock to the shoulder, but to the arm, the proper holding of which will be greatly facilitated by keeping the right elbow well down, when the stock will fit the shoulder with great firmness ; and be sure always to have your stock the proper length. Some gentlemen, if told this, would be offended ; but I hope these remarks will offend none ; for I am sure few could be more capable or more willing to give sound advice upon this subject than myself, who have had the experience of nearly forty years, and the advantage of many of the best opinions in the sporting world, to form my judgment upon. Let me caution every one against bringing a loaded gun into the house. Always discharge it before entering ; and do not content yourself with taking off the caps and saying, “All’s right,” for the danger is almost as great with caps off as with them on ; the percussion-powder often comes out of the

cap, and is left upon the nipple, and the greatest danger may be apprehended from the false security which is presented to the unconscious handler of the gun. Another important point which I would offer to the consideration of your readers is, that the locks of their guns should always be kept perfectly clean, as also the triggers, which should act with perfect freedom. A very small quantity of the best oil put on the axletree, or where the tumble works in the lock-plate, will be of service, as the want of this attention has often been the cause of many accidents with locks; but I recommend all sportsmen to send their guns to their gunmakers after the season is over, that they may be looked to, instead of permitting them to lie in their dirt until the eleventh hour, which, I am sorry to say, too many do. The gun, when loaded, should never be carried with the muzzle downwards, as it frequently happens that in carrying it thus dirt or snow will lodge in the muzzle, unobserved by the sportsman, and the barrel, when next fired, will either bulge or burst at the muzzle. This I have often known to be the case. I would therefore recommend the sportsman always to carry his gun upright, at the full extent of the arm, as a dragoon carries his carbine when dismounted, and should he think that by any chance dirt may

have got into the barrels, he should invariably ram it down upon the charge, and thus will escape all probability of accident. Be cautious, at all times, never to fire unless you see your way clear, as shooting by guess I have known to be dangerous, and often leads to lamentable disasters. Certainty alone can insure safety. If, then, any doubt be entertained as to whether the gun be properly loaded or not, draw both barrels of the shot, and flash the powder off. To draw the charge, the barrels should be taken out of the stock, the caps removed, and the thumb drawn over the nipples, in order to efface any remains of the percussion-powder that may be left on the top of them. When the gun has missed fire, you are at once aware there is an obstruction in the breech, and it should be a warning to you to act cautiously, by taking the nipples out and seeing they are clear; put some powder in the breech, screw the nipples in again firmly, and flash off. By following the above suggestions you will, in all probability, avoid the serious calamity of the powder-flask exploding in the hand while in the act of reloading. The care and caution I have suggested would, I believe, prevent the majority of what are generally termed 'accidents with guns,' but which I designate as the result of carelessness."

To the above sensible advice, we (adopting the remark of Burke's colleague at Bristol) say "ditto."

We have already alluded to the fraudulent practices carried on by certain unprincipled tradesmen in selling spurious guns, rifles, and pistols as the genuine productions of our first-rate makers—Egg, Lang, Lancaster, Manton, Moore, Purdy, Westley Richards (we give the names alphabetically that we may not be accused of partiality, favour, or affection); and we now proceed to notice a modern invention about which there are a variety of opinions; for sportsmen, like the disciples of Galen, often disagree. Within a short period, the breech-loading gun has been introduced, and although not in general use, there are many first-rate authorities who warmly advocate its merits; while others, equally celebrated as practical and theoretical "gunners," will not hear of it. Without wishing to decide between the two parties, we will merely record our own personal experience with this weapon, leaving it to others to form their own unbiassed opinions. We say unbiassed, because it is too often the case, that the world holds itself open to the satire of Sheridan, who says "that the number of persons who take the trouble of thinking for themselves is inconceivably small"—old prejudices, too, are

difficult to be got over, and those who, after many a struggle, allowed themselves to exchange their flint and steel for percussion locks, are very loath to adopt any more recent invention. With Peruvian Rolla, they exclaim—"We want no change, and least of all, such change as you would give us;" and an old country gentleman of the leather gaiter school would as soon think of inserting a cartridge in the breech of his fowling-piece as he would of filling his cellar with African port and sherry. Prejudice then apart, the only way to compare the ordinary percussion, and the breech-loader, is to decide which is the best for killing game, and which for safety. We say nothing of quick loading, because in almost every shooting party two or more guns are allowed, with a man to take the trouble off your hands. Now, with respect to the killing qualities we see no difference whatever, and a gun of Lang's (a breech-loader), which we shot with a fortnight ago, did murderous work both at short and long distances; indeed, to test the latter, we allowed a hare to go almost "out of bounds," and, to our great delight, rolled her over without a squeak. With "straight powder," then, two equally good shots would, we opine, find no difference in their prowess among the feathered or furry tribe.

With regard to safety, we own we see no danger

in the new invention; not that, with due care and attention, there ought to be any in the ordinary detonators. It is true we have seen men point their guns downwards, filling the barrels with snow or dirt, and thereby causing them to burst; we have also witnessed (during the excitement of the moment) a loader insert one or two pellets before the powder, two charges of the latter instead of shot, and *vice versâ*. We have also known of a few leaden shot pellets being accidentally mixed with the powder, which has ended in "soldering" up the touch hole, but these are exceptions to the rule. With care then, neither of the weapons above referred to ought to be deemed dangerous. These two points being agreed upon, we will refer to a few of the advantages and disadvantages of the breech-loaders; among the former may be mentioned the quickness of loading, the satisfaction of being able to do without a ramrod, the pleasure of not having to fumble on a cold frosty morning with half frozen fingers for your pellets and copper caps, and the comfort of feeling that you have no cap to fly in your eye, and no powder flask to blow up through the incaution of yourself or friend's cigar. The disadvantage, a trifling one, is the weight of the cartridges, and that can easily be remedied by engaging a juvenile to act as ammunition waggon. Whether

there is any danger in the construction of the open breech, we leave practical men to decide.

The hunting season has come round again, the "meets" are beginning to be advertised in the newspapers, and men and horses are preparing for the campaign. While upon the subject of the "noble science," we cannot do better than give some hints which we found in the columns of an old non-sporting newspaper, and which may prove of advantage to tyros who are about to make their *début*. There is much practical good sense contained in them:—"Don't go into the field until you can sit a horse over any reasonable fence. The hunting field is not the place for practising the rudiments of the art. Buy a perfect hunter, no matter how blemished or how ugly, so that he has legs, eyes, and wind to carry him and his rider across the country; it is essential that one of the two should perfectly understand the business in hand. Have nothing to say to a puller, a rusher, or a kicker, even if you fancy you are competent; a colt should only be ridden by a man who is paid to risk his bones. An amateur endangers himself, his neighbours, and the pack, by attempting rough riding. The best plan for a man of moderate means—those who can afford to spend hundreds on experiments can pick and choose in the best stables—is to hire a hack hun-

ter, and if he suits you, buy him. Don't speak to the huntsman; don't let your horse go near the hounds; he may kick them, and then you may expect a most disagreeable lecture from the master or huntsman. Never take a jump when an open gate or gap is handy, unless the hounds are going fast. Don't attempt to show in front, unless you feel you can keep there. Beginners who try to make a display, even if lucky at first, are sure to make some horrid blunder, and get snubbed. Go slowly at your fences, and don't pull at the curb when your horse is rising. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the horse will be better without your assistance than with it. Don't wear spurs until you are quite sure that you won't spur at the wrong time. Never lose your temper with your horse, and never strike him with the whip when going at a fence; it is almost sure to make him swerve. Pick out the firmest ground; hold your horse together across ploughed land; if you want a pilot, choose not a scarlet and cap, but some well-mounted old farmer who has not got a horse to sell; if he has, ten to one but he leads you into grief. In going from cover to cover, keep in the same field as the hounds, unless you know the country, then you can't be left behind. Make your commencement in an easy country, and defer trying the severe ones until you are

sure of yourself and your horse. If you should have a cold scenting day, and any first-rate steeple-chase rider be in the field, breaking in a young one, watch him; you may learn more from seeing what he does than from hours of advice, or pages of reading. As to dress, go to tradesmen who are accustomed to make coats, breeches, and boots, so as to get what is worn in your country, and not appear remarkable. An Oxford mixture single-breasted riding coat, with waistcoat the same, and white or brown worsted cord breeches, are very good wear, until your experience and your stud justify a pink, and that must be made by a first-rate tailor, to look and wear decently. Above all, hold your tongue until you have learnt your lesson; and talk neither of your triumphs nor your failures. Any fool can boast; and, though to ride boldly and with judgment is very pleasant, there is nothing for a gentleman to be specially proud of, considering that two hundred huntsmen, or whips, do it better than most gentlemen every hunting day in the season."

The following paragraph has gone (what is called) the round of the papers:—"Last week, the Duke of Rutland and friends had some excellent shooting upon his Grace's preserves. On the 6th, no less than 310 partridges and 18 hares were killed in one field of turnips in about

six hours; and during the five days' sport 1066 partridges, 90 hares, 10 rabbits, and 9 pheasants were bagged." There can be no doubt that the above is most satisfactory to those who shoot for book; but, for our own part, we own that we much prefer a less slaughtering day. It is all very well to have two or three guns and a loader, and fire away until your shoulder is black and blue, but it is not to be compared to a quiet walk with a good double-barrelled Westley Richards, a brace of steady pointers, and a retriever, with a bag at the end of the day of twenty or five-and-twenty brace. Nor is a modern *battue* half so enjoyable as an old-fashioned day's pheasant shooting. In our time, we have seen sport in every form, at home and abroad; we have, when at Westminster School, fired away at a tame duck in Tothill-fields, and have enjoyed, during the holidays, a shot at the blackbirds and sparrows; we have made one of a party in Norfolk on the 1st of September, and bagged some dozen pheasants in Yorkshire and Staffordshire; we have knocked over many a stag in the Highlands of Scotland, and grouse without end in the heather-covered glens of Caledonia; we have killed woodcocks in the midland counties of England, and snipes on the banks of the St. Lawrence in Canada; we have taken part in an imperial *battue* at Vienna; and shot in the

royal forests of France, under the reign of the Bourbons; and yet, splendid and exciting as have been the above, they did not come up to the sport which merry England was famed for in our youthful days, and which may still be enjoyed in some of the ancestral halls of our native land. And this reminds us of an excellent day we had last week at Hall Place, near Tunbridge, the hospitable seat of T. F. Baily, Esq. It was a lovely autumnal morning, and soon after ten o'clock our party of five met at the keeper's lodge, from whence we proceeded to the scene of action. There was drawn up a body of as fine young fellows as ever trod the earth, who were to act as beaters. "Mark cock," was soon the cry, followed by "Hare to the right; rabbit to the left—ware-hen;" and, in less time than I can describe it, half-a-dozen pheasants, three hares, and a rabbit were at the feet of the respective gunners; and this was carried on during the morning, so that by two o'clock, when luncheon was announced, we had a goodly bag. Of that repast I cannot speak too highly. In a snug room kept for the purpose, at the head keeper's cottage, a good old English meal was prepared, consisting of hot mutton broth, a sirloin of beef, native oysters and mild October ale. The presence of ladies added much to the delights of the day; for, as,

wives of sportsmen, they did not come out in thin shoes, crinolined silk dresses, and gauze bonnets, but clad themselves in strong Balmoral boots and warm clothing. The result was that they were able to see the shooting without marring the sport, as is too often the case when the fair sex, anxious to save their town dresses, are running about seeking for a dry footpath or hard road. To me, the greatest treat was to witness the prowess of nearly an octogenarian—the roof-tree of the house from which “mine host” is descended, and who walked and shot in a manner that would surprise some of the degenerate sons of Young England. From his unerring aim few birds escaped; and if they did, they did not fly away with wounded wings or maimed legs, to die in some distant covert; nor were the pheasants or hares blown to pieces, as some of the fast men who look to quantity, not quality, now destroy them. All were fired at deliberately, and killed in a workmanlike manner. May the worthy owner of Chipstead, who, as a gunner, a yachtsman, a patron of the arts and sciences, a scholar, is second to none, live long to enjoy his honours.

Earl Fitzhardinge, as a sportsman, deserves a notice in the pages of a work devoted to the manly games of “Merrie England,” and as such we shall

deal with the departed nobleman. As a master of fox-hounds, as a preserver of game, as a yacht owner, as the proprietor of a "decoy," and as a supporter of amateur aquatics on the Thames, his lordship ranked in the highest class; with a princely fortune and unbounded liberality, he was able to carry out everything he undertook in an almost regal manner; in point of fact, the broad acres that he possessed in the county of Gloucester equalled in value many of the foreign duchies, and gave him a position that many a German prince or Italian nobleman might have coveted.

Earl Fitzhardinge was born on the 26th December, 1786. Previous to his father's death, in 1810, he sat as Lord Dursley, for a short time, in the House of Commons, as member for the county. On the demise of the twentieth Baron of Berkeley, the subject of our memoir assumed the title of his forefathers, and put in the usual claim to a seat in the House of Peers, when an unexpected obstacle presented itself. The first marriage, in 1785, was disputed; and the result was that the committee decided the case not proven. Despite the above decision, Thomas Moreton, born in 1797, peremptorily refused to take a title to which he felt he had no claim, and has ever since most honourably acted up to his resolution. It is not our intention to discuss the Berkeley Peerage

case, which has occupied, and will, we fear, again occupy much public attention, but proceed at once to the late earl, who was created Baron Segrave by patent, on the 10th of September, 1831. Four years afterwards, on the death of the Duke of Beaufort, the then lord-lieutenant of the county, the noble lord was immediately appointed his successor, and in 1841 was raised to the Earldom of Fitzhardinge, that title, like the preceding one of Segrave, having been long in the family.

We have digressed from the main subject of our narrative: return we to the late earl, who, as a master of fox-hounds, was *nulli secundus*, and few men ever lived to see more foxes *found, hunted, and killed* than his lordship did. The establishment, both as to 'horses and hounds, was magnificent; no less than sixty first-rate hunters were always ready for the field; and the hounds had obtained a world-wide celebrity. It was the usual practice to breed all the bitches at Berkeley, the fresh blood being obtained by the introduction of stud-hounds from other kennels; but with such a good sort, and in so extensive an establishment, with the means of breeding, little necessity existed for any cross from other kennels. Ranter, Hermit, Villager, Freeman, and Hero, from the Earl of Yarborough's, Lord H. Bentinck's, Sir T. Syke's, the Puckeridge,

and Earl Fitzwilliam's kennels, were favourite stud-hounds. The average number consisted of 68½ couple of old, and 17½ of young hounds. Of the huntsmen and whippers-in, it is impossible to speak in too high terms. Those who have been out in the Vale of Berkeley, or the Cheltenham country, will bear me out that men more conversant with their duty do not exist. "Nimrod" thus speaks of Harry Ayres, the huntsman; and I cannot do better than give his sentiments, which entirely concur with my own:—"Of Harry Ayres I cannot speak too highly, from all that came under my observation. As a horseman, he is perfect both in seat and hand; and he delighted me by the easy manner in which he took his fences, which, splendidly mounted as he is, must tell greatly in a run where they come so thick as they do in this Berkeley Vale, and are strong to boot. As a huntsman, he does credit to his instructor, for such may Lord Fitzhardinge be said to have been, having taken him into his service at twelve years of age. He is quick when quickness is wanted, and patient when that virtue is required." Charles Turner and Henry Ayres, jun., the first and second whips, are in every respect worthy of their situations, and do credit to the hunt. Although the late earl was a thoroughly good sportsman, and threw his whole heart and soul

into the pursuit, he never ranked in the first flight as a rider : his height and weight militated much against this ; still, being admirably mounted on well-broken hunters, having a groom on a second horse to clear impediments, knowing every inch of the country, and being of an active and Herculean frame, he succeeded in breaking through stiff bullfinches, making breaches in stone walls, removing five-barred gates, and thus managed generally to be there or thereabouts with his hounds at the finish.

As a preserver of game, Lord Fitzhardinge was conspicuously great, and few men gave up more of their means and attention to acquire this object than the late earl. His conduct in the celebrated affray with the poachers on the 18th of January, 1816, was most valorous, and won him "golden opinions" throughout the country. In this affair, William Ingram, a keeper, had been killed by a gang of miscreants, who, with blackened faces, and armed with guns, had taken an oath, administered by one of them—an attorney, Brodribb by name—not to 'peach on each other. Scarcely ever did any criminal trial excite more interest than the one that took place at the Booth Hall, Gloucester, before Mr. Justice Holroyd, on the following 9th of April. Eleven young men, nine of whom were farmer's sons, and respectably

connected, the youngest nineteen, and the oldest not more than thirty years of age, led on, in the unlawful pursuit of game, to the destruction of human life, and consequently making their own lives dependent upon the decision of a court of justice, could not fail to create an interest of the highest degree in the feelings of the public. The result was, John Penny was found *guilty of the murder*, and all the other prisoners *guilty of aiding and assisting therein*; but the jury recommended to mercy all except John Penny and John Allen. The sentence passed on the two latter was carried into effect. Brodribb, who was tried at the same assizes for administering a certain oath or engagement, purporting to bind William Greenaway and others not to reveal or discover the unlawful combination and confederacy, was found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. In his defence he declared that Greenaway had confessed to him that it was he who had shot the keeper.

To resume our narrative—and in so doing we will quote the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, who, in one of his numerous works, writes as follows: "At Berkeley there are eight head-keepers, twenty under-keepers, and thirty additional night-watchers. To speak in round numbers, there are sixty men employed in nothing else than the care of the game and deer. In addition to these,

during the winter, there are a number of men employed at the shooting parties as beaters for game. Now, in addition to the employment and comfortable subsistence thus afforded to so many men and their families by the preservation of a large head of game alone, if you add the immense number of grooms and helpers, a huntsman, whippers-in, and kennel-men, necessary to the care and condition of from fifty to sixty hunters besides other horses, and from eighty to a hundred couple of fox-hounds besides other dogs, let any man imagine the amount of wages expended on such species of labours, and then reflect on the misery which would arise if all those men and their families were deprived of their employment and subsistence. There are other men attached to establishments of this sort, such as men for the decoys of wild fowl, and for the fisheries. The game, the kennel, and the stable, the decoy and the river, afford to the rich man recreation for every leisure hour, with the grateful fact before him, that in his enjoyment of every one of these good old English recreations, he has it in his power, and indeed *he must* contribute to the comfort and happiness of the poor."

To resume: Lord Fitzhardinge was a very good shot, and up to his latest days disapproved of the modern system of two guns and a loader, restrict-

ing his guests to one "fowling-piece," as our ancestors were wont to call their pieces of ordnance. For shooting, few places could exceed Berkeley Castle and Cranford; and what gave an additional zest to the sport, was the *business-like* form — we use this expression advisedly — in which all field amusements were carried out. The noble owner was one of those who felt that in matters of business, as well as those of pleasure, arrangement was absolutely necessary. Thus, in shooting, every care was taken that there were not more guns than there was shooting for; and to each "gunner" was attached a "gilly," whose "business" was to pick up all the game that fell to his master. The beaters, too, were regularly drilled, and went through their "business" in a most masterly form. After a covert had been shot, the cart was brought up, and the noble proprietor himself, in the most "business"-like manner, counted the game that had been killed, handed it over to the keeper to be deposited away, having previously himself chalked the numbers on a board kept for the purpose. In hunting, too, "business" was the order of the day. The master, the huntsman, and the whippers-in set to work in a "business"-like form. At the "decoy" (the finest in the world) every one attended to his own "business." In short, at

Berkeley Castle, and wherever the owner's influence extended (as on the memorable occasion on board the *Victory*), the well-known signal was hoisted, "England expects that every man will do his duty;" nor ought we to omit to mention that on board the *Imogine* yacht, of which more anon, and in the amateur theatricals, "business" was carried on with an untiring hand. Hence the comfort of the vessel, and the success of the histrionic entertainments. Lord Fitzhardinge was a very fair actor himself, and expended much time and labour upon the performances, which were not got up for the edification of a few private friends, or under the cloak of charity, with appeals to an enlightened audience to forgive the errors of inexperienced actors, but were publicly announced, and the doors thrown open to all who felt disposed to pay, and who, having paid, had and exercised their undoubted right to manifest their approbation or disapprobation.

As a master of a yacht, Lord Fitzhardinge shone greatly; he was a good steersman, and had a quick eye to discern any defects in the setting of sails or other matters connected with his "craft;" the result was, everything was "ship-shape" on board the good old *Imogine*; and his captain, Chapman, was, and is, one of the best cutter-sailors in our "tight little island." In former

days he was Mr. Weld's right-hand man, and was with him when he swept the seas with his celebrated skimmers. Captain Chapman was on board the Lulworth Castle when that event occurred which reflected so much credit upon the memory of a departed yachter. We allude to the late Charles Sturt. As the anecdote may not be known to many of our readers, we give it in the words of Captain Jesse, the popular biographer:—"On the first of February, 1799, the Bee, bound for the West Indies, went on shore on the sands at Poole, the wind being at east, and blowing a tremendous gale, with heavy snow. The boats of the Tickler, gun-brig, went off to her assistance; they failed, however, in their attempts to reach her, and she was left to her fate; but in the course of the day the crew were rescued by Charles Sturt, after having been, with his men, twice thrown from his boat into the breakers. Eighteen months after this exploit, being out in his cutter about two leagues from shore, and sailing against Mr. Weld's yacht, Lulworth Castle, he observed that his own boat, towing astern, retarded her progress, and ordered a boy into her to take her ashore. The sea running very high, the lad declined, as did also the men; when Mr. Sturt, feeling it then a point of honour, immediately jumped into her. At this instant the rope gave way, and by the force of the

wind and receding tide, he was drifted to sea; soon after which the boat upset. In this perilous situation his presence of mind did not forsake him. He regained, by swimming, his station on the keel, and pulled off all his clothes except his trousers. It was after one of the many desperate struggles that he made of the same kind, that, giving up all for lost, he wrote with a pencil, on a slip of paper, which he put into his watch-case, the following words:—‘Charles Sturt, Brownsea, to his beloved wife,’ and fastened the watch to his trousers. Shortly afterwards, and almost by a miracle, a mate of a transport, three miles to windward, the last of several that had passed, happened to observe him; and four resolute fellows immediately went off in a boat to his assistance; but as there was a heavy sea running, and they could only see him occasionally, it was not until after a hard pull of nearly two hours that they reached him. Poor Sturt was all but exhausted, and on the eve of relinquishing his failing hold upon the boat, when his gallant preservers took him into theirs. Unable to articulate his thanks, he lifted his hands to heaven, and instantaneously burst into a flood of tears.”

For many years, up to the summer previous to his demise, Lord Fitzhardinge, after indulging in two months’ fresh-water cruising in the Thames,

proceeded to Cowes, where he was generally joined by his squadron, which, in 1845, consisted of the following vessels :—

	Tons.
Right Hon. Milner Gibson's Sea Flower . . .	35
Hon. Augustus Berkeley's St. Margaret . . .	31
Mr. Fonblanque's Ariel	29
Captain Claxton's Jilt	19
Lord William Lennox's Helena	16

It was the usual practice of the late earl to present two cups annually, to be sailed for by members of his squadron; and to give every one a chance, their vessels were handicapped by his lordship. The noble donor was in the habit of daily watching the sailing qualities of the yachts that were entered, for the purpose of doing justice to all; and although upon such occasions the owners were very apt to make their "craft" appear as slow as possible, in order to get more time allowed them, the nautical eye and experience of the handicapper saw through many of the "artful dodges," and generally produced matches which in many instances were only won by a minute or two. Lord Fitzhardinge had not alone to look to the qualities of the vessels, but also to the wind, and the respective merits of the helmsmen, for owners were bound to steer their own craft. The

powers of the four first-named above were all pretty equal, for it would be difficult to find better cutter sailors than Captains Berkeley and Claxton, Messrs. Gibson and Fonblanque. The two former have devoted the best portion of their lives to the maritime service of their country, and have distinguished themselves greatly; while the two latter, the one in the senate, and the other as a political writer, have gained laurels which few can boast of. To find them competing with professional men spoke much to their credit. The writer of this, although devoted to yachting, had not the experience or nautical knowledge of his companions, and yet upon one occasion he won a cup in the *Helena*, on which the following lines from the *Iliad* have been engraved:—

“What *winning* graces! What majestic mien!
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen!”

To give an idea of Captain Berkeley's sea-faring knowledge; upon one occasion, when sailing for his brother's cup, the *St. Margaret*, in attempting to cheat the tide, ran aground on Hampton Ledge. Here was a pretty situation for a vessel at the beginning of an ebb—no boat, no anchor, and the tide falling every second. The *St. Margaret* had struck aft, and before any assistance arrived was two foot higher astern than she was by the head.

Fortunately a lighterman hove in sight, and was shortly alongside, when the gallant captain adopted a somewhat novel, and, as the result proved, a successful expedient, by tricing the lighter's boat to the bowsprit end, at the same time taking advantage of a puff of wind, by which he was enabled to force her off the Ledge. Had it not been for this manœuvre, the vessel would have been high and dry in less than half an hour; and as the bottom was hard rock, she could not (as the sailors say) have made a bed for herself, and might have been "pretty considerably" damaged. While commending the honourable "skipper" for his active and persevering exertions at so critical a moment, even after the pilot had given up the case as hopeless, no one could refrain from asking—as George the Third did of the apple in the dumpling—"How on earth came *she* there?" With a pilot on board, the lead, which he declined using, although urged so to do by the captain, broad day-light, and a ledge of rocks as well-known to a sea-faring man as the monument is to the cockney, the untoward event seemed unaccountable.

Lord Fitzhardinge was very fond of trawling and drawing the Seine net. The ground for the former was generally between Stokes Bay and the Nab Light, and the latter off Eaglehurst.

The produce, which was considerable, after furnishing his own table and that of his friends, was divided among the crew. His lordship was most justly popular with the fishermen and boatmen. It was his practice, whenever a smack was in sight, to signal to one of his squadron to go in chase, and to purchase the cargo. His lordship also always gave a supper to the men employed in fishing on board his yacht, at some tavern in Cowes, when the earl's health was drunk with enthusiasm, and amidst such cheers as British sailors alone can give. Nothing could exceed the liberality of the table on board the *Imogene*; and the owner's hospitality was extended not only to the officers of his squadron, but their friends; among other distinguished guests the present Emperor of the French formed one, and many a cigar has Napoleon the Third, then Prince Louis, smoked in company with Lord Fitzhardinge.

The late lord was a munificent subscriber to the Southampton Regatta. Nor were his bounties confined to that aristocratic amusement: he was equally liberal in giving prizes to be contended for by the more humble watermen; and upon one occasion, when he had presented a prize of twenty guineas to be rowed for at Ryde, a few tubs of brandy were discovered attached to an anchor, and floating close alongside the *Imogene*. The

surmise at that period was that the contraband present was meant as a grateful return for his lordship's largesse. As a matter of course, Captain Chapman was ordered to communicate with the Custom-house authorities, who immediately made a seizure of the smuggled prize.

Lord Fitzhardinge took great delight in his "decoy:" indeed, one of the requests he made to his heir was to keep up the fox-hounds and the decoy. The wild ducks are particularly fine, and in great request at the west end of the town. Another amusement in which the noble lord took part was wild goose shooting; and often, in the coldest days, he, at an advanced period of life, braved the pitiless storm, and brought down more birds than his younger guests.

Before we take leave of the subject, we cannot refrain from giving a slight description of the "Castle by yon tuft of trees," as Shakespeare calls it. This ancient pile, "according to the great Colossus of *Roads*, Mr. Pattison," appears to have been "founded soon after the Conquest, but has at different times since received important additions; its present form approaches to a circle, and the buildings are enclosed by an irregular court, surrounded by a moat. The entrance to the keep is through an elegant sculptured arched door-way, leading to a flight of steps, over which

an apartment, called the dungeon-room, is shown as the place where Edward II. was barbarously murdered. This building is flanked by three semicircular towers, and a square one of later construction. The various apartments contain a good collection of portraits, many of them executed in a very superior style. During the civil wars, this castle was fortified for the King, and sustained a severe siege in the year 1645. About the same time, the town and neighbourhood frequently witnessed the disastrous effects of skirmishes between the contending parties." In an old work published in the year 1720, we find that Berkeley was so called from Berk, a birchen tree, and Leas, a pasture. Upon the historical reminiscences of the ancient castle we will not dwell. In the late earl's time there was no domain in the world where the sportsman could enjoy hunting, shooting, and good living more to his heart's content than at the Castle. The interior, despite of its age, was as warm and comfortable as any modern-built house; and the banquetting-room could boast of dinners combining all the substantial cookery of the old baronial times with the gastronomic luxuries of the present day. During a long and rambling life, it has fallen to my lot to partake of the hospitalities of many distinguished houses at home

and abroad. I have had the honour of dining with Louis XVIII., at the Tuileries, Versailles, and St. Cloud; with Louis Philippe, at the Palais Royal; with Charles X.; the Dukes D'Angoulême and De Berri, at their respective châteaux; with the Emperor Alexander, at the reviews; with the Emperor of Austria, at Vienna; with the late King of Holland, at the Hague; with William IV., at the Pavilion, Brighton; and with her present Majesty, at Windsor Castle; and, with the exception of the latter banquet, in St. George's Hall, I have never witnessed any entertainment which came up to those of the castle I been describing.

One word more. The late earl was liberal to the greatest extent, and many were the generous acts that he did towards those less favoured by fortune than himself. He was constant in his friendship, as the annual gathering of old "chums" at his birth-day proved; and here we cannot take leave of the subject without wishing the present popular owner, who is a first-rate sportsman himself, health and length of days to enjoy the fine old baronial castle that has descended to him from a long line of ancestry.

Upon one occasion, his lordship, then Colonel Berkeley, had dined early at the castle, with a view of proceeding to Gloucester, to take part in

one of the amateur performances that were carried on under his auspices; the carriage was ordered punctually at five o'clock, on a dark, cold, bleak, stormy evening in December, and, to expedite his journey, his servant had been sent on in a post-chaise to prepare his master's splendid costume for Faulconbridge. Punctuality was the Colonel's motto, for through life he carried it out; so, as the turret clock of the old church at Berkeley struck five, he entered his light travelling carriage and four, and, in less time than we can record it, was bowling away through the town at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Upon reaching a small farm, his lordship called out to the post boys to pull up for a minute, as he was anxious to see whether his orders respecting a new gate had been attended to. Upon descending from the carriage, the door was left open, and the post-boy, who was on the look-out for his employer's bidding, knowing that no time was to be lost, and hearing that which, through the gusts of wind, sounded like a voice, succeeded by the banging of the chariot door, started off at a swinging pace. A voice was again heard, which sounded like "Make the best of your way." So at least thought the driver, who was accustomed to its tone; and clapping his spurs to his well-conditioned wheelers, he increased the pace tenfold,

and in a wonderful short time reached the theatre at Gloucester. The attentive manager was anxiously waiting at the door; the ostler from the hotel was in attendance; the postboy on the wheelers jumped off his panting steed to take his lordship's orders, when, to the surprise of all, the carriage was found to be empty. "What can have happened to the colonel?" exclaimed one. "I shall be ruined," sighed forth the manager. "Where can he be?" said the driver, with fear and trembling. "Here, you double stupid fool!" shouted forth the voice of a man on horseback, covered from head to foot with mire, and looking more like Sir Walter Blount on his return from Holmesdale, "stained with the variation of each soil," or the amorous knight, Falstaff, after his emancipation from the fetid ditch near Datchet, than the owner of Berkeley Castle. "If Farmer Baily had not happened to have his hack at home, I should have been where you left me on the roadside; but "all's well that ends well," he continued, addressing the now delighted manager. "I am in plenty of time to dress for King John; and on future occasions," turning to the despairing post-boy, who thought, like Othello, that "his occupation was gone," "don't let your ears be too sharp, and attend to my voice, instead of listening to the howling of

the wind." With this admonition, and a handsome gratuity—for the late earl was princely in his liberality—the drivers were dismissed, and in less than an hour they were both perched up in the gallery, shouting forth their delight, not only at the admirable performance of his lordship, but at the generous manner in which he had overlooked an unconscious, yet flagrant, error of judgment.

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224 101

22

